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THE CASE OF THE NEGRO.

ALL attempts to settle the question of the Negro in the South by his removal from this country have so far failed, and I think that they are likely to fail. The next census will probably show that we have nearly ten million black people in the United States, about eight millions of whom are in the Southern states. In fact, we have almost a nation within a nation. The Negro population in the United States lacks but two millions of being as large as the whole population of Mexico, and is nearly twice as large as that of Canada. Our black people equal in number the combined populations of Switzerland, Greece, Honduras, Nicaragua, Cuba, Uruguay, Santo Domingo, Paraguay, and Costa Rica. When we consider, in connection with these facts, that the race has doubled itself since its freedom, and is still increasing, it hardly seems possible for any one to take seriously any scheme of emigration from America as a method of solution. At most, even if the government were to provide the means, but a few hundred thousand could be transported each year. The yearly increase in population would more than likely overbalance the number transported. Even if it did not, the time required to get rid of the Negro by this method would perhaps be fifty or seventy-five years.

Some have advised that the Negro leave the South, and take up his residence in the Northern states. I question whether this would make him any better off than he is in the South, when all things

are considered. It has been my privilege to study the condition of our people in nearly every part of America; and I say without hesitation that, with some exceptional cases, the Negro is at his best in the Southern states. While he enjoys certain privileges in the North that he does not have in the South, when it comes to the matter of securing property, enjoying business advantages and employment, the South presents a far better opportunity than the North. Few colored men from the South are as yet able to stand up against the severe and increasing competition that exists in the North, to say nothing of the unfriendly influence of labor organizations, which in some way prevents black men in the North, as a rule, from securing occupation in the line of skilled labor.

Another point of great danger for the colored man who goes North is the matter of morals, owing to the numerous temptations by which he finds himself surrounded. More ways offer in which he can spend money than in the South, but fewer avenues of employment for earning money are open to him. The fact that at the North the Negro is almost confined to one line of occupation often tends to discourage and demoralize the strongest who go from the South, and makes them an easy prey for temptation. A few years ago, I made an examination into the condition of a settlement of Negroes who left the South and went into Kansas about twenty years since, when there was a good deal of

excitement in the South concerning emigration from the West, and found it much below the standard of that of similar communities in the South. The only conclusion which any one can reach, from this and like instances, is that the Negroes are to remain in the Southern states. As a race they do not want to leave the South, and the Southern white people do not want them to leave. We must therefore find some basis of settlement that will be constitutional, just, manly; that will be fair to both races in the South and to the whole country. This cannot be done in a day, a year, or any short period of time. We can, however, with the present light, decide upon a reasonably safe method of solving the problem, and turn our strength and effort in that direction. In doing this, I would not have the Negro deprived of any privilege guaranteed to him by the Constitution of the United States. It is not best for the Negro that he relinquish any of his constitutional rights; it is not best for the Southern white man that he should, as I shall attempt to show in this article.

In order that we may concentrate our forces upon a wise object, without loss of time or effort, I want to suggest what seems to me and many others the wisest policy to be pursued. I have reached these conclusions not only by reason of my own observations and experience, but after eighteen years of direct contact with leading and influential colored and white men in most parts of our country. But I wish first to mention some elements of danger in the present situation, which all who desire the permanent welfare of both races in the South should carefully take into account.

First. There is danger that a certain class of impatient extremists among the Negroes in the North, who have little knowledge of the actual conditions in the South, may do the entire race injury by attempting to advise their brethren in the South to resort to armed resistance or the use of the torch, in order to secure

justice. All intelligent and well-considered discussion of any important question, or condemnation of any wrong, whether in the North or the South, from the public platform and through the press, is to be commended and encouraged; but ill-considered and incendiary utterances from black men in the North will tend to add to the burdens of our people in the South rather than to relieve them. We must not fall into the temptation of believing that we can raise ourselves by abusing some one else.

Second. Another danger in the South which should be guarded against is that the whole white South, including the wise, conservative, law-abiding element, may find itself represented before the bar of public opinion by the mob or lawless element, which gives expression to its feelings and tendency in a manner that advertises the South throughout the world; while too often those who have no sympathy with such disregard of law are either silent, or fail to speak in a sufficiently emphatic manner to offset in any large degree the unfortunate reputation which the lawless have made for many portions of the South.

Third. No race or people ever got upon its feet without severe and constant struggle, often in the face of the greatest discouragement. While passing through the present trying period of its history, there is danger that a large and valuable element of the Negro race may become discouraged in the effort to better its condition. Every possible influence should be exerted to prevent this.

Fourth. There is a possibility that harm may be done to the South and to the Negro by exaggerated newspaper articles which are written near the scene or in the midst of specially aggravating occurrences. Often these reports are written by newspaper men, who give the impression that there is a race conflict throughout the South, and that all Southern white people are opposed to the Negro's progress; overlooking the fact that

though in some sections there is trouble, in most parts of the South, if matters are not yet in all respects as we would have them, there is nevertheless a very large measure of peace, good will, and mutual helpfulness. In the same relation, much can be done to retard the progress of the Negro by a certain class of Southern white people, who in the midst of excitement speak or write in a manner that gives the impression that all Negroes are lawless, untrustworthy, and shiftless. For example, a Southern writer said, not long ago, in a communication to the *New York Independent*: "Even in small towns the husband cannot venture to leave his wife alone for an hour at night. At no time, in no place, is the white woman safe from the insults and assaults of these creatures." These statements, I presume, represented the feelings and the conditions that existed, at the time of the writing, in one community or county in the South; but thousands of Southern white men and women would be ready to testify that this is not the condition throughout the South, nor throughout any Southern state.

Fifth. Owing to the lack of school opportunities for the Negro in the rural districts of the South, there is danger that ignorance and idleness may increase to the extent of giving the Negro race a reputation for crime, and that immorality may eat its way into the fibre of the race so as to retard its progress for many years. In judging the Negro we must not be too harsh. We must remember that it has been only within the last thirty-four years that the black father and mother have had the responsibility, and consequently the experience, of training their own children. That perfection has not been reached in one generation, with the obstacles that the parents have been compelled to overcome, is not to be wondered at.

Sixth. Finally, I would mention my fear that some of the white people of the South may be led to feel that the way to

settle the race problem is to repress the aspirations of the Negro by legislation of a kind that confers certain legal or political privileges upon an ignorant and poor white man, and withholds the same privileges from a black man in a similar condition. Such legislation injures and retards the progress of both races. It is an injustice to the poor white man, because it takes from him incentive to secure education and property as prerequisites for voting. He feels that because he is a white man, regardless of his possessions, a way will be found for him to vote. I would label all such measures "laws to keep the poor white man in ignorance and poverty."

The Talladega News Reporter, a Democratic newspaper of Alabama, recently said: "But it is a weak cry when the white man asks odds on intelligence over the Negro. When nature has already so handicapped the African in the race for knowledge, the cry of the boasted Anglo-Saxon for still further odds seems babyish. What wonder that the world looks on in surprise, if not disgust? It cannot help but say, If our contention be true that the Negro is an inferior race, then the odds ought to be on the other side, if any are to be given. And why not? No; the thing to do — the only thing that will stand the test of time — is to do right, exactly right, let come what will. And that right thing, as it seems to us, is to place a fair educational qualification before every citizen, — one that is self-testing, and not dependent on the wishes of weak men, — letting all who pass the test stand in the proud ranks of American voters, whose votes shall be counted as cast, and whose sovereign will shall be maintained as law by all the powers that be. Nothing short of this will do. Every exemption, on whatever ground, is an outrage that can only rob some legitimate voter of his rights."

Such laws as have been made, — in Mississippi, for example, — with the "understanding" clause, hold out a tempta-

tion for the election officer to perjure and degrade himself by too often deciding that the ignorant white man does understand the Constitution when it is read to him, and that the ignorant black man does not. By such a law, the state not only commits a wrong against its black citizens; it injures the morals of its white citizens by conferring such a power upon any white man who may happen to be a judge of elections.

Such laws are hurtful, again, because they keep alive in the heart of the black man the feeling that the white man means to oppress him. The only safe way out is to set a high standard as a test of citizenship, and require blacks and whites alike to come up to it. When this is done, both will have a higher respect for the election laws, and for those who make them. I do not believe that, with his centuries of advantage over the Negro in the opportunity to acquire property and education as prerequisites for voting, the average white man in the South desires that any special law be passed to give him further advantage over one who has had but a little more than thirty years in which to prepare himself for citizenship. In this relation, another point of danger is that the Negro has been made to feel that it is his duty continually to oppose the Southern white man in politics, even in matters where no principle is involved; and that he is only loyal to his own race and acting in a manly way in thus opposing the white man. Such a policy has proved very hurtful to both races. Where it is a matter of principle, where a question of right or wrong is involved, I would advise the Negro to stand by principle at all hazards. A Southern white man has no respect for or confidence in a Negro who acts merely for policy's sake; but there are many cases, and the number is growing, where the Negro has nothing to gain, and much to lose, by opposing the Southern white man in matters that relate to government.

Under the foregoing six heads I believe I have stated some of the main points which, all high-minded white men and black men, North and South, will agree, need our most earnest and thoughtful consideration, if we would hasten, and not hinder, the progress of our country.

Now as to the policy that should be pursued. On this subject I claim to possess no superior wisdom or unusual insight. I may be wrong; I may be in some degree right.

In the future we want to impress upon the Negro, more than we have done in the past, the importance of identifying himself more closely with the interests of the South; of making himself part of the South, and at home in it. Heretofore, for reasons which were natural, and for which no one is especially to blame, the colored people have been too much like a foreign nation residing in the midst of another nation. If William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, or George L. Stearns were alive to-day, I feel sure that he would advise the Negroes to identify their interests as closely as possible with those of their white neighbors, — always understanding that no question of right and wrong is involved. In no other way, it seems to me, can we get a foundation for peace and progress. He who advises against this policy will advise the Negro to do that which no people in history, who have succeeded, have done. The white man, North or South, who advises the Negro against it advises him to do that which he himself has not done. The bed rock upon which every individual rests his chances for success in life is the friendship, the confidence, the respect, of his next-door neighbor in the little community in which he lives. The problem of the Negro in the South turns on whether he can make himself of such indispensable service to his neighbor and the community that no one can fill his place better in the body politic. There is at present no other safe course for the black man to pursue. If the Negro in

the South has a friend in his white neighbor, and a still larger number of friends in his own community, he has a protection and a guarantee of his rights that will be more potent and more lasting than any our Federal Congress or any outside power can confer.

The London Times, in a recent editorial discussing affairs in the Transvaal, where Englishmen have been denied certain privileges by the Boers, says: "England is too sagacious not to prefer a gradual reform from within, even should it be less rapid than most of us might wish, to the most sweeping redress of grievances imposed from without. Our object is to obtain fair play for the Outlanders, but the best way to do it is to enable them to help themselves." This policy, I think, is equally safe when applied to conditions in the South. The foreigner who comes to America identifies himself as soon as possible, in business, education, and politics, with the community in which he settles. We have a conspicuous example of this in the case of the Jews, who in the South, as well as in other parts of our country, have not always been justly treated; but the Jews have so woven themselves into the business and patriotic interests of the communities in which they live, have made themselves so valuable as citizens, that they have won a place in the South which they could have obtained in no other way. The Negro in Cuba has practically settled the race question there, because he has made himself a part of Cuba in thought and action.

What I have tried to indicate cannot be accomplished by any sudden revolution of methods, but it does seem that the tendency should be more and more in this direction. Let me emphasize this by a practical example. The North sends thousands of dollars into the South every year for the education of the Negro. The teachers in most of the Southern schools supported by the North are Northern men and women of the highest Chris-

tian culture and most unselfish devotion. The Negro owes them a debt of gratitude which can never be paid. The various missionary societies in the North have done a work which to a large degree has proved the salvation of the South, and the results of it will appear more in future generations than in this. We have now reached the point, in the South, where, I believe, great good could be accomplished in changing the attitude of the white people toward the Negro, and of the Negro toward the whites, if a few Southern white teachers, of high character, would take an active interest in the work of our higher schools. Can this be done? Yes. The medical school connected with Shaw University at Raleigh, North Carolina, has from the first had as instructors and professors almost exclusively Southern white doctors who reside in Raleigh, and they have given the highest satisfaction. This gives the people of Raleigh the feeling that the school is theirs, and not something located in, but not a part of, the South. In Augusta, Georgia, the Payne Institute, one of the best colleges for our people, is officered and taught almost wholly by Southern white men and women. The Presbyterian Theological School at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, has only Southern white men as instructors. Some time ago, at the Calhoun School in Alabama, one of the leading white men in the county was given an important position; since then the feeling of the white people in the county has greatly changed toward the school.

We must admit the stern fact that at present the Negro, through no choice of his own, is living in the midst of another race, which is far ahead of him in education, property, and experience; and further, that the Negro's present condition makes him dependent upon the white people for most of the things necessary to sustain life, as well as, in a large measure, for his education. In all history, those who have possessed the pro-

perty and intelligence have exercised the greatest control in government, regardless of color, race, or geographical location. This being the case, how can the black man in the South improve his estate? And does the Southern white man want him to improve it? The latter part of this question I shall attempt to answer later in this article.

The Negro in the South has it within his power, if he properly utilizes the forces at hand, to make of himself such a valuable factor in the life of the South that for the most part he need not seek privileges, but they will be conferred upon him. To bring this about, the Negro must begin at the bottom and lay a sure foundation, and not be lured by any temptation into trying to rise on a false footing. While the Negro is laying this foundation, he will need help and sympathy and justice from the law. Progress by any other method will be but temporary and superficial, and the end of it will be worse than the beginning. American slavery was a great curse to both races, and I should be the last to apologize for it; but in the providence of God I believe that slavery laid the foundation for the solution of the problem that is now before us in the South. Under slavery, the Negro was taught every trade, every industry, that furnishes the means of earning a living. Now if on this foundation, laid in a rather crude way, it is true, but a foundation nevertheless, we can gradually grow and improve, the future for us is bright. Let me be more specific. Agriculture is or has been the basic industry of nearly every race or nation that has succeeded. The Negro got a knowledge of this under slavery: hence in a large measure he is in possession of this industry in the South to-day. Taking the whole South, I should say that eighty per cent of the Negroes live by agriculture in some form, though it is often a very primitive and crude form. The Negro can buy land in the South, as a rule, wherever the

white man can buy it, and at very low prices. Now, since the bulk of our people already have a foundation in agriculture, are at their best when living in the country engaged in agricultural pursuits, plainly, the best thing, the logical thing, is to turn the larger part of our strength in a direction that will put the Negroes among the most skilled agricultural people in the world. The man who has learned to do something better than any one else, has learned to do a common thing in an uncommon manner, has power and influence which no adverse surroundings can take from him. It is better to show a man how to make a place for himself than to put him in one that some one else has made for him. The Negro who can make himself so conspicuous as a successful farmer, a large taxpayer, a wise helper of his fellow men, as to be placed in a position of trust and honor by natural selection, whether the position be political or not, is a hundred-fold more secure in that position than one placed there by mere outside force or pressure. I know a Negro, Hon. Isaiah T. Montgomery, in Mississippi, who is mayor of a town; it is true that the town is composed almost wholly of Negroes. Mr. Montgomery is mayor of this town because his genius, thrift, and foresight have created it; and he is held and supported in his office by a charter granted by the state of Mississippi, and by the vote and public sentiment of the community in which he lives.

Let us help the Negro by every means possible to acquire such an education in farming, dairying, stock-raising, horticulture, etc., as will place him near the top in these industries, and the race problem will in a large part be settled, or at least stripped of many of its most perplexing elements. This policy would also tend to keep the Negro in the country and smaller towns, where he succeeds best, and stop the influx into the large cities, where he does not succeed so well. The race, like the indi-

vidual, which produces something of superior worth that has a common human interest, wins a permanent place, and is bound to be recognized.

At a county fair in the South, not long ago, I saw a Negro awarded the first prize, by a jury of white men, over white competitors, for the production of the best specimen of Indian corn. Every white man at the fair seemed to be proud of the achievement of the Negro, because it was apparent that he had done something that would add to the wealth and comfort of the people of both races in that county. At the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, in Alabama, we have a department devoted to training men along the lines of agriculture that I have named; but what we are doing is small when compared with what should be done in Tuskegee, and at other educational centres. In a material sense the South is still an undeveloped country. While in some other affairs race prejudice is strongly marked, in the matter of business, of commercial and industrial development, there are few obstacles in the Negro's way. A Negro who produces or has for sale something that the community wants finds customers among white people as well as black. Upon equal security, a Negro can borrow money at the bank as readily as a white man can. A bank in Birmingham, Alabama, which has existed ten years, is officered and controlled wholly by Negroes. This bank has white borrowers and white depositors. A graduate of the Tuskegee Institute keeps a well-appointed grocery store in Tuskegee, and he tells me that he sells about as many goods to one race as to the other. What I have said of the opening that awaits the Negro in the business of agriculture is almost equally true of mechanics, manufacturing, and all the domestic arts. The field is before him and right about him. Will he seize upon it? Will he "cast down his bucket where he is"? Will his

friends, North and South, encourage him and prepare him to occupy it? Every city in the South, for example, would give support to a first-class architect or housebuilder or contractor of our race. The architect or contractor would not only receive support, but through his example numbers of young colored men would learn such trades as carpentry, brickmasonry, plastering, painting, etc., and the race would be put into a position to hold on to many of the industries which it is now in danger of losing, because in too many cases brain, skill, and dignity are not imparted to the common occupations. Any individual or race that does not fit itself to occupy in the best manner the field or service that is right about it will sooner or later be asked to move on and let another take it.

But I may be asked, Would you confine the Negro to agriculture, mechanics, the domestic arts, etc.? Not at all; but just now and for a number of years the stress should be laid along the lines that I have mentioned. We shall need and must have many teachers and ministers, some doctors and lawyers and statesmen, but these professional men will have a constituency or a foundation from which to draw support just in proportion as the race prospers along the economic lines that I have pointed out. During the first fifty or one hundred years of the life of any people, are not the economic occupations always given the greater attention? This is not only the historic, but, I think, the common-sense view. If this generation will lay the material foundation, it will be the quickest and surest way for enabling later generations to succeed in the cultivation of the fine arts, and to surround themselves with some of the luxuries of life, if desired. What the race most needs now, in my opinion, is a whole army of men and women well trained to lead, and at the same time devote themselves to agriculture, mechanics, domestic employment, and business. As to the mental

training that these educated leaders should be equipped with, I should say, give them all the mental training and culture that the circumstances of individuals will allow, — the more the better. No race can permanently succeed until its mind is awakened and strengthened by the ripest thought. But I would constantly have it kept in the minds of those who are educated in books that a large proportion of those who are educated should be so trained in hand that they can bring this mental strength and knowledge to bear upon the physical conditions in the South, which I have tried to emphasize.

Frederick Douglass, of sainted memory, once, in addressing his race, used these words: "We are to prove that we can better our own condition. One way to do this is to accumulate property. This may sound to you like a new gospel. You have been accustomed to hear that money is the root of all evil, etc.; on the other hand, property, money, if you please, will purchase for us the only condition by which any people can rise to the dignity of genuine manhood; for without property there can be no leisure, without leisure there can be no thought, without thought there can be no invention, without invention there can be no progress."

The Negro should be taught that material development is not an end, but merely a means to an end. As Professor W. E. B. Du Bois puts it, the idea should not be simply to make men carpenters, but to make carpenters men. The Negro has a highly religious temperament; but what he needs more and more is to be convinced of the importance of weaving his religion and morality into the practical affairs of daily life. Equally does he need to be taught to put so much intelligence into his labor that he will see dignity and beauty in the occupation, and love it for its own sake. The Negro needs to be taught to apply more of the religion that manifests it-

self in his happiness in prayer meeting to the performance of his daily task. The man who owns a home, and is in the possession of the elements by which he is sure of a daily living, has a great aid to a moral and religious life. What bearing will all this have upon the Negro's place in the South, as a citizen and in the enjoyment of the privileges which our government confers?

To state in detail just what place the black man will occupy in the South as a citizen, when he has developed in the direction named, is beyond the wisdom of any one. Much will depend upon the sense of justice which can be kept alive in the breast of the American people; almost as much will depend upon the good sense of the Negro himself. That question, I confess, does not give me the most concern just now. The important and pressing question is, Will the Negro, with his own help and that of his friends, take advantage of the opportunities that surround him? When he has done this, I believe, speaking of his future in general terms, that he will be treated with justice, be given the protection of the law and the recognition which his usefulness and ability warrant. If, fifty years ago, one had predicted that the Negro would receive the recognition and honor which individuals have already received, he would have been laughed at as an idle dreamer. Time, patience, and constant achievement are great factors in the rise of a race.

I do not believe that the world ever takes a race seriously, in its desire to share in the government of a nation, until a large number of individual members of that race have demonstrated beyond question their ability to control and develop their own business enterprises. Once a number of Negroes rise to the point where they own and operate the most successful farms, are among the largest taxpayers in their county, are moral and intelligent, I do not believe that in many portions of the South such

men need long be denied the right of saying by their votes how they prefer their property to be taxed, and who are to make and administer the laws.

I was walking the street of a certain town in the South lately in company with the most prominent Negro there. While we were together, the mayor of the town sought out the black man, and said, "Next week we are going to vote on the question of issuing bonds to secure water-works; you must be sure to vote on the day of election." The mayor did not suggest whether he should vote yes or no; but he knew that the very fact of this Negro's owning nearly a block of the most valuable property in the town was a guarantee that he would cast a safe, wise vote on this important proposition. The white man knew that because of this Negro's property interests he would cast his vote in the way he thought would benefit every white and black citizen in the town, and not be controlled by influences a thousand miles away. But a short time ago I read letters from nearly every prominent white man in Birmingham, Alabama, asking that the Rev. W. R. Pettiford, a Negro, be appointed to a certain important federal office. What is the explanation of this? For nine years Mr. Pettiford has been the president of the Negro bank in Birmingham, to which I have alluded. During these nine years, the white citizens have had the opportunity of seeing that Mr. Pettiford can manage successfully a private business, and that he has proved himself a conservative, thoughtful citizen, and they are willing to trust him in a public office. Such individual examples will have to be multiplied, till they become more nearly the rule than the exception they now are. While we are multiplying these examples, the Negro must keep a strong and courageous heart. He cannot improve his condition by any short-cut course or by artificial methods. Above all, he must not be deluded into believing that his condition

can be permanently bettered by a mere battledoor and shuttlecock of words, or by any process of mere mental gymnastics or oratory. What is desired along with a logical defense of his cause are deeds, results, — continued results, in the direction of building himself up, so as to leave no doubt in the mind of any one of his ability to succeed.

An important question often asked is, Does the white man in the South want the Negro to improve his present condition? I say yes. From the *Montgomery (Alabama) Daily Advertiser* I clip the following in reference to the closing of a colored school in a town in Alabama: —

"EUFAULA, May 25, 1899. The closing exercises of the city colored public school were held at St. Luke's A. M. E. Church last night, and were witnessed by a large gathering, including many whites. The recitations by the pupils were excellent, and the music was also an interesting feature. Rev. R. T. Pollard delivered the address, which was quite an able one, and the certificates were presented by Professor T. L. McCoy, white, of the Sanford Street School. The success of the exercises reflects great credit on Professor S. M. Murphy, the principal, who enjoys a deserved good reputation as a capable and efficient educator."

I quote this report, not because it is the exception, but because such marks of interest in the education of the Negro on the part of the Southern white people may be seen almost every day in the local papers. Why should white people, by their presence, words, and actions, encourage the black man to get education, if they do not desire him to improve his condition?

The Payne Institute, an excellent college, to which I have already referred, is supported almost wholly by the Southern white Methodist church. The Southern white Presbyterians support a theological school for Negroes at Tusca-

loosa. For a number of years the Southern white Baptists have contributed toward Negro education. Other denominations have done the same. If these people do not want the Negro educated to a higher standard, there is no reason why they should pretend they do.

Though some of the lynchings in the South have indicated a barbarous feeling toward Negroes, Southern white men here and there, as well as newspapers, have spoken out strongly against lynching. I quote from the address of the Rev. Mr. Vance, of Nashville, Tennessee, delivered before the National Sunday School Union, in Atlanta, not long since, as an example:—

“And yet, as I stand here to-night, a Southerner speaking for my section and addressing an audience from all sections, there is one foul blot upon the fair fame of the South, at the bare mention of which the heart turns sick and the cheek is crimsoned with shame. I want to lift my voice to-night in loud and long and indignant protest against the awful horror of mob violence, which the other day reached the climax of its madness and infamy in a deed as black and brutal and barbarous as can be found in the annals of human crime.

“I have a right to speak on the subject, and I propose to be heard. The time has come for every lover of the South to set the might of an angered and resolute manhood against the shame and peril of the lynch demon. These people whose fiendish glee taunts their victim as his flesh crackles in the flames do not represent the South. I have not a syllable of apology for the sickening crime they meant to avenge. But it is high time we were learning that lawlessness is no remedy for crime. For one, I dare to believe that the people of my section are able to cope with crime, however treacherous and defiant, through their courts of justice; and I plead for the masterful sway of a righteous and exalted public sentiment that

shall class lynch law in the category with crime.”

It is a notable and encouraging fact that no Negro educated in any of our larger institutions of learning in the South has been charged with any of the recent crimes connected with assaults upon women.

If we go on making progress in the directions that I have tried to indicate, more and more the South will be drawn to one course. As I have already said, it is not to the best interests of the white race of the South that the Negro be deprived of any privilege guaranteed him by the Constitution of the United States. This would put upon the South a burden under which no government could stand and prosper. Every article in our Federal Constitution was placed there with a view of stimulating and encouraging the highest type of citizenship. To continue to tax the Negro without giving him the right to vote, as fast as he qualifies himself in education and property for voting, would insure the alienation of the affections of the Negro from the state in which he lives, and would be the reversal of the fundamental principles of government for which our states have stood. In other ways than this the injury would be as great to the white man as to the Negro. Taxation without the hope of becoming voters would take away from one third of the citizens of the Gulf states their interest in government, and a stimulus to become taxpayers or to secure education, and thus be able and willing to bear their share of the cost of education and government, which now rests so heavily upon the white taxpayers of the South. The more the Negro is stimulated and encouraged, the sooner will he be able to bear a larger share of the burdens of the South. We have recently had before us an example, in the case of Spain, of a government that left a large portion of its citizens in ignorance, and neglected their highest interests.

As I have said elsewhere : "There is no escape, through law of man or God, from the inevitable.

'The laws of changeless justice bind
Oppressor with oppressed ;
And close as sin and suffering joined
We march to fate abreast.'

Nearly sixteen millions of hands will aid you in pulling the load upwards, or they will pull the load downwards against you. We shall constitute one third and more of the ignorance and crime of the South, or one third of its intelligence and progress ; we shall contribute one third to the business and industrial prosperity of the South, or we shall prove a veritable body of death, stagnating, depressing, retarding every effort to advance the body politic."

My own feeling is that the South will gradually reach the point where it will see the wisdom and the justice of enacting an educational or property qualification, or both, for voting, that shall be made to apply honestly to both races. The industrial development of the Negro in connection with education and Christian character will help to hasten

this end. When this is done, we shall have a foundation, in my opinion, upon which to build a government that is honest, and that will be in a high degree satisfactory to both races.

I do not suffer myself to take too optimistic a view of the conditions in the South. The problem is a large and serious one, and will require the patient help, sympathy, and advice of our most patriotic citizens, North and South, for years to come. But I believe that if the principles which I have tried to indicate are followed, a solution of the question will come. So long as the Negro is permitted to get education, acquire property, and secure employment, and is treated with respect in the business world, as is now true in the greater part of the South, I shall have the greatest faith in his working out his own destiny in our Southern states. The education and preparation for citizenship of nearly eight millions of people is a tremendous task, and every lover of humanity should count it a privilege to help in the solution of a problem for which our whole country is responsible.

Booker T. Washington.

A LESSON FROM THE MALAY STATES.

WHATEVER the future may hold, it is certain that in the present America is called upon to make many and heavy sacrifices as an immediate consequence of her victory over Spain. Not only must she now, perforce, abandon the position of magnificent aloofness which she has held so long ; not only must she step down into the arena in which other white races have struggled and striven with such varied success, there to strain her thews and sinews in the effort to rule her distant and undesirable dependency ; but she must also consent to make many concessions against which her na-

tional pride will inevitably rise in revolt. Not the least of these, perhaps, will be found in the necessity under which she must labor of sitting at the feet of older nations, to learn from them and from their hard-won experience the rudiments of her new trade. The task upon which she is now embarking is one which she has never contemplated ; for which she is in no wise fitted by training, by inclination, or by tradition. The sensitive brown folk whom she is suddenly called upon to rule have nothing in common with her own sturdy people. The latter press forward with restless energy

in the van of the dying century; the former lag lazily at the tail of the Middle Ages. The Americans are democratic by instinct and by education; the Filipinos, like all Malayan races, are intensely aristocratic. The Americans love progress, and the change which means improvement and advance; the natives of the Philippines are conservative to the backbone. It would be difficult to find two peoples more entirely dissimilar in character, in opinions, in ambitions and aspirations, than are the Filipinos and the race by which they are now to be ruled. Yet it is by sympathy, and by a thorough understanding of the native point of view alone, that an Oriental race can be successfully governed, and this is part of the hard lesson which Americans who may be concerned in the administration of the Philippines must set themselves to learn.

In the first place, then, the people of the United States, who have hitherto regarded such matters as lacking both interest and importance, must turn their attention to the records of the work performed in Asia by other white races, and must make a careful study of the methods which have produced the most satisfactory results. This, at the best, will be experienced only at second hand, but in the absence of anything better it will probably be useful. The English and the Dutch civil servant, who is sent out to the East at an early age, has the advantage of receiving from those under whom he serves some portion of the inherited tradition of the manner in which the Oriental can be most successfully ruled, which has been transmitted from generation to generation by those of his race who have labored in Asia before him. He holds no responsible position until he has been some years in the land of his adoption, and during that time he has had many opportunities of acquiring a practical working knowledge of the character of the natives, and of the means best calculated to give good results. At

the age of thirty he is two hundred years old. Behind him is the accumulated experience of his race. His official forbears have blundered through small beginnings, until, by slow degrees, an empire has been won. Almost every mistake that is possible has at one time or another been made by them, though at a period when things were on a scale so small that they mattered little, and the modern civil servant thus knows what to avoid. It is due to those who have gone before him, not to himself personally, that now, when each false step would be a disaster, he blunders less seriously, less frequently, than they were wont to do.

Lacking such continuity of experience and tradition, the American administrators of the Philippines will labor under great disadvantages. Not only will they miss the knowledge of the people and the country, which is in itself well-nigh essential, but they will be forced to assume posts of the first importance without having received any previous training for the work, without the aid of any men grown old in Eastern lore to guide them in their difficulties, without any records in their past history to serve as signposts on their perilous way. The sterling common sense of the Anglo-Saxon will doubtless stand them in good stead. The extreme cool-headedness for which Americans are remarkable will save them from making many mistakes into which a more excitable race might be betrayed; but where error of a serious nature is so fatally easy, it is hardly possible that men thus heavily handicapped by circumstances should avoid the perpetration of blunders which may well prove disastrous.

In seeking for an analogy by means of which the Americans may to some extent be guided in their administration of the Philippines, the records of the British in the Federated States of the Malay Peninsula, and of the Dutch in Acheen, most readily occur to the mind. With the work performed by the British in In-

dia we need not concern ourselves. The conditions and the peoples are both unlike those with which the Americans in the Philippines will have to deal. In the beginning, the conquest of the vast peninsula was neither contemplated nor foreseen. The Indian empire built itself up gradually, fortuitously, almost imperceptibly, and its history, marvelous and soul-stirring though it be, offers no analogy to the problem in the Philippines. The conquest of Burma is in some ways more analogous to the work which lies before the Americans; but the Mongolian race with whom the British there had to deal is wholly unlike the Malayan peoples who inhabit the newly acquired archipelago. In the Malay Peninsula and in Acheen, however, the British and the Dutch, respectively, have had to find solutions for problems very similar to those which now present themselves to the Americans. The two nations have adopted different means to the same end, and in the policy of the English the best road to success may perhaps be found, while in the weary little war which the Dutch have protracted with such miserable results for more than twenty-five years may be seen an awful warning, which he who runs may read.

Before turning our attention to a more minute examination of the system employed by the British in the Malay states, it may be instructive to glance at the recent history of Acheen, to see how far it illustrates points of importance to American statesmen concerned in the administration of the Philippine archipelago.

In 1819, at a time when the British still held certain colonies in Sumatra, a treaty with Acheen was executed, whereby all Europeans were excluded from making the latter country the place of their permanent residence. In 1824 the British colonies on the shores of Sumatra were ceded to the Dutch in exchange for certain advantages; but in the agreement no mention was made of Acheen,

though it was understood by the two contracting parties that England abandoned her right to protect that state, while Holland stood pledged not to interfere with its independence. The position created was somewhat anomalous, and in 1871 a further treaty with the Netherlands relieved Great Britain of all remaining responsibility with regard to the Sumatran kingdom. The conduct of the governor of the Straits Settlements, who was mainly responsible for this abandonment, has been often and sharply criticised, but this is a matter with which we are not now concerned.

The immediate result of his action was that war was declared upon Acheen by the Dutch before eighteen months had elapsed, and an armed force landed on the coast in April, 1873. Thus began the Acheenese war, which at the present time of writing is still dragging along, with no more prospect of a final issue than existed twenty-five years ago. The country is ill suited to the operations of troops trained and disciplined on European lines. In the interior it is exceedingly mountainous. The interminable forest, tangled with creepers and underwood, covers most of the country, affording refuge for the enemy, and enabling them to draw the Dutch soldiers into frequent ambushes, where they may be stricken down without even having the satisfaction of catching a glimpse of their foes. No blockade of the coast has been successful in cutting off supplies of arms and ammunition, although the British government has done its best to aid by prohibiting export from its possessions; nor will any such attempt ever prove effective so long as the seas of Asia continue to be thronged by hundreds of disreputable little craft, owned by men of all nationalities and colors, and manned by folk who love heavy profits and a spice of danger and excitement. Of food the Acheenese will always have a sufficiency. Their country is fertile, and they can grow their crops with little labor in

the valleys and on the hillsides of the mountainous interior, where they are safe from the Dutch. The people, who thoroughly realize the nature of their advantages, are firmly set in their determination to carry on the struggle to the bitter end; and since poor and simple, gentle and wealthy, alike, have grown up to regard the Hollanders as their hereditary enemies, the disastrous war may well prove to be practically interminable.

Meanwhile, it is not only with the Acheenese that the Dutch have had to contend. The mortality among their troops has often been terrible. Fever, dysentery, beriberi, — that most dreaded form of tropical dropsy, — have all claimed their victims, and even the native soldiers whom the Dutch have been able to put into the field have suffered severely. During the first decade of the war, if rumor speak truly, speculation was rife, and enormous sums were realized by contractors and underlings. Latterly, more supervision and stricter economy have done something to reduce the expenses of the campaign; but the Acheenese war continues to be a constant and heavy drain upon the revenue of the Dutch colonies, which now has to be supplemented from the income of the mother country, instead of contributing to it, as it formerly did.

Lives of men and money in profusion have been devoted to the war, and what has Holland gained, after so many years of strife? A certain influence in the districts lying immediately upon the seaboard; a few forts, held in an enemy's country by garrisons in a constant state of siege; the hatred of the natives of the land, upon whom she has brought unspeakable sufferings, and for whose good she has not been able to effect anything; and a serious loss of prestige throughout all her Asiatic possessions. This is, in truth, a deplorable result to have attained after a struggle which has lasted more than twenty-five years, and there is small room for wonder if the

Dutch nation as a whole, and more especially those responsible for the administration of the Netherland Indies, are heartily sick of Acheen and all connected therewith. But it is now too late to withdraw from the policy of conquest by force of arms to which the nation is committed, and therefore the war, hateful and detestable though it be, must still be carried on. Any change of tactics now would be likely to endanger the power of Holland in the East.

The theory upon which the Dutch have worked, that the colonies should contribute to the support of the mother country, has resulted in a system of taxation which cannot but be regarded as oppressive, if it be compared with that in force in any civilized state in Europe or in the British dominions in the East. The natives of the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago were less heavily taxed, even under native rule, than the Malay population in the Dutch colonies. This is the principal reason for the lack of popularity which the Netherlands government has eternally to face; for Malays love money dearly. There are other causes, sufficiently serious in themselves, which need not be further alluded to in this place. That the government recognizes the fact, however, is proved by the excessive precautions against native risings which are taken by the authorities in Batavia, and in all the large centres of the Dutch colonies. With the danger forever before their eyes of fanning these smouldering embers of discontent into a flame, Dutch statesmen dare not discontinue the war with Acheen; and so the troublous affair drags on and on, unending, but inevitable.

The conclusions to be drawn from the above facts can be more fittingly dealt with in a later paragraph of this article. I will therefore now turn to the Malay states of the peninsula, and will relate as concisely as I am able the history of the British connection with them; making a rough examination of the system

which has been adopted, and the results thereby attained.

In the very early days of "Old John Company," at a time when the conquest of India was as yet undreamed of and the Eastern trade was still in its infancy, the emissaries of the London merchants had for their principal field of activity the islands of the Malay Archipelago. In the reign of James I. of England trade with many native states in Borneo, Java, and Sumatra was in full swing. On the shores of the Malay Peninsula itself a factory was established, in the kingdom of Patāni, in 1612, and was maintained for a period of ten years. Later, when a firm hold had been obtained upon the peninsula of Hindustan, it was from Calcutta that the initiative was taken which had for its result the foundation of the colony now known as the Straits Settlements. In 1786, Captain Light, an officer in the employment of the Indian government, procured the cession of the island of Penang from the sultan of Kēda. Nine years later, the town and territory of Malacca, situated on the mainland of the peninsula halfway down the straits which bear their name, were wrested from the Dutch by an expedition fitted out from Calcutta. In 1819 Sir Stamford Raffles acquired for the Indian government the cession of the island of Singapore from the then sultan of Jōhore. Having so obtained these possessions, the East India Company continued to administer them, as outlying flanges of its growing empire, until that great corporation passed out of existence, and the Straits Settlements did not become a crown colony until 1867. During the whole of this period, and for seven years later, the administrators who had the straits in their charge did not attempt to gain a foothold upon the shores of the peninsula other than such as was afforded by the little territories of Malacca, and the district known as Province Wellesley opposite to the island of Penang. The

various native states of the Malay Peninsula were suffered to manage, or mismanage, their own affairs in the fashion which most commended itself to them. The despotic rule of the native rājas and chiefs remained as entirely unchecked as in the days before the coming of Magellan; the cruelties and barbarities, which in the peninsula are inseparable from native government, were perpetrated as of old; the pirate craft which infested the mangrove-covered coast committed their depredations almost without let or hindrance; ancient abuses flourished exceedingly; the peasants were ground down and deprived of the barest rights of human beings, and no one conceived it to be his duty to come to their assistance; even British subjects who were so foolhardy as to risk their lives by traveling in the interior did so at their own risk, and the authorities of the colony did not greatly concern themselves. So matters went on until 1874, when the government of the Straits Settlements, which was just beginning to feel its feet as a separate entity after its emancipation from the control of the Calcutta executive, bethought it that the time had come for setting the houses of those who dwelt in such close proximity to itself in something resembling order.

At this time civil wars were raging in the native states of the peninsula, on the western seaboard. In Pêrak, a pretender, who had fraudulently obtained possession of the regalia, was striving for the throne with the legitimate ruler of the land. In Sēlāngor a sultan lived who recognized that his own best chance of safety lay in permitting the hot-blooded youngsters of his house to fight with one another unchecked. To this end, he supplied all parties indifferently with arms and ammunition when they asked for help, gave to each applicant an informal authority, and sat by complacently as a spectator of a quarrel of so many Kilkenny cats. In each state the

struggle was further complicated by the presence of a fairly large population of Chinese miners banded into secret societies, which were largely controlled by capitalists of their own nationality, residing in the colony of the Straits Settlements. The possession of the richest stanniferous land was the prize of victory, and the Malay chiefs, divided among themselves, were quite unable to cope with the Chinese factions. Anarchy, complete as it can be only in Asia, barbarous cruelties, warfare and bloodshed, scarcity and misery, — such were the things which held undisputed possession of the Malayan states when the British government first began to interest itself in their affairs.

The legitimate ruler of Pêrak applied at last, in despair, to the governor of the Straits Settlements, for assistance against his enemies and in the administration of his troubled country. A treaty was signed; the sultan bound himself to be guided by his European adviser, and the first British Resident was appointed to live in Pêrak. Almost simultaneously a Resident was sent to reside in Sêlân-gor. These men were unsupported by even a show of force. They had no settled place of abode, and their duty, for the most part, was to learn all that could be ascertained about the little-known states, and to lead the people and their rulers into better ways. It was heart-breaking work, of course. The Malays regarded them with dislike and with suspicion, for they represented the horror of the unknown. The worst that might be looked for from their own chiefs was a matter of which the Malay peasants had a very full knowledge; the evil that the white men might work upon them, on the other hand, was something of which they could form no estimate. Therefore, the bulk of the population eyed the coming of the white men with the utmost disfavor and fear. The chiefs themselves, who saw in the advent of the strangers a danger which must threaten alike their

authority and their privileges, hated the European officers quite sincerely, and did all in their power to thwart them.

Our experience of Malays was of the slightest description at that time. The principal Resident did not even know the language. Like the Americans in the Philippines to-day, the English were playing a game which was new to them, the veriest rudiments of which they had yet to learn. As a consequence, though in a new country it is perhaps inevitable that one or more men should die for the people, Mr. J. W. W. Birch, the first Resident of Pêrak, was brutally murdered in November, 1875. A military expedition was dispatched to avenge his death, and the main rivers, the principal highways of the country, were occupied by troops. No attempt was made, however, to conquer the land by force of arms. The thickly wooded country made military operations impossible, and the only engagements fought were in the last degree inglorious. Had an effort been made to reduce the state by overrunning it with troops, it is probable that the war would have been as bitter and as unsuccessful as that in Acheen. Instead, the English political officials did all in their power to convince the people that the occupation would last only so long as they by their own actions rendered it necessary; that Mr. Birch's murderers must be delivered up to justice; that those who had organized the assassination must be punished; and that, for the rest, there was no desire to tamper with the liberties of the natives. The Malays were impressed by the show of force, doubtless, for such things commend themselves to the imagination of Orientals; but the principal advantage which was gained by the occupation is to be looked for in the fact that, through better acquaintance with our methods and with the character of our officers, the natives learned that their fear of us had been groundless, and that by our aid the meanest members of the community might obtain a measure

of justice and liberty such as they had never enjoyed under their own râjas and chiefs. With the peasantry thus won over to our side, the native rulers no longer caused us any serious difficulty. The power of a chief lies in the number of his adherents; when this has shrunk to insignificance, he continues to exist merely as a discontented person who is impotent for harm.

Sêlângor did not need to be reduced to order by means of a military expedition. The example of Pêrak proved to be sufficient. In Sûngei Ūjong and the Nêgri Sembilan, the little states round the territory of Malacca, troops were required before our grip upon the natives had become so firm that the aid of military force could be safely dispensed with; and in Pahang, the last acquired of the native states, no army of occupation was ever needed, though the police forces of Pêrak and Sêlângor were used in 1892 to quell disturbances which had their rise in the discontent of certain native chiefs.

The troops withdrawn, the real labor of setting the troubled lands in order was begun. The Resident appointed to each state was furnished with a number of European officers. The country was divided up into districts, each with a white man in charge. Men who had experience of the Chinese and could speak their language were set to rule that portion of the population. The mining lands were leased to those who had the ability to work them, and private enterprises of all kinds were encouraged to the utmost. At first the greatest caution had to be employed, coupled with the most untiring patience. It was vastly important that things should not be hurried unduly, that the natives should not be terrified by unnecessary innovations, that the old landmarks to which they clung should be respected, that ancient customs should be adhered to when possible, that on all occasions the greatest tact should be exercised, that native

susceptibilities should never be wantonly wounded. It was recognized that our power lay in the good will of the bulk of the people; that the only justification for our presence among them lay in our ability to make them freer, happier, and more prosperous than in the days before our coming. Crime of a serious description was punished with rigor, but with justice, for the Malay respects firmness in his rulers; the ill deeds of the chiefs, which had the peasantry for their victims, were ruthlessly repressed, yet the commoners were made to treat the fallen despots with the ceremony required by custom, and any failure in this respect was treated as an offense. At first, of necessity, many things which were opposed to European ideas of the eternal fitness were suffered to continue. The white men who ruled the land were alone among aliens, and their ability to administer the country was due solely to their personal influence. To maintain this, they were bound to act in a manner which often harmonized more nearly with native than with European notions; but little by little, as their grip grew surer, they led the people out of the darkness into the light.

Meanwhile, in more material things they adopted a most energetic policy. The country, when they entered it, was one huge forest, threaded here and there by footpaths, cleft in twain by great shallow rivers, but for the rest trackless and impenetrable. Villages which did not lie upon the banks of the same river, though separated from one another by only a few miles of jungle, were so remote that it was a journey of several days' duration to pass from one to the other. Vast tracts of stanniferous land were rendered inaccessible through lack of facilities for transport. The natural wealth of the country was thus hermetically sealed. To develop the resources of the states, and at the same time, by increasing the means of communication, to facilitate the work of administration,

large sums were devoted to the construction of roads. At first the native states could not produce sufficient revenue to defray the cost of such works; but the colony lent money freely, and later Pêrak aided Sêlângor with funds, just as at present Sêlângor is financing Pahang. The sums thus expended were well and wisely spent. The country was opened up in every direction, markets for their produce were brought to the very doors of the peasants, the wealth and prosperity of every section of the population were enormously increased, the revenue rose by leaps and bounds, and the success of the administration was assured.

But perhaps the most interesting and instructive feature of the work effected among the Malays of the native states by British officers is the part which, under their guidance, has been played in the administration of these countries by the natives themselves. Formerly, a Malay chief regarded his position merely as "a vantage ground for pleasure," and his people as folk of no account, whom Providence had thoughtfully bestowed upon him for the satisfaction of his desires. He had no sense of responsibility; duty was to him a thing unknown. He had never been taught to recognize any obligation to the country or to the people over whom he ruled. Before him the commoners and peasantry were as driven cattle, and as beasts of burden he treated them. Thousands of years, during which their forbears had exercised the privileges of undisputed authority, had given to the dominant classes of the Malays no higher conception of their *raison d'être* than this; had brought upon them all the evils consequent on complete self-indulgence; and had not even developed in them the manly qualities which come to those who are marked out by instinct, not merely by birth, as the rulers of their fellows. Then the white men came. The chiefs watched these strangers laboring, with small regard for their own comfort, in

an uncongenial climate, and wearing out bodies and souls alike for the betterment of those around them.

At first they wondered blankly at the eccentric actions of the Europeans; speculated wildly as to their motives; tried to discover what personal ambition, what love of greed or gain, they might be seeking to satisfy at the cost of so much unremitting toil. Then, gradually and by slow degrees, the conviction was forced upon their minds that there was some driving power at the back of these men, some force or principle to which they themselves had hitherto been strangers. Later still they made the discovery that this was a sense of duty, duty toward the state and the alien people whom the white men had come so far to serve, coupled with a keen interest in the work which they were performing and a love of labor for its own sake. The idea was so foreign to the indolent native temperament that for a long time it could not be thoroughly grasped; but little by little the example of the strangers was found to be contagious, and the better class of Malayan chiefs learned to assimilate something of the altruistic spirit which they recognized as dominating their European teachers. They met with ready encouragement; and so it has come to pass that, at the present time of writing, the detailed work of administration throughout British Malaya is largely performed by the natives of the peninsula. On the bench, in the custom houses, in every village throughout the land, Malays, trained by Europeans to deal justly by the people, are to be found working for the good of the state in a fashion which would have been incomprehensible to their fathers a short generation ago; and the number of capable native officers who are annually produced by our system of administration is ever on the increase. The Malayan states are even now only under the "protection" of Great Britain. They do not form an integral part of the em-

pire, and the sultans and chiefs have therefore a full right to exercise authority in the government of their countries. That, aided by their white advisers, they use this right wisely and well is not the least remarkable feature in the British record in Malaya.

One word as to the European officers themselves. The most responsible posts were filled almost from the first by men of a deep and wide experience in the management of natives, but the subordinate officers were nominated by the Colonial Office in London and by the governors of the Straits Settlements. In many cases they were men who had received no special training for the work which they were to perform, but they received an education in Eastern lore from the older men under whom they served. They were selected from the class which we, in our archaic European phraseology, term "gentlemen;" they possessed the refinement, the good manners, and the care for the susceptibilities of others which make men tactful, and in dealing with Orientals, the most sensitive of human beings, are worth all the 'ologies; and physically they were generally sound specimens of their race. Moreover, in those very early days there were few amusements or distractions of any kind to tempt them from their work. They lived almost alone among a native population, and they made a study of the people their principal aim and recreation. They were thoroughly in touch with the folk over whom they ruled, and this gave them a surprising influence. Also, they caught the enthusiasm for the work which distinguished their superiors in the service, and they lived for the state, — men with a single idea, whose hobby it was to manage the country in a manner which satisfied their high ideals. Now that the whole face of the land has undergone alteration, the men have to some extent changed with it. European society has grown up about them; race courses and cricket fields occupy

much of the time which of old was devoted to toil; men think themselves ill used if they are kept for long in the solitude of out-stations; and the cadets, recruited by competitive examination, are content to learn only so much of the language of the natives as will enable them to satisfy the by no means searching tests to which they are subjected. But the most difficult part of the work has already been accomplished; many of the original crew are still at hand to man the ship; and for the time, at any rate, the prosperity of the Malay states is so well assured that nothing can do it any very serious injury.

Meanwhile, under British protection the Malay Peninsula has emerged from its former obscurity, and has begun to play a part not insignificant in the world to which it belongs. For the last ten years it has produced from fifty to seventy-five per cent of the tin of the globe, its output exceeding largely that of Australia, South America, Cornwall, and all other tin-yielding countries put together. The revenue of the existing federation has risen in five-and-twenty years from a few hundred thousand to over seven million silver dollars. Out of current receipts, roads, which intersect the states from end to end, have been constructed. Over two hundred miles of railway are open to traffic, and an elaborate system, joining Penang to Malacca, is in course of completion. Planting and other private enterprises have been stimulated; the material well-being of the natives has been enormously improved; and the once lawless land has been made as peaceful and as secure as are the best ordered countries of Europe. This has attracted large numbers of Chinese, the most orderly, hard-working, money-loving, and thrifty natives in the East, and by them has been performed the heavy labor of a kind which the indolent, ease-seeking Malays could never have accomplished. Some Chinese came to the Malay states before

ever white men set foot on the peninsula; but as a race they love best a land where they can make money undisturbed by risk of war and robbery, and this they find in modern Malaya, ruled by a strong government under European control. Without the aid of the white men the present condition of affairs could never have been arrived at; and this fact, which justifies our presence in the Malay states, is one of which Englishmen may well be proud.

In the space of an article such as this, it is impossible to give more than an outline sketch of the work which has been accomplished, and the methods which the British have adopted for the attainment of their ends; and the only interest which these things can have for American readers must be sought in the analogy between the Malay states and the Philippines. This is to be sought chiefly in the fact that the natives of the newly acquired archipelago are, with a few exceptions, of the Malayan race.

As in the peninsula and other parts of Asia, the aboriginal natives of the Philippines are negrits, — little curly-haired, soot-colored creatures, like African negroes seen through the reverse end of a field glass. They are not very numerous, and are too profoundly ignorant and uncivilized to be in any way formidable. The prevailing native tribes, called Igorrotes by the Spaniards, are probably the descendants of the next race wave which passed over the islands. They belong to the Mon-Annam stock, and resemble the Sâkai hill tribes of the peninsula in their physical characteristics, though they have attained to a higher degree of civilization. Last to arrive were the people of the Malayan family, who, though now divided into some fifty different tribes, are scattered up and down the fifteen hundred islands which compose the Philippine archipelago.

Asia is so vast a continent that the maps which most of us are accustomed to see give but a faint idea of the extent

of the countries composing and adjoining it. Thus, as shown on the chart, the Philippines appear to be an insignificant group, whereas their most northerly extremity is as distant from the southern islands of Sâlu as is the north of Scotland from the toe of Italy. The work of administering such an extensive area will necessarily be difficult; and if the opposition made be of a serious nature, it will be almost hopeless to attempt to subdue it by force of arms, unless the people of the United States are prepared to make sacrifices of a kind which no nation can pretend to regard with equanimity. Lying as they do in the womb of the tropics, the islands have a climate which is not well suited to white troops. The seasons of the year may, speaking broadly, be said to be three in number: the cold season, from November to March; the hot season, from April to June; and the wet season, from July to October. The name which I have given to the first of these divisions is somewhat misleading, for in the Philippines it is never really cold. The distinction between the seasons in the islands is much like that made by Mark Twain in writing of the weather in Calcutta: the hot season is that which will melt a brass doorknob; the cold season will only make it mushy. The wet season, however, lives up to its reputation. The rain falls in torrents, day after day, night after night; the rivers and lagoons rise in angry spate, flooding the surrounding country for miles; the heavy malarious mists curl upwards and hang over the steaming land; everything is clammy to the touch, miserable and oppressive. The country is in places very mountainous. It is covered, as is the Malay Peninsula, with interminable forests, affording excellent cover to those engaged in carrying on a guerrilla warfare, and most hampering and heart-breaking for white soldiery. In the lowlands the floods will enforce a cessation of hostilities for several months in

each year, and the truce will give the enemy time in which to make ready for a fresh effort. The geographical features of the islands are of a kind which will render the maintenance of a blockade well-nigh impossible, and the natives will therefore have little difficulty in obtaining all the warlike stores of which they will stand in need. The Americans will find that they have opposed to them all the obstacles which have proved so effectual in defeating the Dutch in Acheen, but always on a much vaster scale. They will have no brown troops to put into the field, such as the British employed largely in the Malay states, and the Dutch summon to their aid in Sumatra; their base is many thousand weary miles away; they have no intimate acquaintance with the country or the people; and if they continue to act in a manner calculated to inspire universal hostility, they will in the end be forced to conquer the group, island by island, a work which may well occupy them for the greater part of the coming century.

Some months ago I had a long talk with the sultan of the Sulu Islands, and learned his view of the position of the Spaniards with regard to his territories. He laughed at any pretensions they might make that the land was a Spanish possession, and pointed out that they had never attempted to win a surer foothold on the islands than was afforded them by the land ceded for the erection of their forts. With the internal administration of the group, he declared, they had neither the right nor the power to interfere, and further inquiries on the subject bear out the sultan's contention. A closer examination will also show us that in many of the outlying portions of the archipelago the white men's control was purely nominal. It must be remembered that the position of the Spaniards in the Philippines was won, in the beginning, not by the sword, but by the Spanish priesthood, — devoted men who

penetrated into the unknown wilderness, converting the natives from paganism to Christianity, and lifting them from a barbarism which was almost savagery to a degree of civilization greater than that enjoyed by Malays of any other land.

Whatever the complaints which the natives may now prefer against the Spanish clergy, the fact can never be forgotten that it is to these men they owe their education, and all that makes up their present mental and moral acquirements; and it is only natural that these missionaries, who in the past had exerted so great an influence upon the people, should cling to the power which they had won for themselves long after their good offices had grown useless to the executive. Thus, the priestly element in the government of the Philippines preponderated under Spanish dominion, and the class of men who were sent out from Spain to fill civil posts were little suited to the task. The cadets of the best families could not be tempted into exile; the sons of tradesmen and of the *bourgeoisie* filled the gap; and the only men of gentle blood and intellectual attainments in the islands were the priests. The administration was hopelessly behind the times; the policy of taxation was clumsy, old-fashioned, and oppressive; the government fell into disrepute with the natives, and the priests, who had become so closely identified with the temporal power, shared in its unpopularity. Rapidly the discontent, fermented by the obvious inefficiency of the executive, spread and deepened; eventually the collection of revenue became the only task which the administration even attempted to perform; the Spanish control exercised by incompetent officials waxed weaker and weaker; and now, when the rotten system has suddenly crumbled away into dust, the Americans find themselves in nominal possession of the islands which their predecessors were not in a position to hand over to them, and with no sure foundations established by the

former rulers upon which they themselves may begin to build.

A consideration of the foregoing facts points clearly to two very definite conclusions. Every nerve should be strained by the United States to avoid the adoption of a policy of unnecessary aggression, and she should endeavor as far as possible to administer the Philippines with the aid of the natives themselves. "Now is the accepted time." Later, steps may have been taken and a spirit of antagonism awakened which will render withdrawal from a policy of military coercion a practical impossibility; yet if once she become committed to such a course, the United States can look only for results which are likely to prove both humiliating and disastrous. If, on the other hand, her statesmen decide to act somewhat on the lines followed by the British in the Malay states, her hold upon her new possessions, if she be content to go forward slowly, but surely, will eventually be firmly secured, "broad-based upon a people's will."

In order to attach the natives to herself, she must begin by convincing them that her motives in coming among them are entirely altruistic, that she seeks nothing but the improvement of their lot, and that she has no desire to exclude them from the administration of their country. To do this, she must for a time allow more power to be vested in the native officials than may theoretically be advisable. She should bear in mind the aphorism, "It is ill to hustle the East," and she should make up her mind to move very patiently and deliberately. Her officers should be sprinkled about the islands, to learn all that can be known concerning them, to make themselves acquainted with the people, and gradually to obtain an influence over them. The *gobernadorcillos*, the men who, under Spanish rule, were the heads of the village communes, are mostly natives of the islands. To begin with, these men should be intrusted with the admin-

istration of their people and their parishes; the American political agents contenting themselves with giving such advice as may be necessary from time to time, and interfering only to prevent injustice of a gross description. Very soon the force of character of the white men will make itself felt; the natives will learn where to look for help in their distresses, and for the justice which is incorruptible. When this system has been in force for a period of years, if it be deemed advisable to assume a more complete control of the archipelago, the American officers will find that they have the support and the good will of the bulk of the population behind them, and the change will be effected almost without difficulty. This, in the opinion of those who best know the nature of a Malayan race, will be at once the safest, the surest, and the easiest manner in which the Philippines may be subjected.

To carry out a policy such as this, America must select men of a stamp similar to that of the officers who did the early work among the Malays of the peninsula. They must be men of refinement and education, physically fit to stand the strain of a very trying life spent in a tropical climate, and they must devote themselves to the task allotted to them with enthusiasm and with sympathy. For them there will be no applause of the populace, no short cut to wealth, no reward of any kind save the power to perform quietly and obscurely a noble work for the benefit of a race which has no natural claim upon their services. England has found many of her sons ready to bind themselves to a permanent exile for no higher guerdon. It is for the people of the United States to say whether men of the required stamp will be prepared to make a similar sacrifice on behalf of their country.

I have not left myself space in this article to enter upon such matters as the necessity, to which Americans must become reconciled, for the establishment of

a permanent civil service for the management of her colonies, the best tests by which the number of candidates for service in Asia may most fittingly be selected, and many other points bearing upon the question at issue, all of which are worthy of careful consideration. At almost every step America will be called upon to surrender some preconceived idea, some national prejudice, some cherished tradition of her people. In the East she will be dealing with men of an inferior race, and her theories of human equality must be abandoned. The natives under her control will decline to disregard the real distinction between class and class which, despite all disclaimers, exists in the United States as rigidly as in Europe. In other words, only men who have the manners, the refinement, and the education of gentlemen will have any chance of success in administering this Eastern colony, and the United States must either resign herself to failure, or allow the civil service devoted to the East to be drawn from what can only be termed the aristocracy of the land. France, Germany, and Spain have tried to work with materials of a coarser type, and their example is not encouraging. In this lies yet another lesson which the ancient and eternal East will teach the youngest of the white races.

The encouragement of Chinese immigration is viewed by a large number of Americans with superstitious horror, and the arguments against it, where these rice-eaters compete with white laborers, as in Australia and the Western states of the Union, are sound. In the Philippines, however, where the native population is composed of indolent brown folk, the yellow man will be the best tool that the executive can lay their hands on for the rapid development of the islands. It is a commonplace in the Malay states that without the aid of Chinese capitalists and of Chinese labor the white men, no matter how great their

energy, would have effected little. The same will be found to apply to the new American possession; and if they be managed with skill and firmness by men who understand their character, the Chinese make as useful and as peaceable citizens as any government can well desire. The United States will have no difficulty in procuring the services of men who know the Chinese intimately in their own country, and no American prejudice should be suffered to interfere with the work of introducing as large a number of Chinamen into the archipelago as can be induced to immigrate.

Another point upon which the administrators of the Philippines will find it necessary to act with caution is that of the religious beliefs of the people. The majority of the natives of the islands are Roman Catholics; and though they have had occasion to complain of the action of their priests with reference to interference in temporal affairs, and though they retain many of their pagan superstitions, they will resent keenly any attempt to tamper with their faith. The Muhammadans of the Sulu group will regard their religion no less jealously; and the Americans should make it clear from the first that they intend to respect the convictions of their new subjects, and will take no part in aiding missionaries who desire to effect their conversion to other creeds.

As one who desires whole-heartedly to see the American nation succeed in Asia in a degree as signal as that of the other section of the Anglo-Saxon race, I wish the people of the United States three things: a speedy abandonment of the present policy of armed aggression; the selection of a band of men who possess the *instinct* for the rule of a brown people; and a reliance upon the moral influence of the higher over the lower breed instead of mere brute force. By that path, and by no other, lies the highroad to success.

Hugh Clifford.

CAN NEW OPENINGS BE FOUND FOR CAPITAL?

THE question which is forcing itself home upon every civilized people to-day is, where openings are to be found in the future for the productive investment of their saved capital. For a score of years there has been a tendency toward higher prices for first-class securities, and a diminishing return upon investments. Only within the past year have higher discount rates appeared in Germany and other Continental countries, raising the hope that new fields for investment were absorbing a part of surplus capital. The vital question was discussed with much learning at the January meeting of the Society of Political Economy at Paris, whether this relief was permanent, or was only an eddy in the downward course of the rate of interest. It was pointed out by Professor Clément Juglar that, while many European securities were selling at prices lower than when they were issued a few years ago, indicating a rise in their interest-paying value, the return upon Australian and American securities had permanently fallen from six to four per cent.

The discussion of the small returns upon saved capital and the absolute necessity for new opportunities for its investment marks an important turning point in economic history. It is not the first time that the supply of capital has outrun the limits of effective demand in sound investments, and has by its excess forced down the interest rate to a point which has caused heavy losses and alarm among the owners of capital. The economic history of the world has afforded several periods of congestion of this sort, when it seemed that savings must be relaxed or new outlets for them found, unless the point of saturation was to be reached for saved capital, and state socialism was to supersede the system of

private saving. The congestion has on previous occasions reduced interest rates as low as those of the last few years, but never before has the accumulation of capital been so enormous, nor have so many millions of individuals — those of modest means as well as the typical “capitalist” of socialistic dreams — been confronted by the condition that their savings must be greatly multiplied in order to afford the old return, and that even such savings as they had could with difficulty find safe lodgment in productive enterprises.

The essential question of the future, regarding the great accumulations of saved capital, is whether they shall continue to depress interest rates to the vanishing point, and at the same time create such a competition for safe investments that a large proportion of the world's savings will be stolen by company promoters and swallowed up in unproductive enterprises. The mere reduction of the returns upon saved capital offers in itself a serious social problem, independent of the danger of unsound investments and the loss of savings. If the savings of a lifetime have heretofore been just sufficient, with interest at six per cent, to afford a comfortable maintenance for old age, they will prove pitifully insufficient with interest reduced to three per cent, and inadequate to avert destitution if interest should fall to one or one and a half per cent, as has seemed among the possibilities of the future. The necessary saving in capital would be four times greater, in order to obtain a comfortable maintenance, with interest at one and a half per cent than with interest at six per cent. While the increased earning power of civilized men by means of machinery would bridge a part of this chasm, it would not solve the problem. If it should become practically impossible

for persons of small and moderate earnings to save enough during their years of active life to provide for their years of decline, the civilized world would confront the problem whether saving for investment, among the laboring masses at least, should not be abandoned, and the support of old age derived entirely from current taxation. Such a moderate step as this in state socialism — already well under way in Germany, and seriously discussed in Great Britain — might avert for many generations the congestion and consolidation of capital without shaking the pillars of the existing social system.

It is proper to inquire, however, whether there is not a prospect that new openings will be found for saved capital in the future without the reconstruction of society. An answer in the affirmative can probably be given as to the immediate future, and perhaps as far into the future as human foresight can penetrate. It is necessary that these new openings should be important enough to absorb considerable amounts of saved capital beyond the demands for the mere maintenance of existing means of production, and the incidental improvements in them which are required from time to time. It is not probable that the new openings will be sufficient to raise permanently the rate of interest in the near future; but they may stay its downward course. M. Paul Leroy - Beaulieu, in discussing this subject in *L'Economiste Français* of January 28, 1899, calls attention to the fact that there were interruptions in the downward course of interest when steam came to be generally employed as a motive power, between 1850 and 1865, and again after the great destruction of capital in the Franco-Prussian war. But, he declares, "after each of these interruptions, the rate of interest again tended to decline to a level lower than before; so that, in taking as the point of departure the beginning of the last quarter century or that

of the last half century, — the year 1874 or the year 1850, — it may be noted that the rate of interest has considerably fallen, not in a straight line, it is true, but in a broken line, and that never in our history was it as low as in 1897."

A reason for believing that openings for saved capital may be found in the immediate future without the reconstruction of society is the fact that such periods of congestion have occurred before, but have been terminated by new demands for capital, caused by discoveries in the field of invention or by territorial acquisition. The world may continue for many centuries to go through the process of capitalization, consolidation, and the shifting to new peoples of commercial supremacy without the abandonment of the institution of private property, which seems so essential to individual ambition and national achievement. The fall in the earning power of capital permits the substitution of mechanical devices for human labor whenever the interest upon the capital required for a new improvement falls below the cost of the labor which it replaces. Thus fields are opened for capital which remained closed while labor was the cheaper instrument, and the labor released is free to seek higher employments. Machinery, which is the fruit of saved capital, thus invades new fields not only with the reduction in the price of its manufacture, but with the fall in the rental cost of the capital invested in it.

The accumulation of saved capital is now so much more rapid than it was even a quarter of a century ago, and the world is so much more completely equipped with the machinery of production, that something more than a new invention or an important war will be required permanently to raise the rate of interest. There are indications, however, of several possible openings which may absorb surplus savings and afford a moderate return for several decades to come. One of these is the universal application

of electricity as a motive power; a second is the extension of railways over the undeveloped countries of Africa and Asia; and a third is the equipment of these countries with the machinery of production. These openings for capital promise to absorb many millions within the next ten or twenty years. Prior to the extension of European influence in Africa and recent development in China, society was reaching the state of economic congestion portrayed by Mr. Brooks Adams in his interesting work *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, and his more recent article in the *Fortnightly Review* for February last, on *The New Struggle for Life among the Nations*. The congestion has not, however, as he seems to believe, very much to do with the supply of gold and silver, the mere tools of exchange; it has to do with the subject of exchange, — the great mass of capital seeking employment, and unable to find it at home.

A congestion of capital of serious proportions was threatened during the third and fourth decades of the century, as the result of the favorable conditions of civil order and the growing use of labor-saving machinery in the textile industries which followed the Napoleonic wars. There came suddenly, however, several great outlets for saved capital. The most conspicuous was the building of railways, which demanded hundreds of millions, first in England and France, then in America, and finally in the countries of Eastern Europe, South America, Australia, and India. Interest rates rose under the pressure of active demand for capital, and the outlook was again rosy for the profitable use of savings, whether of the laborer or the merchant prince. The organization of the credit system by joint-stock banks, and later by savings banks, afforded an opportunity for bringing into productive use the small and scattered savings of the many. This organization and transfusion of small credits into an efficient aggregate by means

of banking came as the natural result of great demands for capital, of fortunes made in joint-stock companies, and of the increased openings for the employment of savings in the hands of the organizers of industry and commerce.

Two immensely powerful influences in accelerating the growth of available capital came into operation by the middle of the century, — the full organization of credit and the development of machine production. On the one hand, machine production so increased the power of the individual arm that if savings were possible under the old conditions of hand labor, the capacity for them became many times as great under the new conditions of machine production. But these savings in the early years had lain idle in old stockings and bureau drawers. They were largely made in gold or silver, withdrawing from active use without interest a part of the capital produced by arduous labor in the mines. But the banks of England and France, which had stood almost alone down to 1850, were about that time imitated all over Europe. Belgium was dowered with a national bank; banks sprung up in Spain, in Italy, in the little states of Switzerland, and all over Germany; while in England and France the great monopoly banks of issue witnessed the growth of potent rivals in the joint-stock banks and the credit societies. Savings which, under earlier conditions, had lain idle, until perhaps an amount equal to their entire value was consumed in the interest lost, became, under the new system, immediately available for increasing the machinery of production and exchange at home, and swelling the fund to be loaned to new countries for the creation of railways, steamships, cotton mills, and public works. To put into mathematics the greater potency of a given unit of saved capital under the new system, and then to multiply this by the constantly accelerating savings, is hardly within the limits of human capacity; but

it is obvious that the slow accumulations which had gone on in early centuries were now multiplied almost in a geometrical ratio as the increased savings of one year went to develop the capacity for saving by the growth of machine plants and means of communication in the years which followed.

It is not surprising that economic crises of the gravest character have grown out of the adjustments to the new conditions. Consumption has far from kept pace with increased production. The average man of small means, content to live from hand to mouth a century ago, has become a capitalist, a contributor toward the construction of railways in South America, Asia, and Africa, and a bidder on the world's exchanges for national and industrial securities against the sons of the great Jewish bankers of the last century. Capital can be saved only in gold, in consumable goods, or in those permanent contributions to the machinery of production — buildings, tools, and improvements — which are happily described by French economists as *installations*. The saving of capital in gold has practically ceased. The saving of consumable goods is practiced only to the extent that they are needed for immediate wants and in current processes of production. The saving of capital in permanent works has found an expanding outlet as new methods of machine production have been devised, increasing wealth and demand have developed new wants, and as the state has availed herself of the growing wealth of the community to create highways, bridges, railways, harbors, and public buildings for the benefit of all. But these outlets have threatened for a moment to be choked. The rate of interest, in orderly societies, is the measure of the relation of supply of capital to the demand for it, and this rate has indicated in recent years a constantly increasing supply in proportion to legitimate demand.

The saving of capital in permanent

form has been greatly promoted by the issue of negotiable securities. These instruments have given a transferable character, approximating that of money, to property in almost all productive enterprises, because they have, like money, established a common denominator in which such values might be expressed and transferred. So long as new productive enterprises can be created by means of stock companies, the capital of the individual flows readily from the reservoirs of his own saving into the great channels of available capital. The difficulty which is disclosed at a certain stage of social development is an excess of saved capital over the opportunities for safe investment. There is little doubt that the owners of capital are intelligent enough, upon the average, to invest their savings chiefly in productive enterprises rather than unproductive ones, while the productive enterprises constitute the chief means of investment. The prevalence of abuses in company promotion, gigantic losses in unproductive enterprises, and the persistent flotation of the stocks and bonds of projects which afford no real promise of adequate returns are not the results of a sudden accession of rascality in human nature, but merely of the great excess of saved capital seeking investment over safe and profitable outlets.

An interesting proof that the supply of capital has become so excessive that it is simply doubling upon itself without profit to its owners is afforded by the conversions of government, railway, and industrial securities in Europe during the last few years. M. Georges de Laveleye, who presents annually in the *Moniteur des Intérêts Matériels* of Brussels a statement of all the issues of negotiable securities for the year, expressed the opinion in 1892 that Europe was capable of absorbing from four to five thousand millions of francs in new securities upon the average each year. The average issues from 1886 to 1890 were 8,070,-

000,000 francs, and M. de Laveleye came to the conclusion that this was an excessive movement, and would involve losses and liquidations. The issues from 1891 to 1895, inclusive, fell within his limit of the digestive capacity of European capital, but 1896 showed net issues, exclusive of conversions, amounting to 9,129,054,150 francs; 1897 showed issues of 8,911,870,530 francs, and 1898 issues of 8,902,776,660. It is the conversions which throw the most searching light upon the problem of excessive savings. These conversions amounted in 1894 to 12,641,200,000 francs (\$2,450,000,000), or more than double the issues for new enterprises, and they amounted in 1896 to 7,593,013,475 francs (\$1,465,000,000). The remarkable fact connected with the conversions of 1894 was that the saving in interest to the issuers of the securities was 119,433,000 francs (\$23,000,000) a year, and this saving was sufficient to pay the interest on all the new issues upon a two and a half per cent basis. In other words, the savings of capital in Europe and other civilized countries in 1894, applied to the purchase of new securities to the amount of \$1,000,000,000 (5,173,448,035 francs), were absorbed without increasing the earning power of the capital invested. The situation in 1896 was not quite so barren for investors, but the conversions effected afforded a saving to the issuers of securities to the amount of 40,000,000 francs (\$7,740,000) a year. The conversions of five per cent obligations to four per cent in 1894 were 3,145,000,000 francs (\$600,000,000), and the conversions of four and a half per cent obligations upon a three per cent basis were 7,000,000,000 francs (\$1,350,000,000). Most of the obligations of solvent states and corporations have been reduced to four per cent or less, and their actual return to the investor at market prices, in spite of some recent fluctuations, has tended toward two and a half per cent.

Strong proof that the United States has reached the state of excessive capitalization, unable to find productive investment at home in new enterprises, is afforded by the recent activity in floating the securities of industrial trusts and by the piling up of unused funds in the banks. The common and preferred stock of trust combinations organized and proposed during 1898 was given by the United States Investor of February 11, 1899, as \$1,725,099,200, while additions to the list in the first two months of 1899 of \$844,800,000 carried the total for fourteen months to \$2,569,899,200. These great combinations and issues of securities are symptomatic of two things, — the economic tendency to arrest overproduction and ruinous competition by limiting production, and the eagerness of promoters to take advantage of the masses of idle capital seeking investment to transfer a part of it to their own pockets.

Let us turn to the three suggested openings for the great mass of saved capital seeking investment, and consider how immense an outlet they afford, and how important it is that they should not be closed to the capital and enterprise of the great producing countries. The three outlets named were the application of electricity to motive power, the building of railways in undeveloped countries, and the further equipment of such countries with the machinery of production and intercommunication. It is obvious that capital should be given free entrance into all these fields, in order that it may not be shut up to feeding upon itself, without increased earning power, as is coming to be the case in the great capitalistic countries. Protective tariffs have not heretofore been raised against capital, and the countries most in need of development are not likely to bar foreign capital of their own motion from their limits. But capital as well as trade "follows the flag" to a large extent, because under the flag of its own government, or that

of some civilized and responsible state, it finds the guarantee of security and respect for contracts which make possible safe investments and uninterrupted industrial and commercial growth.

The application of electricity to motive power is likely to absorb a very large amount of capital within the next one or two decades, without involving considerations of national policy. The railways of the world, with a capital estimated by Mr. Mullhall in 1894 at £6,745,000,000, will be called upon to replace that portion of their capital invested in locomotives by new machinery at a cost of several thousand millions of dollars. The creation of electric street-car lines is already extending over Europe, and M. Fournier de Flaix declares, in the *Revue des Banques* for November last, that the Paris Exposition of 1900 will draw its chief attraction from the various modes of applying electricity to locomotion and production. Statistics at the beginning of 1898 showed 2289 kilometers (1420 miles) of electric roads in Europe, with 4514 motors. The General Electric Company of Germany now employs 12,000 persons, and during 1898 increased its trackage 329 kilometers, and its cars from 1343 to 1861. The capital for these enterprises has already been obtained without any marked effect upon the existing supply seeking investment; but this is only the beginning, and while the change from steam to electric power will come gradually, and will be met to some extent out of railway and factory earnings, the demand for capital for this purpose may be more potent than any single mechanical change within the present generation.

The building of railways in undeveloped countries seems likely to attain within a short time an extension and importance almost equal to the great outbreak of railway-building activity between 1850 and 1870. That phenomenon promoted the creation of banks and finance companies, and absorbed capi-

tal so rapidly as to raise the rate of interest materially above that which prevailed when Great Britain was loaning her surplus capital, early in the century, to the new countries of South America. The Trans-Siberian railway, already well advanced toward completion by the Russian government, and projected to stretch over 4200 miles from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, is the pioneer among the intercontinental lines. The government had already expended upon it, up to the close of 1897, \$188,000,000. The construction of the Trans-Saharan across "the Great Desert," binding the French province of Algiers to the French colonies in Central Africa, is one of the dreams of French economists and statesmen which is upon the point of being put into practical form. Englishmen in Egypt and South Africa are urging the creation of a line "from Cairo to the Cape," which will almost equal the Trans-Siberian in its length, and will surpass it in the savage character of the country through which it will pass. Concessions have been granted by the Turkish government for a line from Tripoli on the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, with branches extending into Persia, which will reduce by five days the time between Brindisi in southern Italy and Bombay in the heart of India. Extensions of this line might afford a powerful counterpoise to the Trans-Siberian, and increase the facilities of England for protecting her Indian empire against Russian aggression on the north.

China is on the point of being gridironed with the means of railway transportation. It is the result of inevitable economic tendencies that Great Britain, France, Germany, and Russia have been contending for the privilege of advancing the capital for these great works, and have almost gone to war for the political preponderance and commercial influence which this privilege involves. A recent publication of the Prussian

government sets forth that Asia, the greatest of the continents and the most largely peopled, has but 26,890 miles of railway, — about one sixteenth of the mileage of the world. This condition is rapidly changing. A list of operating and projected lines in China, in the *Revue des Banques* for November, 1898, names six lines under English control, one Anglo-German, one Anglo-Italian, two German, four French, one Franco-Belgian, and four Russian lines, including the sections of the Trans-Siberian. The construction of these lines will call for many millions of British, French, German, and American savings, and will help to postpone the further fall in the rate of interest. It is very doubtful, however, whether all these lines will at once prove remunerative, and whether investors will not suffer again some of the losses which resulted from British investments in South America in the twenties, and from later ventures in American railways, Australian banks and land, and Western farm mortgages.

Those investors are likely to be safest who have a government guarantee, by means of a public loan, for the interest on the investment, whether the particular enterprise for which the loan is placed proves successful or not. An important feature of the present policy for finding safe investments for national capital is the control of the field of investment by responsible governments. Many of the great loans in new countries, early in the century, and even down to recent times, like those in the Argentine Republic and Haiti, have been made chiefly to revolutionary governments, where unwise financiering, official corruption, and the adoption of an irredeemable paper currency have wrecked business and frightened away foreign capital. A new era is opening for such investments, under the protection of responsible powers, whether a direct guarantee of the interest is given by the powers themselves, or reliance is

placed upon the governing capacity of the men of the Anglo-Saxon or other European races, who exercise indirectly the control over the finances of the protected country. Already the powers have intervened in Egypt and Greece for the creation of boards of control, which see to it that the taxes are honestly collected, that the interest on the public debt is paid, and that the funds obtained are not diverted from their proper uses to the pockets of corrupt officials.

Egypt was found by the powers a financial wreck in 1881, but under the efficient direction of Lord Cromer, British adviser of the Khedive, Egyptian securities have become among the safest which are quoted on European bourses. At the close of the war with Turkey Greece found herself practically bankrupt, with her securities depreciated, and her forced paper currency at a heavier discount than before the war. The intervention of Great Britain, France, and Russia, with the appointment of a board of control to supervise the proper collection of the taxes and the payment of interest on the debt, promptly put her upon a solvent basis. A loan of 155,000,000 francs (\$30,000,000) was issued under the guarantee of the three powers, at the rate of two and a half per cent, upon which a slight premium was charged. Notwithstanding this low return upon the capital invested, the amount offered at Paris — 41,500,000 francs (\$8,000,000) — was subscribed twenty-three times over by 1387 subscribers. The deposits made on behalf of subscribers at the Bank of France were 196,579,000 francs, and the amounts subscribed for were 987,809,475 francs (\$190,000,000). The British government has taken a somewhat different course in regard to its own dependencies by a bill, now pending, to give the guarantee of the home government to the colonial loans of the crown colonies. All these plans have this feature in common, — that they have behind them the moral support of

a great civilized state, capable of protecting the interests of its citizens by force of arms, and ready to do so if occasion requires. The government of adventurers and financial freebooters is coming to an end in Europe, Africa, and Asia, and it may yet be the mission of the United States to bring it to an end in portions of Latin America.

Only by the firm hand of the responsible governing races, as Mr. Benjamin Kidd has so forcibly pointed out in his thoughtful works on social development, can the assurance of uninterrupted progress be conveyed to the tropical and undeveloped countries. This duty, imposed upon the superior races by the evolution of events, if not by the moral order, affords the opportunity for the absorption of the surplus of savings not applied to current consumption which is going on under the existing social system. Those who do not welcome the responsibilities and the opportunity which this situation creates are fostering the discontent within the old civilized countries which breeds social and political revolution. The excess of production of finished goods over effective demand, the creation of trust combinations to check production, the resulting reductions of wages and of opportunity for the employment of labor, — all these are the consequences of shutting up capital to feed upon itself by closing the fields for new investments. The present production of finished goods far outruns the effective demand, and the investment of saved capital in new manufacturing plants in the producing countries simply divides or destroys the small profits heretofore earned by the existing establishments. The owners of these plants are in many cases widows, orphans, and those of small means who are trying to save for a rainy day. They suffer more by the failure of manufacturing and railway dividends than the princes of industry and finance. The latter are usually able to take care of

themselves, by such projects as the present multiplication of trust syndicates, whose securities can be unloaded upon the small investor before their over-capitalization and barrenness of productive power are ascertained. Trust combinations for limiting production and reducing the number and wages of the employed are the only safeguard against destructive competition and the ruin of the less perfected manufacturing plants, so long as outlets cannot be found for saved capital in countries whose producing plant and means of communication are not yet substantially complete. It is useless to say that the capital might be employed productively at home under existing conditions. It could be thus employed if saving were checked, and the money now directed toward investments were applied to the purchase of consumable goods. But such a change in the conduct of the governing races means a reversal of the lessons taught by five centuries of civilization; it means the serious modification of the present social order, and the adoption of old-age pensions and other devices for applying the results of current production to consumption instead of saving for the future.

The opponents of the intervention of the civilized countries in the undeveloped countries perpetually discuss the position of the supporters of intervention, as if the entire demand on their part were for new markets for finished goods, and point out with truth that the equipment of the new countries with the machinery of production tends to narrow the market for the finished products of the old countries. But this is setting up and knocking down a man of straw. The benefits to the old countries in the control of the undeveloped countries do not lie chiefly in the outlet for additional goods. It is precisely to escape the necessity for the reduplication of the plants which produce the goods, by finding a field elsewhere for the creation of new plants, including not only competing machinery, but the

highways of commerce, — railways, roads, canals, and improved harbors, — that the savings of the capitalistic countries are seeking an outlet beyond their own limits. It is not the assurance that more goods can be sold which is needed by the manufacturer so much as the assurance that perpetually increasing savings shall not bid against his present production in his own market, by the creation of rival plants, equipped with every improvement of modern machinery. Incidentally and for a time, political dependencies and “spheres of influence” afford an enlarged market for finished goods; but the essential benefit of such openings is the opportunity which they present, under the guarantee of order and the sanctity of contracts, for the productive use of the surplus savings of the masses of the people, — laboring men, small merchants, and professional men, as well as great capitalists.

The question may naturally be asked — and has been asked by those who can make no other answer to this argument — whether this requirement of new countries for the employment of saved capital does not bring the human race to a jumping-off place as soon as Africa and Asia are capitalized by the extraordinarily rapid processes which have marked the capitalization of the western part of the United States, Germany, and Russia. This question looks too far into the future to be capable of a precise answer. It does not necessarily follow, however, from the congestion of capital which appears to exist to-day, that conditions may not arise within another generation which will work a revolution in the conditions of production. It may be suggested, at the risk of penetrating into the domain of the fanciful, that when the food-supplying area of the world becomes circumscribed in proportion to population, — as Mr. John Hyde

pointed out, in the *North American Review* for February, 1898, might be the case in the United States in less than half a century, — great demands for capital may arise for the production of food by chemical processes. Already distinguished chemists are dreaming of an era when chemistry shall banish agriculture from the field and farm, and when the interior heat of the earth and the warmth of the sun shall be utilized to obtain the power now derived from the rapidly shrinking coal supply.

The present generation cannot grapple with those problems, and is not required to. Thus far in the history of the world, mechanical inventions, chemical discoveries, and the development of the mechanism of money and credit have barely kept pace with the imperative needs of human society. Inventions and discoveries which are not yet needed fall upon an unheeding world. The inventors and discoverers go to neglected graves, and wait for later generations to do them justice. The present generation can face only the problems at hand and the opportunities at hand for the maintenance of its own social system. These opportunities embrace the equipment of the whole world with a producing plant, and with means of communication and exchange, which will raise the undeveloped portions as far as may be to the level of comfort, producing power and civilization of the more advanced portions. This is the mission of the great civilized states to-day; and those states which timidly withdraw from competition with powerful rivals, either from defects in their political system or lack of commercial energy, will sentence themselves to the fate of the decadent countries, like Persia, Turkey, and Spain, — once masters of the world, but now the victims of the greater energy and foresight of the northern races.

Charles A. Conant.

GOETHE'S MESSAGE TO AMERICA.

ANNIVERSARIES of great men of the past are valuable as incentives for stating anew the abiding elements of their fame, for reëxamining their essential contributions to the higher life, for realizing afresh those traits in them which, in spite of changed surroundings and conditions, appeal to us with the force of immediate actuality. The Goethe anniversary, then, which has been celebrated this year with a good deal of popular enthusiasm in not a few American cities as well as throughout Germany, may well induce us to ask, not what *was* Goethe for his time and his people, but what *is* he for our time and our people, — what insights, convictions, ideals, may we gain from his work and his personality that will help us in facing the manifold problems that beset our own life ; in short, what is Goethe's message to America ? I shall try to answer this question under the head of two ideas, the ideas of freedom and culture ; for in these two conceptions, it seems to me, the sum total of Goethe's message to America is contained.

I.

That Goethe, before everything else, is a spiritual emancipator must be clear to every one who has felt, however faintly, the breath of his genius. Yet nowhere can this emancipating force of Goethe's character be better understood or work more freely than here in America. Happily, the time is long since past when he was feared by respectable society as a libertine and destroyer of good morals, when he was hated by the church as an atheist and a subverter of faith. Even his adversaries, nowadays, have agreed to respect him as the great apostle of free humanity. Nevertheless, it may not be superfluous to show how closely Goethe's ideal of a free humanity is allied to the best in American life.

Goethe is a classic of individualism. His moral conceptions are founded upon the unwavering belief in the paramount value of personality ; and the full assertion, the complete development, of this personality is to him the fundamental and inviolable law of all human activity. If his *Wilhelm Meister* had no other importance or interest for us, this novel would be sure of a lasting place in the history of American culture for this reason alone : that here an idea is anticipated which may be called the very corner stone of educational thought in America, — the idea that the true task of education is, not to preserve from error, but to guide through error to fuller individuality and richer experience. It is, however, not only in this general principle of individualism that Goethe is at one with the strongest tendencies of American intellectual life ; in the application also of this principle to concrete reality he seems to address himself above all to a people which, like the American, is engaged in the struggle of shaping its own national individuality.

Outright American, one might say to begin with, is the extraordinary sense of reality which has prevented Goethe from becoming a prey to the fantastic speculations and romantic hallucinations of his time, and which perhaps more than anything else has helped him in the manifold conflicts of his life to assert incessantly his own self. To be sure, he too paid his tribute to the sentimentalism of the period in which his youth fell ; he too was affected by the exaggerated idealism of the Weimar epoch ; he too suffered from the overstraining of the æsthetic sense which gives to most of the great German writers of the beginning of this century an almost feminine character. Yet how does his *Werther* stand out from the other sentimental novels of

the Storm and Stress period through genuine feeling and plastic power! In what clear and simple outline does his Iphigenie stand forth against the shadowy productions of the other classicists! How firm and resolute even as idealized figures as Hermann and Dorothea tread the ground of reality! And with what inexorable truthfulness does Goethe, in Tasso and *The Elective Affinities*, expose the immorality of aspirations which do not rest upon the recognition of actual facts and existing laws! It was this incorruptible sense of reality which enabled Goethe, in the affairs of church and state, always to find out the truly productive and significant, no matter to what party it might belong; so that the admirer of Napoleon could also be an admirer of English parliamentary government, the follower of Spinoza also a glorifier of mediæval popery. It was this same sense of reality which preserved Goethe from subscribing to any of the metaphysical tenets which, during his long life, one after the other intoxicated the minds of his contemporaries. It was this same sense of reality which in scientific matters kept him in the narrow path of patient and unbiased observation; which made him in biological research a forerunner of Darwin; in the history of literature and art a master of that criticism which does not condemn or canonize, but analyzes and comprehends. It was this same sense of reality which made him speak the blunt but wholesome word, "The occupation with thoughts on immortality is for aristocratic circles, and especially for ladies who have nothing to do;" which made him put into the mouth of the aged Faust this confession of faith:—

"The sphere of earth is known enough to me;
The view beyond is barred immutably.
A fool, who there his blinking eyes direct-
eth
And o'er his clouds of peers a place expect-
eth!
Firm let him stand, and look around him
well!

This world means something to the capable.
Why needs he through eternity to wend?
He here acquires what he can apprehend.
Thus let him wander down his earthly day;
When spirits haunt, go quietly his way;
In marching onward bliss and torment find,
Though, every moment, with unsated mind."

Do we not recognize in all this a deep affinity between Goethe and the genius of the American people? Do we not see here symptoms of the same state of mind which is the source of the traditional fairness and impartiality of the American commonwealth toward the manifold creeds and religious denominations, of the preëminently experimental bent of American science, of the decidedly practical type of American life even in its religious and ethical aspects? Do we not see here an anticipation of the truly American conviction,—American in spite of demagogues and jingoes,—the conviction that freedom has no more dangerous enemy than blind enthusiasm for any theory or any party principle?

Intimately associated with this thoroughly masculine sense of reality, and again closely akin to American character, is the glorification of work and deed which shines forth with such beneficent and freeing splendor from all of Goethe's works, from *Götz von Berlichingen* down to the Second Part of *Faust*, and no less from his own life. The fundamental importance of this conception for Goethe's whole view of the world is in the first place proved by a superabundance of individual utterances, which, made at widely separated times and on most different occasions, all agree in this, that man acquires true freedom only by action. "Ah, writing is but busy idleness," says *Götz*; "it wearies me. While I am writing what I have done, I lament the mispent time in which I might do more." *Faust* translates the first line of the Gospel according to John by, "In the beginning was the Deed;" and at the end of his life he draws the balance of his earthly experience in the words, "En-

joyment makes debased," and, "The deed is everything, the glory naught!" And more personally still Goethe expresses this same thought in his *Maxims and Reflections*: "Endeavor to do your duty, and you know at once what you are. What is your duty? The demand of the day." Under the title *Five Things*, he lays down in the *Divan* this succinct and intensely practical rule of life:—

"What makes time short to me?
Activity!
What makes it long and spiritless?
Idleness!
What brings us to debt?
To delay and forget!
What makes us succeed?
Decision with speed!
How to fame to ascend?
One's self to defend!"

And as a last sacred bequest he leaves to his friends the message:—

"Solemn duty's daily observation—
More than this it needs no revelation."

But not only in such isolated though significant utterances has Goethe expressed his conviction of the saving quality of work; his whole moral attitude is determined by this one idea. Goethe shares with the Christian religion a strong sense of the sinfulness of human nature and of the necessity of redemption. With the Christian religion he sees the true aim of life in the delivery from hereditary weakness, in the victory of mind over matter. But of all church conceptions none was ever more foreign to him than the idea of repentance as a condition of the soul's salvation. Repentance seemed to him something entirely negative and unproductive, a gratuitous and useless self-humiliation. Not through contrition and self-chastisement, but through discipline and self-reliance, he thought, is the way to perfection. For this reason, throughout his life he kept as much as possible aloof from all influences which seemed to endanger his self-possession, such as pain,

care, grief, fear; while he incessantly and systematically cultivated in himself and others whatever tends to heighten the feeling of self, as joy, cheerfulness, hope, courage. For this reason, Wilhelm Meister finds lasting satisfaction in calm renunciation of a happiness which lies outside the limits of his nature, and in the firm conviction that by this very renunciation he insures his true spiritual freedom. For this reason, finally, Faust atones for his guilt, not by self-destruction, but by a life devoted to freedom and progress.

And this leads us to the third manifestation of Goethe's individualism which most preëminently points to the spirit of modern American life,—his belief in the saving power of unceasing progress. As in the development of the earth, of plant and animal life, he saw progress not in sudden and unexpected convulsions, but in gradual and steady transformation, so in spiritual matters, also, he found the essence of personal life not in ecstatic emotions and violent upheavals, but in an unremitting and even growth from one mental state to another, until at last a condition should be reached in which the fetters of earthly personality would fall away, and the individual spirit be drawn into the restless movement of the universal spirit.

"Im Grenzenlosen sich zu finden
Wird gern der Einzelne verschwinden,
Da löst sich aller Ueberdruß;
Statt heissem Wünschen, wildem Wollen,
Statt läst'gem Fordern, strengem Sollen,
Sich aufzugeben ist Genuss.

"Weltseele, komm', uns zu durchdringen!
Dann mit dem Weltgeist selbst zu ringen
Wird unsrer Kräfte Hochberuf.
Teilnehmend führen gute Geister,
Gelinde leitend, höchste Meister,
Zu dem, der Alles schafft und schuf.

"Und umzuschaffen das Geschaffne,
Damit sich's nicht zum Starren waffne,
Wirkt ewiges, lebendiges Thun.
Und was nicht war, nun will es werden,
Zu reinen Sonnen, farbigen Erden,
In keinem Falle darf es ruhn.

"Es soll sich regen, schaffend handeln,
 Erst sich gestalten, dann verwandeln;
 Nur scheinbar steht's Momente still.
 Das Ewige regt sich fort in Allen:
 Denn Alles muss in Nichts zerfallen,
 Wenn es im Sein beharren will."¹

Might one not say, Here there is a dream of the life beyond, here there is a prophetic delineation of the future world, such as might well have presented itself to Goethe's eye as a continuation and completion of modern American life, with its endless movement, change, and restless striving? It is, at any rate, well worth noticing that not long after this poem was written Goethe expressed himself on questions of the political and commercial life of the United States in a manner which betrays an extraordinary insight into the vital problems and tasks of our national development. Through Alexander von Humboldt Goethe was informed, in 1827, of the project of a Panama canal, and the octogenarian listened to this project with a youthful eagerness and enthusiasm, as though it concerned an undertaking in his own immediate neighborhood. "All this," he said to Eckermann, "is left to the future and to wide-reaching enterprise. This much, however, is certain: if a canal is constructed, through which vessels of every size and cargo may go from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, there will result from it incalculable consequences for the whole civilized and uncivilized world. I should be surprised, therefore, if the United States would let the opportunity pass of getting such a work into its hands. It is to be foreseen that this youthful republic, with its decided tendency toward the west, will have annexed and populated, within thirty or forty years, even the wide areas beyond the Rocky Mountains. It is also to be foreseen that along the whole Pacific coast, where nature has formed the

roomiest and safest harbors, there will arise, in course of time, very important cities, which will serve as points of commerce between the United States and China. In that case, however, it will be not only desirable, but almost indispensable, for men-of-war as well as merchantmen to maintain a quicker connection between the Atlantic and the Pacific coast of North America than has been heretofore possible. I repeat, then: it is absolutely necessary for the United States to construct and control a passage from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and I am sure they will accomplish it. I shall not live to see it; but it might well be worth the while on that account to stand it here for another fifty years."

II.

Goethe is not only a representative of freedom; he is also, and in a still more peculiar sense, a representative of culture.

What is culture? Does it consist in the refinement of the senses, in the increase of needs, in the perfection of talents, in the acquisition of knowledge, in the widening of the intellectual horizon? All these elements contribute to produce culture, but they are not culture. Culture is not an accomplishment, but a state of mind. Culture he alone has who realizes the relation of his accomplishments, whatever they may be, to the larger life of which he forms a part; whose aim in heightening his own personality is only to make it better fitted for service to the community. The striving for true culture, therefore, contains a democratic as well as an aristocratic tendency. It is aristocratic; for it tends to give to the most refined, the best schooled, the most fully developed, the part in public life which is their due. It is democratic; for it is bound to no class and no rank, and it increases the feeling of public responsibility in direct proportion to the increase of personal attainments.

This, if I am not mistaken, is the con-

¹ So far as I know, this wonderful poem has never been translated into English; and it seems indeed untranslatable.

ception of culture which is becoming more and more dominant among the best representatives of American civilization. To be sure, there are still not a few of our college professors and college alumni who think that culture is bound up with the possession of certain magic formulæ, as the verbs in μ , or the absolute ablative, or the Thirty-Ninth Theorem. But it certainly seems as though the rule of such magic formulæ were nearing its end, even in academic circles; it certainly seems as though the time were not far distant when the conviction will have become universal that every kind of knowledge and every kind of accomplishment may lead to genuine culture, provided that this knowledge and this accomplishment have been acquired in a thorough manner, and are employed in such a way as to benefit the community.

As to Goethe, it is perfectly obvious that his conception of culture entirely agrees with the view just propounded. Some critics have taken offense at the sudden turn from classic sublimity to practical reality which marks the end of Faust's career. To me this turn is the most beautiful proof of the noble large-mindedness of Goethe's ideal of culture. Faust has gone through the world in all its length and breadth; he has felt the highest happiness and the deepest woe; he has seen the splendor of an imperial court and experienced the intrigues of political life; he has passed in review the grotesquely fantastic figures of mediæval folklore and the heroic forms of classic legend; his striving for complete humanity has thus acquired ever fuller and richer reality; and how does this striving now culminate? Wherein does he gain final and lasting satisfaction? Therein that he puts all his knowledge and accomplishments, all his experience and intuition, at the service of the common need; therein that, standing "on a free soil with a free people," shoulder to shoulder with his brethren, in daily renewed toil he fights the cause of the common

man. Is not this a striking glorification of the principle that the essential thing in culture is not the *What*, but the *How*; that its measure is not a certain amount of knowledge and accomplishments, but the state of mind in which these acquisitions are employed? Is it not a shining symbol of the necessity of the submission of the individual, even the most refined individual, to the common weal? Is it not a poetic anticipation of the ideal for which our whole age is struggling, and on whose realization depends the future of the American people, the reconciliation and amalgamation of intellectual aristocracy with democratic organization of society?

Three practical consequences which may be drawn from this submission of the individual to the whole, which indeed have been drawn by Goethe himself, seem to me of especial significance for American life.

First, the necessity of self-limitation, if the individual is really to accomplish something for the whole. On this point Goethe has expressed himself in a manner which cannot help being a welcome message to those of us who expect from the specialization of studies not a narrowing, but a deepening of culture. "Many-sidedness," he says, "prepares only the element in which the one-sided can work. Now is the time for the one-sided; well for him who comprehends it, and who works for himself and others in this spirit. Practice till you are an able violinist, and be assured that the director will have pleasure in assigning you a place in the orchestra. Make an instrument of yourself, and wait and see what sort of place humanity will grant you in universal life. Every one needs to serve from the lowest rank upward. To limit one's self to one craft is the best. To the narrow mind it will be, after all, a craft; to the more intelligent, an art; and the most enlightened, when he does one thing, does everything, — or, to be less paradoxical, in the one thing which he does

rightly he beholds the semblance of everything that is rightly done."

Secondly, the necessity of a reverent attitude toward the large whole of which the individual is only an insignificant part. "Freedom lies not in this," says Goethe, "that we are not willing to acknowledge anything above us, but that we revere what is above us. For by revering it we raise ourselves to its level, and evince by our recognition that we ourselves have the higher in us, and are worthy of being part of it." Words like these—words which are borne out by Goethe's habitual attitude toward small things as well as great—may well serve to rectify certain defects of American life brought about by exaggerated individualism.

Finally, the assurance that this reverent attitude toward the larger whole, of which each of us forms a part, is the best foundation for genuine enjoyment. The joylessness of American life is caused, in part at least, by the absence of this feeling of reverence. We hasten and hurry after a distant, unknown happiness, and trample in the dust the flowers which blossom round about us. Titan-like we pile Pelion upon Ossa, forgetting that divine joy is to be found only upon the calm heights of Mount Olympus. How different Goethe! To be sure, in a moment of discouragement he once said that his life, after all, had been nothing but toil and trouble, the continual rolling of a stone which had to be lifted ever anew, and that in the seventy-five years upon which he was looking back he had had not four weeks of real comfort. But these very words show the infinite capacity of his reverent soul for true enjoyment. For in spite of his unfulfilled desires, in spite of his consciousness of the fragmentariness and insufficiency of human life, he retained to his last moment the power of deriving joy from the apparently most insignificant source, of losing himself in worshipping feeling for the small wonders

that surround us. A few weeks before his death he wrote to Boisserée: "I have now come to my limit, in this sense: that I begin to believe where others despair, those, namely, who expect too much from knowledge, and thereby are led to deem the greatest treasures of mankind as naught. Thus we are driven from the whole to the part, and from the part to the whole, whether we will or not."

III.

A little episode from the German War of Liberation may give us an idea of how the figure of Goethe stood before the minds of the noble youths who at that time flocked from the colleges and universities to the defense of their country. It is an incident which happened to a company of Lützow volunteers at the beginning of the campaign of 1813, in the town of Meissen. A member of this company—Friedrich Foerster, the friend of Theodor Koerner—relates the occurrence as follows: "We had just finished our morning song, in front of the inn in which our captain was quartered, when I saw a man whose features seemed familiar to me entering a mail coach. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw it was Goethe! Having at once communicated the glorious discovery to my comrades, I approached the coach with a military salute and said: 'I beg to report to your Excellency that a company of Royal Prussian Volunteers of the Black Rifle Corps, en route for Leipzig, have drawn up before your headquarters and desire to salute your Excellency.' The captain gave the command 'Present arms!' and I called, 'The poet of all poets, Goethe, hurrah!' The band played, and the whole company cheered. He touched his cap and nodded kindly. Now I once more stepped up to him and said: 'It is no use for your Excellency to try to keep your incognito; the Black Riflemen have sharp eyes, and to meet Goethe at the beginning of our march was too good an omen to pass un-

noticed. We ask from you a blessing for our arms !' 'With all my heart,' he said. I held out my gun and sword ; he laid his hand on them and said : 'March forward with God ! And may all good things be granted to your joyous German courage !' While we again cheered him, still saluting he drove past us."

To us Americans this little scene from the "Holy War" of the Germans may well symbolize our own relation to Goethe. We too are engaged in a holy war ; we too are fighting for the highest ideals of life, the freedom and the culture of our people ; we too ask the great man whose prophetic eye so clearly foresaw our destiny to bless our arms.

Kuno Francke.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.¹

XXIII.

IN WHICH WE WRITE UPON THE SAND.

DAY after day the wind filled our sails and sang in the rigging, and day after day we sailed through blue seas toward the magic of the south. Day after day a listless and voluptuous world seemed too idle for any dream of wrong, and day after day we whom a strange turn of Fortune's wheel had placed upon a pirate ship held our lives in our hands, and walked so close with Death that at length that very intimacy did breed contempt. It was not a time to think ; it was a time to act, to laugh and make others laugh, to bluster and brag, to strange sword and scabbard, to play one's hand with a fine unconcern, but all the time to watch, watch, watch, day in and day out, every minute of every hour. That ship became a stage, and we, the actors, should have been applauded to the echo. How well we played let witness the fact that the ship came to the Indies, with me for captain and the minister for mate, and with the woman that was on board unharmed ; nay, revered like a queen. The great cabin was hers, and the poop deck ; we made for her a fantastic state with doffing of hats and

bowings and backward steps. We were her guard,—*the gentlemen of the Queen*,—I and my Lord Carnal, the minister and Diccon, and we kept between her and the rest of the ship.

We did our best, and our best was very much. When I think of the songs the minister sang ; of the roars of laughter that went up from the lounging pirates when, sitting astride one of the main-deck guns, he made his voice call to them, now from the hold, now from the stern gallery, now from the masthead, now from the gilt sea maid upon the prow, I laugh too. Sometimes a space was cleared for him, and he played to them as to the pit at Blackfriars. They laughed and wept and swore with delight,—all save the Spaniard, who was ever like a thundercloud, and Paradise, who only smiled like some languid, side-box lord. There was wine on board, and during the long, idle days, when the wind droned in the rigging like a bagpipe, and there was never a cloud in the sky, and the galleons were still far away, the pirates gambled and drank. Diccon dined with them, and taught them all the oaths of a free company. So much wine, and no more, should they have ; when they frowned, I let them see that their frowning and their half-

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drawn knives mattered no do it to me. It was their whim — a huge jest of which they could never have enough — still to make believe that they sailed under Kirby. Lest it should spoil the jest, and while the jest outranked all other entertainment, they obeyed as though I had been indeed that fierce sea wolf.

Time passed, though it passed like a tortoise, and we came to the Lucayas, to the outposts of the vast hunting ground of Spaniard and pirate and buccaneer, the fringe of that zone of beauty and villainy and fear, and sailed slowly past the islands, looking for our prey.

The sea was blue as blue could be. Only in the morning and the evening it glowed blood red, or spread upon its still bosom all the gold of all the Indies, or became an endless mead of palest green shot with amethyst. When night fell, it mirrored the stars, great and small, or was caught in a net of gold flung across it from horizon to horizon. The ship rent the net with a wake of white fire. The air was balm; the islands were enchanted places, abandoned by Spaniard and Indian, overgrown, serpent-haunted. The reef, the still water, pink or gold, the gleaming beach, the green plume of the palm, the scarlet birds, the cataraacts of bloom, — the senses swooned with the color, the steaming incense, the warmth, the wonder of that fantastic world. Sometimes, in the crystal waters near the land, we sailed over the gardens of the sea gods, and, looking down, saw red and purple blooms and shadowy waving forests, with rainbow fish for humming birds. Once we saw below us a sunken ship. With how much gold she had endowed the wealthy sea, how many long drowned would rise from her rotted decks when the waves gave up their dead, no man could tell. Away from the ship darted many-hued fish, gold-disked, or barred and spotted with crimson, or silver and purple. The dolphin and the tunny and the flying fish swam with us. Sometimes flights of small birds came to

us from the land. Sometimes the sea was thickly set with full-blown pale red bloom, the jellyfish that was a flower to the sight and a nettle to the touch. If a storm arose, a fury that raged and threatened, it presently swept away, and the blue laughed again. When the sun sank, there arose in the east such a moon as might have been sole light to all the realms of faery. A beauty languorous and seductive was most absolute empress of the wonderful land and the wonderful sea.

We were in the hunting grounds, and men went not there to gather flowers. Day after day we watched for Spanish sails; for the plate fleets went that way, and some galleass or caravel or galleon might stray aside. At last, in the clear green bay of a nameless island at which we stopped for water, we found two carcasses come upon the same errand, took them, and with them some slight treasure in rich cloths and gems. A week later, in a strait between two islands like tinted clouds, we fought a very great galleon from sunrise to noon, pierced her hull through and through and silenced her ordnance, then boarded her and found a king's ransom in gold and silver. When the fighting had ceased and the treasure was ours, then we four stood side by side on the deck of the slowly sinking galleon, in front of our prisoners, — of the men who had fought well, of the ashen priests and the trembling women. Those whom we faced were in high good humor: they had gold with which to gamble, and wine to drink, and rich clothing with which to prank their villainous bodies, and prisoners with whom to make merry. When I ordered the Spaniards to lower their boats, and taking with them their priests and women row off to one of those two islands, the weather changed.

We outlived that storm, but how I scarcely know. As Kirby would have done, so did I; rating my crew like hounds, turning my point this way and

that, daring them to come taste the red death upon it, braving it out like some devil who knows he is invulnerable. My lord, swinging the cutlass with which he was armed, stood beside me, knee to knee, and Diccon cursed after me, making quarterstaff play with his long pike. But it was the minister that won us through. At length they laughed, and Paradise, standing forward, swore that such a captain and such a mate were worth the lives of a thousand Spaniards. To pleasure Kirby, they would depart this once from their ancient usage and let the prisoners go, though it was passing strange, — it being Kirby's wont to clap prisoners under hatches and fire their ship above them. At the end of which speech the Spaniard began to rave, and sprang at me like a catamount. Paradise put forth a foot and tripped him up, whereat the pirates laughed again, and held him back when he would have come at me a second time.

From the deck of the shattered galleon I watched her boats, with their heavy freight of cowering humanity, pull off toward the island. Back upon my own poop, the grappling irons cast loose, and a swiftly widening ribbon of blue between us and the sinking ship, I looked at the pirates thronging the waist below me, and knew that the play was nearly over. How many days, weeks, hours, before the lights would go out I could not tell: they might burn until we took or lost another ship; the next hour might see that brief tragedy consummated.

I turned, and going below met Sparrow at the foot of the poop ladder.

"I have sworn at these pirates until my hair stood on end," he said ruefully. "God forgive me! And I have bent into circles three half pikes in demonstration of the thing that would occur to them if they tempted me overmuch. And I have sung them all the bloody and lascivious songs that ever I knew in my unregenerate days. I have played the bravo and buffoon until they gaped

for wonder. I have damned myself to all eternity, I fear, but there'll be no mutiny this fair day. It may arrive by to-morrow, though."

"Likely enough," I said. "Come within. I have eaten nothing since yesterday."

"I'll speak to Diccon first," he answered, and went on toward the fore-castle, while I entered the state cabin. Here I found Mistress Percy kneeling beside the bench beneath the stern windows, her face buried in her outstretched arms, her dark hair shadowing her like a mantle. When I spoke to her she did not answer. With a sudden fear I stooped and touched her clasped hands. A shudder ran through her frame, and she slowly raised a colorless face.

"Are you come back?" she whispered. "I thought you would never come back. I thought they had killed you. I was only praying before I killed myself."

I took her hands and wrung them apart to rouse her, she was so white and cold, and spoke so strangely. "God forbid that I should die yet awhile, madam!" I said. "When I can no longer serve you, then I shall not care how soon I die."

The eyes with which she gazed upon me were still wide and unseeing. "The guns!" she cried, wresting her hands from mine and putting them to her ears. "Oh, the guns! they shake the air. And the screams and the trampling — the guns again!"

I brought her wine and made her drink it; then sat beside her, and told her gently, over and over again, that there was no longer thunder of the guns or screams or trampling. At last the long, tearless sobs ceased, and she rose from her knees, and let me lead her to the door of her cabin. There she thanked me softly, with downcast eyes and lips that yet trembled; then vanished from my sight, leaving me first to wonder at that terror and emotion in her who sel-

dom showed the thing she felt, and finally to conclude that it was not so wonderful after all.

We sailed on, — southwards to Cuba, then north again to the Lucayas and the Florida straits, looking for Spanish ships and their gold. The lights yet burned, — now brightly, now so sunken that it seemed as though the next hour they must flicker out. We, the players, flagged not in that desperate masque; but we knew that, in spite of all endeavor, the darkness was coming fast upon us.

Had it been possible we would have escaped from the ship, hazarding new fortunes on the Spanish Main, in an open boat, sans food or water. But the pirates watched us very closely. They called me “captain” and “Kirby,” and for the jest’s sake gave an exaggerated obedience, with laughter and flourishes; but none the less I was their prisoner, — I and those I had brought with me to that ship.

An islet, shaped like the crescent moon, rose from out the sea before us. We needed water, and so we felt our way between the horns of the crescent into the blue crystal of a fairy harbor. One low hill, rose-colored from base to summit, with scarce a hint of the green world below that canopy of giant bloom, a little silver beach with wonderful shells upon it, the sound of a waterfall and a lazy surf, — we smelt the fruits and the flowers, and a longing for the land came upon us. Six men were left on the ship, and all besides went ashore. Some rolled the water casks toward the sound of the cascade; others plunged into the forest, to return laden with strange and luscious fruits, birds, guanias, conies, — whatever eatable thing they could lay hands upon; others scattered along the beach to find turtle eggs, or, if fortune favored them, the turtle itself. They laughed, they sang, they swore, until the isle rang to their merriment. Like wanton children, they called to each other,

to the screaming birds, to the echoing bloom-draped hill.

I spread a square of cloth upon the sand, in the shadow of a mighty tree that stood at the edge of the forest, and the King’s ward took her seat upon it, and looked, in the golden light of the sinking sun, the very spirit of the isle. By this we two were alone on the beach. The hunters for eggs, led by Diccon, were out upon the farthest gleaming horn; from the wood came the loud laughter of the fruit gatherers, and a most rollicking song issuing from the mighty chest of Master Jeremy Sparrow. With the woodsmen had gone my lord.

I walked a little way into the forest, and shouted a warning to Sparrow against venturing too far. When I returned to the giant tree and the cloth in the shadow of its outer branches, my wife was writing on the sand with a pointed shell. She had not seen or heard me, and I stood behind her and read what she wrote. It was my name. She wrote it three times, slowly and carefully; then she felt my presence, glanced swiftly up, smiled, rubbed out my name, and wrote Sparrow’s, Diccon’s, and the King’s in succession. “Lest I should forget to make my letters,” she explained.

I sat down at her feet, and for some time we said no word. The light, falling between the heavy blooms, cast bright sequins upon her dress and dark hair. The blooms were not more pink than her cheeks, the recesses of the forest behind us not deeper or darker than her eyes. The laughter and the song came faintly to us now. The sun was low in the west, and a wonderful light slept upon the sea.

“Last year we had a masque at court,” she said at length, breaking the long silence. “We had Calypso’s island, and I was Calypso. The island was built of boards covered with green velvet, and there was a mound upon it of pink

silk roses. There was a deep blue painted sea below, and a deep blue painted sky above. My nymphs danced around the mound of roses, while I sat upon a real rock beside the painted sea and talked with Ulysses — to wit, my Lord of Buckingham — in gold armor. That was a strange, bright, unreal, and wearisome day, but not so strange and unreal as this."

She ceased to speak, and began again to write upon the sand. I watched her white hand moving to and fro. She wrote, "How long will it last?"

"I do not know. Not long."

She wrote again: "If there is time at the last, when you see that it is best, will you kill me?"

I took the shell from her hand, and wrote my answer beneath her question.

The forest behind us sank into that pause and breathless hush between the noises of the day and the noises of the night. The sun dropped lower, and the water became as pink as the blooms above us.

"An you could, would you change?" I asked. "Would you return to England and safety?"

She took a handful of the white sand and let it slowly drift through her white fingers. "You know that I would not," she said; "not if the end were to come to-night. Only — only" — She turned from me and looked far out to sea. I could not see her face, only the dusk of her hair and her heaving bosom. "My blood may be upon your hands," she said in a whisper, "but yours will be upon my soul."

She turned yet further away, and covered her eyes with her hand. I arose, and bent over her until I could have touched with my lips that bowed head. "Jocelyn," I said.

A branch of yellow fruit fell beside us, and my Lord Carnal, a mass of gaudy bloom in his hand, stepped from the wood. "I returned to lay our first-fruits at madam's feet," he explained,

his darkly watchful eyes upon us both. "A gift from one poor prisoner to another, madam." He dropped the flowers in her lap. "Will you wear them, lady? They are as fair almost as I could wish."

She touched the blossoms with listless fingers, said they were fair; then, rising, let them drop upon the sand. "I wear no flowers save of my husband's gathering, my lord," she said.

There was a pathos and weariness in her voice, and a mist of unshed tears in her eyes. She hated him; she loved me not, yet was forced to turn to me for help at every point, and she had stood for weeks upon the brink of death and looked unfalteringly into the gulf beneath her.

"My lord," I said, "you know in what direction Master Sparrow led the men. Will you reënter the wood and call them to return? The sun is fast sinking, and darkness will be upon us."

He looked from her to me, with his brows drawn downwards and his lips pressed together. Stooping, he took up the fallen flowers and deliberately tore them to pieces, until the pink petals were all scattered upon the sand.

"I am weary of requests that are but sugared commands," he said thickly. "Go seek your own men, an you will. Here we are but man to man, and I budge not. I stay, as the King would have me stay, beside the unfortunate lady whom you have made the prisoner and the plaything of a pirate ship."

"You wear no sword, my Lord Carnal," I said at last, "and so may lie with impunity."

"But you can get me one!" he cried, with ill-concealed eagerness.

I laughed. "I am not zealous in mine enemy's cause, my lord. I shall not deprive Master Sparrow of your lordship's sword."

Before I knew what he was about he crossed the yard of sand between us and struck me in the face. "Will that

quicken your zeal?" he demanded between his teeth.

I seized him by the arm, and we stood so, both white with passion, both breathing heavily. At length I flung his arm from me and stepped back. "I fight not my prisoner," I said, "nor, while the lady you have named abides upon that ship with the nobleman who, more than myself, is answerable for her being there, do I put my life in unnecessary hazard. I will endure the smart as best I may, my lord, until a more convenient season, when I will salve it well."

I turned to Mistress Percy, and giving her my hand led her down to the boats; for I heard the fruit gatherers breaking through the wood, and the hunters for eggs, black figures against the crimson sky, were hurrying down the beach. Before the night had quite fallen we were out of the fairy harbor, and when the moon rose the islet looked only a silver sail against the jeweled heavens.

XXIV.

IN WHICH WE CHOOSE THE LESSER OF TWO EVILS.

The luck that had been ours could not hold; when the tide turned, it ebbed fast.

The weather changed. One hurricane followed upon the stride of another, with only a blue day or two between. Ofttimes we thought the ship was lost. All hands toiled like galley slaves; and as the heavens darkened, there darkened also the mood of the pirates.

In sight of the great island of Cuba we gave chase to a bark. The sun was shining and the sea fairly still when first she fled before us; we gained upon her, and there was not a mile between us when a cloud blotted out the sun. The next minute our own sails gave us occupation enough. The storm, not we, was victor over the bark; she sank with

a shriek from her decks that rang above the roaring wind. Two days later we fought a large caravel. With a fortunate shot she brought down our foremast, and sailed away from us with small damage of her own. All that day and night the wind blew, driving us out of our course, and by dawn we were as a shuttlecock between it and the sea. We weathered the gale, but when the wind sank there fell on board that black ship a menacing silence.

In the state cabin I held a council of war. Mistress Percy sat beside me, her arm upon the table, her hand shadowing her eyes; my lord, opposite, never took his gaze from her, though he listened gloomily to Sparrow's rueful assertion that the brazen game we had been playing was well-nigh over. Diccon, standing behind him, bit his nails and stared at the floor.

"For myself I care not overmuch," ended the minister. "I scorn not life, but think it at its worst well worth the living; yet when my God calls me, I will go as to a gala day and triumph. You are a soldier, Captain Percy, you and Diccon here, and know how to die. You too, my Lord Carnal, are a brave man, though a most wicked one. For us four, we can drink the cup, bitter though it be, with little trembling. But there is one among us" — His great voice broke, and he sat staring at the table.

The King's ward uncovered her eyes. "If I be not a man and a soldier, Master Sparrow," she said simply, "yet I am the daughter of many valiant gentlemen. I will die as they died before me. And for me, as for you four, it will be only death, — naught else." She looked at me with a proud smile.

"Naught else," I said.

My lord started from his seat and strode over to the window, where he stood drumming his fingers against the casing. I turned toward him. "My Lord Carnal," I said, "you were over-

heard last night when you plotted with the Spaniard."

He recoiled with a gasp, and his hand went to his side, where it found no sword. I saw his eyes busy here and there through the cabin, seeking something which he might convert into a weapon.

"I am yet captain of this ship," I continued. "Why I do not, even though it be my last act of authority, have you flung to the sharks, I scarcely know."

He threw back his head; all his bravado returned to him. "It is not I that stand in danger," he began loftily; "and I would have you remember, sir, that you are my enemy, and that I owe you no loyalty."

"I am content to be your enemy," I answered.

"You do not dare to set upon me now," he went on, with his old insolent, boastful smile. "Let me cry out, make a certain signal, and they without will be here in a twinkling, breaking in the door" —

"The signal set?" I said. "The mine laid, the match burning? Then 't is time that we were gone. When I bid the world good-night, my lord, my wife goes with me."

His lips moved and his black eyes narrowed, but he did not speak.

"An my cheek did not burn so," I said, "I would be content to let you live; live, captain in verity of this ship of devils, until, tired of you, the devils cut your throat, or until some victorious Spaniard hung you at his yardarm; live even to crawl back to England, by hook or crook, to wait, hat in hand, in the antechamber of his Grace of Buckingham. As it is, I will kill you here and now. I restore you your sword, my lord, and there lies my challenge."

I flung my glove at his feet, and Sparrow unbuckled the keen blade which he had worn since the day I had asked it of its owner, and pushed it to me across the table. The King's ward

leaned back in her chair, very white, but with a proud, still face, and hands loosely folded in her lap. My lord stood irresolute, his lip caught between his teeth, his eyes upon the door.

"Cry out, my lord," I said. "You are in danger. Cry to your friends without, who may come in time. Cry out loudly, like a soldier and a gentleman!"

With a furious oath he stooped and caught up the glove at his feet; then snatched out of my hand the sword that I offered him.

"Push back the settle, you; it is in the way!" he cried to Diccon; then to me, in a voice thick with passion: "Come on, sir! Here there are no meddling governors; this time let Death throw down the warder!"

"He throws it," said the minister beneath his breath.

From without came a trampling and a sudden burst of excited voices. The next instant the door was burst open, and a most villainous, fiery-red face thrust itself inside. "A ship!" bawled the apparition, and vanished. The clamor increased; voices cried for captain and mate, and more pirates appeared at the door, swearing out the good news, come in search of Kirby, and giving no choice but to go with them at once.

"Until this interruption is over, sir," I said sternly, bowing to him as I spoke. "No longer."

"Be sure, sir, that to my impatience the time will go heavily," he answered as sternly.

We reached the poop to find the fog that had lain about us thick and white suddenly lifted, and the hot sunshine streaming down upon a rough blue sea. To the larboard, a league away, lay a low, endless coast of sand, as dazzling white as the surf that broke upon it, and running back to a matted growth of vivid green.

"That is Florida," said Paradise at

my elbow, "and there are reefs and shoals enough between us. It was Kirby's luck that the fog lifted. Yonder tall ship hath a less fortunate star."

She lay between us and the white beach, evidently in shoal and dangerous waters. She too had encountered a hurricane, and had not come forth victorious. Foremast and forecastle were gone, and her bowsprit was broken. She lay heavily, her ports but a few inches above the water. Though we did not know it then, most of her ordnance had been flung overboard to lighten her. Crippled as she was, with what sail she could set, she was beating back to open sea from that dangerous offing.

"Where she went we can follow!" sang out a voice from the throng in our waist. "A d——d easy prize! And we'll give no quarter this time!" There was a grimness in the applause of his fellows that boded little good to some on either ship.

"Lord help all poor souls this day!" ejaculated the minister in undertones; then aloud and more hopefully, "She hath not the look of a *don*; maybe she's buccaneer."

"She is an English merchantman," said Paradise. "Look at her colors. A Company ship, probably, bound for Virginia, with a cargo of servants, gentlemen out at elbows, felons, children for apprentices, traders, spies, French vignerons, glasswork Italians, returning Councilors and heads of hundreds, with their wives and daughters, men servants, and maid servants. I made the Virginia voyage once myself, captain."

I did not answer. I too saw the two crosses, and I did not doubt that the arms upon the flag beneath were those of the Company. The vessel, which was of about two hundred tons, had mightily the look of the *George*, a ship with which we at Jamestown were all familiar. Sparrow spoke for me.

"An English ship!" he cried out of

the simplicity of his heart. "Then she's safe enough for us! Perhaps we might speak her and show her that we are English, too! Perhaps" — He looked at me eagerly.

"Perhaps you might be let to go off to her in one of the boats," finished Paradise dryly. "I think not, Master Sparrow."

"It's other guess messengers that they'll send," muttered Diccon. "They're uncovering the guns, sir."

Every man of those villains, save one, was of English birth; every man knew that the disabled ship was an English merchantman filled with peaceful folk, but the knowledge changed their plans no whit. There was a great hubbub; cries and oaths and brutal laughter, the noise of the gunners with their guns, the clang of cutlass and pike as they were dealt out, but not a voice raised against the murder that was to be done. Had they been buccaneers pure and simple, that English ship would have been spared, might even have been helped upon her way; but though, for their own convenience, they dubbed themselves Brethren of the Coast, they were as entirely pirates as any hellhounds of Algerines. I looked from the doomed ship, upon which there was no frantic haste and confusion, to the excited throng below me, and knew that I had as well cry for mercy to winter wolves.

The shore was no longer to leeward; the helmsman behind me had not waited for orders, and we were bearing down upon the disabled bark. Ahead of us, upon our larboard bow, was a patch of lighter green, and beyond it a slight hurry and foam of the waters. Half a dozen voices cried warning to the helmsman. It was he of the woman's mantle, whom I had run through the shoulder on the island off Cape Charles, and he had been Kirby's pilot from Maracaibo to Fort Caroline. Now he answered with a burst of vaunting oaths: "We're in deep water, and there's deep water be-

yond. I'll carry ye safe past that reef were't hell's gate!"

The desperadoes who heard him swore applause, and thought no more of the reef that lay in wait. Long since they had gone through the gates of hell for the sake of the prize beyond. Knowing the appeal to be hopeless, I yet made it.

"She is English, men!" I shouted. "We will fight the Spaniards while they have a flag in the Indies, but our own people we will not touch!"

The clamor of shouts and oaths suddenly fell, and the wind in the rigging, the water at the keel, the surf on the shore, made themselves heard. In the silence, the terror of the fated ship became audible. Confused voices came to us, and the scream of a woman.

On the faces of a very few of the pirates there was a look of momentary doubt and wavering; it passed, and the most had never worn it. They began to press forward toward the poop, cursing and threatening, working themselves up into a rage that would not care for my sword, the minister's cutlass, or Diccon's pike. One who called himself a wit cried out something about Kirby and his methods, and two or three laughed.

"I find that the rôle of Kirby wearies me," I said. "I am an English gentleman, and I will not fire upon an English ship."

As if in answer there came from our forecastle a flame and thunder of guns. The gunners there, intent upon their business, and now within range of the merchantman, had fired the three forecastle culverins. The shot cut her rigging and brought down the flag. The pirates' shout of triumph was echoed by a cry from her decks and the defiant roar of her few remaining guns.

I drew my sword. "I am captain and Kirby no longer!" I cried. "I am the servant of the Company upon whose ship you have fired!"

The minister and Diccon moved nearer to me, and the King's ward, still and

white and braver than a man, stood beside me. From the pirates that we faced came one deep breath, like the first sigh of the wind before the blast strikes. Suddenly the Spaniard pushed himself to the front; with his gaunt figure and sable dress he had the seeming of a raven come to croak over the dead. He rested his gloomy eyes upon my lord. The latter, very white, returned the look; then, with his head held high, crossed the deck with a measured step and took his place among us. He was followed a moment later by Paradise. "I never thought to die in my bed, captain," said the latter nonchalantly. "Sooner or later, what does it matter? And you must know that before I was a pirate I was a gentleman." Turning, he doffed his hat with a flourish to those he had quitted. "Hell litter!" he cried. "I have run with you long enough. Now I have a mind to die an honest man."

At this defection a dead hush of amazement fell upon that crew. One and all they stared at the man in black and silver, moistening their lips, but saying no word. We were five armed and desperate men; they were fourscore. We might send many to death before us, but at the last we ourselves must die, — we and those aboard the helpless ship.

In the moment's respite I bowed my head and whispered to the King's ward.

"I had rather it were your sword," she answered in a low voice, in which there was neither dread nor sorrow. "You must not let it grieve you; it will be added to your good deeds. And it is I that should ask your forgiveness, not you mine."

Though there was scant time for such dalliance, I bent my knee and rested my forehead upon her hand. As I rose, the minister's hand touched my shoulder and the minister's voice spoke in my ear. "There is another way," he said. "There is God's death, and not man's. Look and see what I mean."

I followed the pointing of his eyes, and saw how close we were to those white and tumbling waters, the danger signal, the rattle of the hidden snake. The eyes of the pirate at the helm, too, were upon them; his brows were drawn downward, his lips pressed together, the whole man bent upon the ship's safe passage. Five minutes, and she would be out of danger. . . . The low thunder of the surf, the cry of a wheeling sea bird, the gleaming lonely shore, the cloudless sky, the ocean, and the white sand far, far below, where one might sleep well, sleep well, with other valiant dead, long drowned, long changed. "Of their bones are coral made."

The storm broke with fury and outcries, and a blue radiance of drawn steel. A pistol ball sang past my ear.

"Don't shoot!" roared the gravedigger to the man who had fired the shot. "Don't cut them down! Take them and thrust them under hatches until we've time to give them a slow death! And hands off the woman until we've time to draw lots!"

He and the Spaniard led the rush. I turned my head and nodded to Sparrow, then faced them again. "Then may the Lord have mercy upon your souls!" I said.

As I spoke, the minister sprang upon the helmsman, and, striking him to the deck with one blow of his huge fist, himself seized the wheel. Before the pirates could draw breath he had jammed the helm to port, and the reef lay right across our bows.

A dreadful cry went up from that black ship to a deaf heaven, — a cry that was echoed by a wild shout of triumph from the merchantman. The mass fronting us broke in terror and rage and confusion. Some ran frantically up and down with shrieks and curses; others sprang overboard. A few made a dash for the poop and for us who stood to meet them. They were led by the Spaniard and the gravedigger. The

former I met and sent tumbling back into the waist; the latter whirled past me, and rushing upon Paradise thrust him through with a pike, then dashed on to the wheel, to be met and hewn down by Diccon.

The ship struck. I put my arm around my wife, and my hand before her eyes; and while I looked only at her, in that storm of terrible cries, of flapping canvas, rushing water, and crashing timbers, the Spaniard clambered like a catamount upon the poop, that was now high above the broken forepart of the ship, and fired his pistol at me point-blank.

XXV.

IN WHICH MY LORD HATH HIS DAY.

I and Black Lamoral were leading a forlorn hope. With all my old company behind us, we were thundering upon an enemy as thick as ants, covering the face of the earth. Down came Black Lamoral, and the hoofs of every mad charger went over me. For a time I was dead; then I lived again, and was walking with the forester's daughter in the green chase at home. The oaks stretched broad sheltering arms above the young fern and the little wild flowers, and the deer turned and looked at us. In the open spaces, starrng the lush grass, were all the yellow primroses that ever bloomed. I gathered them for her, but when I would have given them to her she was no longer the forester's daughter, but a proud lady, heiress to lands and gold, the ward of the King. She would not take the primroses from a poor gentleman, but shook her head and laughed sweetly, and faded into a waterfall that leaped from a pink hill into a waveless sea. Another darkness, and I was captive to the Chickahominies, tied to the stake. My arm and shoulder were on fire, and Opechancanough came and looked at me, with his dark, still face

and his burning eyes. The fierce pain died, and I with it, and I lay in a grave and listened to the loud and deep murmur of the forest above. I lay there for ages on ages before I awoke to the fact that the darkness about me was the darkness of a ship's hold, and the murmur of the forest the wash of the water alongside. I put out an arm and touched, not the side of a grave, but a ship's timbers. I stretched forth the other arm, then dropped it with a groan. Some one bent over me and held water to my lips. I drank, and my senses came fully to me. "Diccon!" I said.

"It's not Diccon," replied the figure, setting down a pitcher. "It is Jeremy Sparrow. Thank God, you are yourself again!"

"Where are we?" I asked, when I had lain and listened to the water a little longer.

"In the hold of the *George*," he answered. "The ship sank by the bows, and well-nigh all were drowned at once. But when they upon the *George* saw that there was a woman amongst us who clung to the poop deck, they sent their longboat to take us off."

The light was too dim for me to read his face, so I touched his arm.

"She was saved," he said. "She is safe now. There are gentlewomen aboard, and she is in their care."

I put my unhurt arm across my eyes.

"You are weak yet," said the minister gently. "The Spaniard's ball, you know, went through your shoulder, and in some way your arm was badly torn from shoulder to wrist. You have been out of your head ever since we were brought here, three days ago. The surgeon came and dressed your wound, and it is healing well. Don't try to speak, — I'll tell you all. Diccon has been pressed into service, as the ship is short of hands, having lost some by fever and some overboard. Four of the pirates were picked up, and hung at the yard-arm next morning."

He moved as he spoke, and something clanked in the stillness. "You are ironed!" I exclaimed.

"Only my ankles. My lord would have had me bound hand and foot; but you were raving for water, and, taking you for a dying man, they were so humane as to leave my hands free to attend you."

"My lord would have had you bound," I said slowly. "Then it's my lord's day."

"High noon and blazing sunshine," he answered, with a rueful laugh. "It seems that half the folk on board had gaped at him at court, and his spiriting away from Jamestown was yet a nine days' wonder when they left England. All thought him dead, together with the lady who had sold herself to the devil for a hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, and the desperate villain and traitor who had bewitched her into continued contumacy, — surely perished in the storm that followed their flight from Jamestown. Lord! when he put his foot over the side of the ship, how the women screeched and the men gaped! He's cock of the walk now, my Lord Carnal, the King's favorite!"

"And we are pirates."

"That's the case in a nutshell," he answered cheerfully.

"Do they know how the ship came to strike upon that reef?" I asked.

"Probably not, unless madam has enlightened them. I did n't take the trouble, — they would n't have believed me, — and I can take my oath my lord has n't. He was only our helpless prisoner, you know; and they would think madam mistaken or bewitched."

"It's not a likely tale," I said grimly, "seeing that we had already opened fire upon them."

"I trust in heaven the sharks got the men who fired the culverins!" he cried, and then laughed at his own savagery.

I lay still and tried to think. "Who are they on board?" I asked at last.

"I don't know," he replied. "I was only on deck until my lord had had his say in the poop cabin with the master and a gentleman who appeared most in authority. Then the pirates were strung up, and we were bundled down here in quick order. But there seems to be more of quality than usual aboard."

"You do not know where we are?"

"We lay at anchor for a day, — whilst they patched her up; I suppose, — and since then there has been rough weather. We are still off Florida, and that is all I know. Now go to sleep. You'll get your strength best so, and there's nothing to be gotten by waking."

He began to croon a many-versed psalm. I slept and waked, and slept again, and was waked by the light of a torch against my eyes. The torch was held by a much-betarred seaman, and by its light a gentleman of a very meagre aspect, with a weazen face and small black eyes, was busily examining my wounded shoulder and arm.

"It passeth belief," he said in a sing-song voice, "how often wounds, with naught in the world done for them outside of fair water and a clean rag, do turn to and heal out of sheer perversity. Now, if I had been allowed to treat this one properly with scalding oil and melted lead, and to have bled the patient as he should have been bled, it is ten to one that by this time there would have been a pirate the less in the world." He rose to his feet with a highly injured countenance.

"Then he's doing well?" asked Sparrow.

"So well that he could n't do better," replied the other. "The arm was a trifling matter, though no doubt exquisitely painful. The wound in the shoulder is miraculously healing, without either blood-letting or cauteries. You'll have to hang after all, my friend." He looked at me with his little beady eyes. "It must have been a grand life," he said regretfully. "I never expected to see a

pirate chief in the flesh. When I was a boy, I used to dream of the black ships and the gold and the fighting. By the serpent of Esculapius, in my heart of hearts I would rather be such a world's thief, uncaught, than Governor of Virginia!" He gathered up the tools of his trade, and motioned to his torch-bearer to go before. "I'll have to report you rapidly recovering," he said warningly, as he turned to follow the light.

"Very well," I made answer. "To whom am I indebted for so much kindness?"

"I am Dr. John Pott, newly appointed physician general to the colony of Virginia. "It is little of my skill I could give you, but that little I gladly bestow upon a real pirate. What a life it must have been! And to have to part with it when you are yet young! And the good red gold and the rich gems all at the bottom of the sea!"

He sighed heavily and went his way. The hatches were closed after him, and the minister and I were left in darkness while the slow hours dragged themselves past us. Through the chinks of the hatches a very faint light streamed down, and made the darkness gray instead of black. The minister and I saw each other dimly, as spectres. Some one brought us mouldy biscuit that I wanted not, and water for which I thirsted. Sparrow put the small pitcher to his lips, kept it there a minute, then held it to mine. I drank, and with that generous draught tasted pure bliss. It was not until five minutes later that I raised myself upon my elbow and turned on him.

"The pitcher felt full to my lips!" I exclaimed. "Did you drink when you said you did?"

He put out his great hand and pushed me gently down. "I have no wound," he said, "and there was not enough for two."

The light that trembled through the

cracks above died away, and the darkness became gross. The air in the hold was stifling; our souls panted for the wind and the stars outside. At the worst, when the fetid blackness lay upon our chests like a nightmare, the hatch was suddenly lifted, a rush of pure air came to us, and with it the sound of men's voices speaking on the deck above. Said one, "True the doctor pronounces him out of all danger, yet he is a wounded man."

"He is a desperate and dangerous man," broke in another harshly. "I know not how you will answer to your Company for leaving him unironed so long."

"I and the Company understand each other, my lord," rejoined the first speaker, with some haughtiness. "I can keep my prisoner without advice. If I now order irons to be put upon him and his accomplice, it is because I see fit to do so, and not because of your suggestion, my lord. You wish to take this opportunity to have speech with him, — to that I can have no objection."

The speaker moved away. As his footsteps died in the distance my lord laughed, and his merriment was echoed by three or four harsh voices. Some one struck flint against steel, and there was a sudden flare of torches and the steadier light of a lantern. A man with a brutal, weather-beaten face — the master of the ship, we guessed — came down the ladder, lantern in hand, turned when he had reached the foot, and held up the lantern to light my lord down. I lay and watched the King's favorite as he descended. The torches held slantingly above cast a fiery light over his stately figure and the face which had raised him from the low estate of a doubtful birth and a most lean purse to a pinnacle too near the sun for men to gaze at with undazzled eyes. In his rich dress and the splendor of his beauty, with the red glow enveloping him, he lit the darkness like a baleful star.

The two torchbearers and a third man descended, closing the hatch after them. When all were down, my lord, the master at his heels, came and stood over me. I raised myself, though with difficulty, for the fever had left me weak as a babe, and met his gaze. His was a cruel look; if I had expected, as assuredly I did not expect, mercy or generosity from this my dearest foe, his look would have struck such a hope dead. Presently he beckoned to the men behind him. "Put the manacles upon him first," he said, with a jerk of his thumb toward Sparrow.

The man who had come down last, and who carried irons enough to fetter six pirates, started forward to do my lord's bidding. The master glanced at Sparrow's great frame, and pulled out a pistol. The minister laughed. "You'll not need it, friend. I know when the odds are too great." He held out his arms, and the men fettered them wrist to wrist. When they had finished he said calmly: "'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.'"

My lord turned from him and pointed to me. He kept his eyes upon my face while they shackled me hand and foot; then said abruptly, "You have cords there: bind his arms to his sides." The men wound the cords around me many times. "Draw them tight."

There came a wrathful clank of the minister's chains. "The arm is torn and inflamed from shoulder to wrist, as I make no doubt you have been told!" he cried. "For very shame, man!"

"Draw them tighter," said my lord between his teeth.

The men knotted the cords, and rose to their feet, to be dismissed by my lord with a curt "You may go." They drew back to the foot of the ladder, while the master of the ship went and perched himself upon one of the rungs. "The

air is fresher here beneath the hatch," he remarked.

As for me, though I lay at my enemy's feet, I could yet set my teeth and look him in the eyes. The cup was bitter, but I could drink it with an unmoved face.

"Art paid?" he demanded. "Art paid for the tree in the red forest without the haunted wood? Art paid, thou bridegroom?"

"No," I answered. "Bring her here to laugh at me as she laughed in the twilight beneath the guest-house window."

I thought he would murder me with the poniard he drew, but presently he put it up.

"She is come to her senses," he said. "Up in the state cabin are bright lights, and wine and laughter. There are gentlewomen aboard, and I have been singing to the lute, to them — and to her. She is saved from the peril into which you plunged her; she knows that the King's Court of High Commission, to say nothing of the hangman, will soon snap the fetters which she now shudders to think of; that the King and one besides will condone her past short madness. Her cheeks are roses, her eyes are stars. But now, when I pressed her hand between the verses of my song, she smiled and sighed and blushed. She is again the dutiful ward of the King, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh — she hath asked to be so called" —

"You lie," I said. "She is my true and noble wife. She may sit in the state cabin, in the air and warmth and light, she may even laugh with her lips, but her heart is here with me in the hold."

As I spoke, I knew, and knew not how I knew, that the thing which I had said was true. With that knowledge came a happiness so deep and strong that it swept aside like straw the torment of those cords, and the deeper hurt that I lay at his feet. I suppose my face altered, and mirrored that blessed glow about my heart, for into his own came a white

fury, changing its beauty into something inhuman and terrifying. He looked a devil baffled. For a minute he stood there rigid, with hands clenched. "Embrace her heart, if thou canst," he said, in a voice so low that it came like a whisper from the realm he might have left. "I shall press my face against her bosom."

Another minute of a silence that I disdained to break; then he turned and went up the ladder. The seamen and the master followed. The hatch was clapped to and fastened, and we were left to the darkness and the heavy air, and to a grim endurance of what could not be cured.

During those hours of thirst and torment I came indeed to know the man who sat beside me. His hands were so fastened that he could not loosen the cords, and there was no water for him to give me; but he could and did bestow a higher alms, — the tenderness of a brother, the manly sympathy of a soldier, the balm of the priest of God. I lay in silence, and he spoke not often; but when he did so, there was that in the tone of his voice — Another cycle of pain, and I awoke from a half swoon, in which there was water to drink and no anguish, to hear him praying beside me. He ceased to speak, and in the darkness I heard him draw his breath hard and his great muscles crack. Suddenly there came a sharp sound of breaking iron, and a low "Thank Thee, Lord!" Another moment, and I felt his hands busy at the knotted cords. "I will have them off thee in a twinkling, Ralph," he said, "thanks to Him who taught my hands to war, and my arms to break in two a bow of steel." As he spoke, the cords loosened beneath his fingers.

I raised my head and laid it on his knee, and he put his great arm, with the broken chain dangling from it, around me, and, like a mother with a babe, crooned me to sleep with the twenty-third psalm.

XXVI.

IN WHICH I AM BROUGHT TO TRIAL.

My lord came not again into the hold, and the untied cords and the broken chain were not replaced. Morning and evening we were brought a niggard allowance of bread and water; but the man who carried it bore no light, and may not even have observed their absence. We saw no one in authority. Hour by hour my wounds healed and my strength returned. If it was a dark and noisome prison, if there were hunger and thirst and inaction to be endured, if we knew not how near to us might be a death of ignominy, yet the minister and I found the jewel in the head of the toad; for in that time of pain and heaviness we became as David and Jonathan.

At last some one came beside the brute who brought us food. A quiet gentleman, with whitening hair and bright dark eyes, stood before us. He had ordered the two men with him to leave open the hatch, and he held in his hand a sponge soaked with vinegar. "Which of you is — or rather was — Captain Ralph Percy?" he asked, in a grave but pleasant voice.

"I am Captain Percy," I answered.

He looked at me with attention. "I have heard of you before," he said. "I read the letter you wrote to Sir Edwyn Sandys, and thought it an excellently conceived and manly epistle. What magic transformed a gentleman and a soldier into a pirate?"

As he waited for me to speak, I gave him for answer, "Necessity."

"A sad metamorphosis," he said. "I had rather read of nymphs changed into laurel and gushing springs. I am come to take you, sir, before the officers of the Company aboard this ship, when, if you have aught to say for yourself, you may say it. I need not tell you, who

saw so clearly some time ago the danger in which you then stood, that your plight is now a thousandfold worse."

"I am perfectly aware of it," I said. "Am I to go in fetters?"

"No," he replied, with a smile. "I have no instructions on the subject, but I will take it upon myself to free you from them, — even for the sake of that excellently writ letter."

"Is not this gentleman to go too?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I have no orders to that effect."

While the men who were with him removed the irons from my wrists and ankles he stood in silence, regarding me with a scrutiny so close that it would have been offensive had I been in a position to take offense. When they had finished I turned and held Jeremy's hand in mine for an instant, then followed the newcomer to the ladder and out of the hold; the two men coming after us, and resolving themselves above into a guard. As we traversed the main deck we came upon Diccon, busy with two or three others about the ports. He saw me, and, dropping the bar that he held, started forward, to be plucked back by an angry arm. The men who guarded me pushed in between us, and there was no word spoken by either. I walked on, the gentleman at my side, and presently came to an open port, and saw, with an intake of my breath, the sunshine, a dark blue heaven flecked with white, and a quiet ocean. My companion glanced at me keenly.

"Doubtless it seems fair enough, after that Cimmerian darkness below," he remarked. "Would you like to rest here a moment?"

"Yes," I said, and, leaning against the side of the port, looked out at the beauty of the light.

"We are off Hatteras," he informed me, "but we have not met with the stormy seas that vex poor mariners hereabouts. Those sails you see on our quar-

ter belong to our consort. We were separated by the hurricane that nigh sunk us, and finally drove us, helpless as we were, toward the Florida coast and across your path. For us that was a fortunate reef upon which you dashed. The gods must have made your helmsman blind, for he ran you into a destruction that gaped not for you. Why did every wretch that we hung next morning curse you before he died?"

"If I told you, you would not believe me," I replied.

I was dizzy with the bliss of the air and the light, and it seemed a small thing that he would not believe me. The wind sounded in my ears like a harp, and the sea beckoned. A white bird flashed down into the crystal hollow between two waves, hung there a second, then rose, a silver radiance against the blue. Suddenly I saw a river, dark and ridged beneath thunderclouds, a boat, and in it, her head pillowed upon her arm, a woman, who pretended that she slept. With a shock my senses steadied, and I became myself again. The sea was but the sea, the wind the wind; in the hold below me lay my friend; somewhere in that ship was my wife; and awaiting me in the state cabin were men who perhaps had the will, as they had the right and the might, to hang me at the yardarm that same hour.

"I have had my fill of rest," I said. "Whom am I to stand before?"

"The newly appointed officers of the Company, bound in this ship for Virginia," he answered. "The ship carries Sir Francis Wyatt, the new Governor; Master Davison, the Secretary; young Clayborne, the surveyor general; the knight marshal, the physician general, and the Treasurer, with other gentlemen, and with fair ladies, their wives and sisters. I am George Sandys, the Treasurer."

The blood rushed to my face, for it hurt me that the brother of Sir Edwyn Sandys should believe that the firing of

those guns had been my act. His was the trained observation of the traveler and writer, and he probably read the color aright. "I pity you, if I can no longer esteem you," he said, after a pause. "I know no sorrier sight than a brave man's shield reversed."

I bit my lip and kept back the angry word. The next minute saw us at the door of the state cabin. It opened, and my companion entered, and I after him, with my two guards at my back. Around a large table were gathered a number of gentlemen, some seated, some standing. There were but two among them whom I had seen before, — the physician who had dressed my wound and my Lord Carnal. The latter was seated in a great chair, beside a gentleman with a pleasant active face and light brown curling hair, — the new Governor, as I guessed. The Treasurer, nodding to the two men to fall back to the window, glided to a seat upon my lord's other hand, and I went and stood before the Governor of Virginia.

For some moments there was silence in the cabin, every man being engaged in staring at me with all his eyes; then the Governor spoke: "It should be upon your knees, sir."

"I am neither petitioner nor penitent," I said. "I know no reason why I should kneel, your Honor."

"There's reason, God wot, why you should be both!" he exclaimed. "Did you not, now some months ago, defy the writ of the King and Company, refusing to stand when the marshal called upon you to do so in the King's name?"

"Yes."

"Did you not, when he would have stayed your lawless flight, lay violent hands upon a nobleman high in the King's favor, and, overpowering him with numbers, carry him out of the King's realm?"

"Yes."

"Did you not seduce from her duty to the King, and force to fly with you,

his Majesty's ward, the Lady Jocelyn Leigh?"

"No," I said. "There was with me only my wife, who chose to follow the fortunes of her husband."

He frowned, and my lord swore beneath his breath. "Did you not, falling in with a pirate ship, cast in your lot with the scoundrels upon it, and yourself turn pirate?"

"In some sort."

"And become their chief?"

"Since there was no other situation open, — yes."

"Taking with you as captives upon the pirate ship that lady and that nobleman?"

"Yes."

"You proceeded to ravage the dominions of the King of Spain, with whom his Majesty is at peace" —

"Like Drake and Raleigh, — yes," I said.

He smiled, then frowned. "Tempora mutantur," he said dryly. "And I have never heard that Drake or Raleigh attacked an English ship."

"Nor have I attacked one," I said.

He leaned back in his chair and stared at me. "We saw the flame and heard the thunder of your guns, and our rigging was cut by the shot. Did you expect me to believe that last assertion?"

"No."

"Then you might have spared yourself — and us — that lie," he said coldly.

The Treasurer moved restlessly in his seat, and began to whisper to his neighbor the Secretary. A young man, with the eyes of a hawk and an iron jaw, — Clayborne, the surveyor general, — who sat at the end of the table beside the window, turned and gazed out upon the clouds and the sea, as if, contempt having taken the place of curiosity, he had no further interest in the proceedings. As for me, I set my face like a flint, and looked past the man who might have saved me that last speech of the Governor's as if he had never been.

There was a closed door in the cabin, opposite the one by which I had entered. Suddenly from behind it came the sound of a short struggle, followed by the quick turn of a key in the lock. The door was flung open, and two women entered the cabin. One, a fair young gentleman, with tears in her brown eyes, came forward hurriedly with outspread hands.

"I did what I could, Frank!" she cried. "When she would not listen to reason, I e'en locked the door; but she is strong, for all that she has been ill, and she forced the key out of my hand!" She looked at the red mark upon the white hand, and two tears fell from her long lashes upon her wild-rose cheeks.

With a smile the Governor put out an arm and drew her down upon a stool beside him, then rose and bowed low to the King's ward. "You are not yet well enough to leave your cabin, as our worthy physician general will assure you, lady," he said courteously, but firmly. "Permit me to lead you back to it."

Still smiling he made as if to advance, when she stayed him with a gesture of her raised hand, at once so majestic and so pleading that it was as though a strain of music had passed through the stillness of the cabin.

"Sir Francis Wyatt, as you are a gentleman, let me speak," she said. It was the voice of that first night at Weyanoke, all pathos, all sweetness, all entreating.

The Governor stopped short, the smile still upon his lips, his hand still outstretched, — stood thus for a moment, then sat down. Around the half circle of gentlemen went a little rustling sound, like wind in dead leaves. My lord half rose from his seat. "She is bewitched," he said, with dry lips. "She will say what she has been told to say. Lest she speak to her shame, we should refuse to hear her."

She had been standing in the centre

of the floor, her hands clasped, her body bowed toward the Governor, but at my lord's words she straightened like a bow unbent. "I may speak, your Honor?" she asked clearly.

The Governor, who had looked askance at the working face of the man beside him, slightly bent his head and leaned back in his great armchair. The King's favorite started to his feet. The King's ward turned her eyes upon him. "Sit down, my lord," she said. "Surely these gentlemen will think that you are afraid of what I, a poor erring woman, rebellious to the King, traitress to mine own honor, late the plaything of a pirate ship, may say or do. Truth, my lord, should be more courageous." Her voice was gentle, even plaintive, but it had in it the quality that lurks in the eyes of the crouching panther.

My lord sat down, one hand hiding his working mouth, the other clenched on the arm of his chair as if it had been an arm of flesh.

XXVII.

IN WHICH I FIND AN ADVOCATE.

She came slowly nearer the ring of now very quiet and attentive faces until she stood beside me, but she neither looked at me nor spoke to me. She was thinner and there were heavy shadows beneath her eyes, but she was beautiful.

"I stand before gentlemen to whom, perhaps, I am not utterly unknown," she said. "Some here, perchance, have been to court, and have seen me there. Master Sandys, once, before the Queen died, you came to Greenwich to kiss her Majesty's hands; and while you waited in her antechamber you saw a young maid of honor — scarce more than a child — curled in a window seat with a book. You sat beside her, and told her wonderful tales of sunny lands and gods and nymphs. I was that maid of honor. Master Clayborne, once, hawking near

Windsor, I dropped my glove. There were a many out of their saddles before it touched the ground, but a gentleman, not of our party, who had drawn his horse to one side to let us pass, was quicker than them all. Did you not think yourself well paid, sir, when you kissed the hand to which you restored the glove? All here, I think, may have heard my name. If any hath heard aught that ever I did in all my life to tarnish it, I pray him to speak now and shame me before you all!"

Clayborne started up. "I remember that day at Windsor, lady!" he cried. "The man of whom I afterward asked your name was a most libertine courtier, and he raised his hat when he spoke of you, calling you a lily which the mire of the court could not besmirch. I will believe all good, but no harm of you, lady!"

He sat down, and Master Sandys said gravely: "Men need not be courtiers to have known of a lady of great wealth and high birth, a ward of the King's, and both beautiful and pure. I nor no man else, I think, ever heard aught of the Lady Jocelyn Leigh but what became a daughter of her line."

A murmur of assent went round the circle. The Governor, leaning forward from his seat, his wife's hand in his, gravely bent his head. "All this is known, lady," he said courteously.

She did not answer; her eyes were upon the King's favorite, and the circle waited with her.

"It is known," said my lord.

She smiled proudly. "For so much grace, thanks, my lord," she said, then addressed herself again to the Governor: "Your Honor, that is the past, the long past, the long, long past, though not a year has gone by. Then I was a girl, proud and careless; now, your Honor, I am a woman, and I stand here in the dignity of suffering and peril. I fled from England" — She paused, drew herself up, and turned upon my lord a

face and form so still, and yet so expressive of noble indignation, outraged womanhood, scorn, and withal a kind of angry pity, that small wonder if he shrank as from a blow. "I left the only world I knew," she said. "I took a way low and narrow and dark and set with thorns, but the only way that I — alone and helpless and bewildered — could find, because that I, Jocelyn Leigh, willed not to wed with you, my Lord Carnal. Why did you follow me, my lord? You knew that I loved you not. You knew my mind, and that I was weak and friendless, and you used your power. I must tell you, my lord, that you were not chivalrous, nor compassionate, nor brave" —

"I loved you!" he cried, and stretched out his arm toward her across the table. He saw no one but her, spoke to none but her. There was a fierce yearning and a hopelessness in his voice and bent head and outstretched arm that lent for the time a tragic dignity to the pageant, evil and magnificent, of his life.

"You loved me," she said. "I had rather you had hated me, my lord. I came to Virginia, your Honor, and men thought me the thing I professed myself. In the green meadow beyond the church they wooed me as such. This one came and that one, and at last a fellow, when I said him nay and bade him begone, did dare to seize my hands and kiss my lips. While I struggled one came and flung that dastard into the brook, then asked me plainly to become his wife, and there was no laugh or insult in his voice. I was wearied and fordone and desperate. . . . So I met my husband, and so I married him. . . . That same day I told him a part of my secret, and when my Lord Carnal was come I told him all. . . . I had not met with much true love or courtesy or compassion in my life. When I saw the danger in which he stood because of me, I told him he might free himself from that coil, might

swear to what they pleased, whistle me off, save himself, and I would say no word of blame. There was wine upon the table, and he filled a cup and brought it to me, and we drank of it together. We drank of the same cup then, your Honor, and we will drink of it still. We twain were wedded, and the world strove to part us. Which of you here, in such quarrel, would not withstand the world? Lady Wyatt, would not thy husband hold thee, while he lived, against the world? Then speak for mine!"

"Frank, Frank!" cried Lady Wyatt. "They love each other!"

"If he withstood the King," went on the King's ward, "it was for his honor and for mine. If he fled from Virginia, it was because I willed it so. Had he stayed, my Lord Carnal, and had you willed to follow me again, you must have made a yet longer journey to a most distant bourne. That wild night when we fled, why did you come upon us, my lord? The moon burst forth from a black cloud, and you stood there upon the wharf above us, calling to the footsteps behind to hasten. We would have left you there in safety, and gone ourselves alone down that stream as black and strange as death. Why did you spring down the steps and grapple with the minister? And he that might have thrust you beneath the flood and drowned you there did but fling you into the boat. We wished not your company, my lord; we would willingly have gone without you. I trust, my lord, you have made honest report of this matter, and have told these gentlemen that my husband gave you, a prisoner whom he wanted not, all fair and honorable treatment. That you have done this I dare take my oath, my lord" —

She stood silent, her eyes upon his. The men around stirred, and a little flash like the glint of drawn steel went from one pair of eyes to another.

"My lord, my lord!" said the King's

ward. "Long ago you won my hatred; an you would not win my contempt, speak truth this day!"

In his eyes, which he had never taken from her face, there leaped to meet the proud appeal in her own a strange fire. That he loved her with a great and evil passion, I, who needs had watched him closely, had long known. Suddenly he burst into jarring laughter. "Yea, he treated me fairly enough, damn him to everlasting hell! But he's a pirate, sweet bird; he's a pirate, and must swing as such!"

"A pirate!" she cried. "But he was none! My lord, you know he was none! Your Honor"—

The Governor interrupted her: "He made himself captain of a pirate ship, lady. He took and sunk ships of Spain."

"In what sort did he become their chief?" she cried. "In such sort, gentlemen, as the bravest of you, in like straits, would have been blithe to be, an you had had like measure of wit and daring. Your Honor, the wind before which our boat drave like a leaf, the waves that would engulf us, wrecked us upon a desert isle. There was no food or water or shelter. That night, while we slept, a pirate ship anchored off the beach, and in the morning the pirates came ashore to bury their captain. My husband met them alone, fought their would-be leaders one by one, and forced the election to fall upon himself. Well he knew that if he left not that isle their leader, he would leave it their captive; and not he alone! God's mercy, gentlemen, what other could he do? I pray you to hold him absolved from a willing embrace of that life! Sunk ships of Spain! Yea, forsooth; and how long hath it been since other English gentlemen sunk other ships of Spain? The world hath changed indeed if to fight the Spaniard in the Indies, e'en though at home we be at peace with him, be conceived so black a crime!

He fought their galleons fair and knightly, with his life in his hand; he gave quarter, and while they called him chief those pirates tortured no prisoner and wronged no woman. Had he not been there, would the ships have been taken less surely? Had he not been there, God wot, ships and ships' boats alike would have sunk or burned, and no Spanish men and women had rowed away and blessed a generous foe. A pirate! He, with me and with the minister and with my Lord Carnal, was prisoner to the pirates, and out of that danger he plucked safety for us all! Who hath so misnamed a gallant gentleman? Was it you, my lord?"

Eyes and voice were imperious, and in her cheeks burned an indignant crimson. My lord's face was set and white; he looked at her, but spoke no word.

"The Spanish ships might pass, lady," averred the Governor; "but this is an English ship, with the flag of England above her."

"Yea," she said. "What then?"

The circle rustled again. The Governor loosed his wife's fingers and leaned forward. "You plead well, lady!" he exclaimed. "You might win, an Captain Percy had not seen fit to fire upon us."

A dead silence followed his words. Outside the square window a cloud passed from the face of the sun, and a great burst of sunshine entered the cabin. She stood in the heart of it, and looked a goddess angered. My lord, with his haggard face and burning eyes, slowly rose from his seat, and they faced each other.

"You told them not who fired those guns, who sunk that pirate ship?" she said. "Because he was your enemy, you held your tongue? Knight and gentleman—my Lord Carnal—my Lord Coward!"

"Honor is an empty word to me," he answered. "For you I would dive into the deepest hell,—if there be a deeper

than that which burns me, day in, day out. . . . Jocelyn, Jocelyn, Jocelyn !”

“You love me so ?” she said. “Then do me pleasure. Because I ask it of you, tell these men the truth.” She came a step nearer, and held out her clasped hands to him. “Tell them how it was, my lord, and I will strive to hate you no longer. The harm that you have done me I will pray for strength to forgive. Ah, my lord, let me not ask in vain ! Will you that I kneel to you ?”

“I fix my own price,” he said. “I will do what you ask, an you will let me kiss your lips.”

I sprang forward with an oath. Some one behind caught both my wrists in an iron grasp and pulled me back. “Be not a fool !” growled Clayborne in my ear. “The cord’s loosening fast : if you interfere, it may tighten with a jerk !” I freed my hands from his grasp. The Treasurer, sitting next him, leaned across the table and motioned to the two seamen beside the window. They left their station, and each seized me by an arm. “Be guided, Captain Percy,” said Master Sandys in a low voice. “We wish you well. Let her win you through.”

“First tell the truth, my lord,” said the King’s ward ; “then come and take the reward you ask.”

“Jocelyn !” I cried. “I command you” —

She turned upon me a perfectly colorless face. “All my life after I will be to you an obedient wife,” she said. “This once I pray you to hold me excused. . . . Speak, my lord.”

There was the mirth of the lost in the laugh with which he turned to the Governor. “That pretty little tale, sir, that I regaled you with, the day you obligingly picked me up, was pure imagination ; the wetting must have disordered my reason. A potion sweeter than the honey of Hybla, which I am about to drink, hath restored me before-

hand. Gentlemen all, there was mutiny aboard that ship which so providentially sank before your very eyes. For why ? The crew, who were pirates, and the captain, who was yonder gentleman, did not agree. The one wished to attack you, board you, rummage you, and slay, after recondite fashions, every mother’s son of you ; the other demurred, — so strongly, in fact, that his life ceased to be worth a pin’s purchase. Indeed, I believe he resigned his captaincy then and there, and, declining to lift a finger against an English ship, defied them to do their worst. He had no hand in the firing of those culverins ; the mutineers touched them off without so much as a ‘by your leave.’ His attention was otherwise occupied. Good sirs, there was not the slightest reason in nature why the ship should have struck upon that sunken reef, to the damnation of her people and the salvation of yours. Why do you suppose she diverged from the path of safety to split into slivers against that fortunate ledge ?”

The men around drew in their breath, and one or two sprang to their feet. My lord laughed again. “Have you seen the pious man who left Jamestown and went aboard the pirate ship as this gentleman’s lieutenant ? He hath the strength of a bull. Captain Percy here had but to nod his head, and hey, presto ! the helmsman was bowled over, and the minister had the helm. The ship struck : the pirates went to hell, and you, gentlemen, were preserved to order all things well in Virginia. May she long be grateful ! The man who dared that death rather than attack the ship he guessed to be the Company’s is my mortal foe, whom I will yet sweep from my path, but he is not a pirate. Ay, take it down, an it please you, Master Secretary ! I retreat from a most choice position, to be sure, but what care I ? I see a vantage ground more to my liking. I have lost a throw, perhaps, but I will

recoup ten such losses with one such — kiss. By your leave, lady.”

He went up to her where she stood, with hanging arms, her head a little bent, white and cold and yielding as a lady done in snow; gazed at her a moment, with his passion written in his fierce eyes and haggard, handsome face; then crushed her to him.

If I could have struck him dead, I would have done so. When her word had been kept, she released herself with a quiet and resolute dignity. As for him, he sank back into the great chair beside the Governor's, leaned an elbow on the table, and hid his eyes with one shaking hand.

The Governor rose to his feet, and motioned away the two seamen who held me fast. “We'll have no hanging this morning, gentlemen,” he announced. “Captain Percy, I beg to apologize to you for words that were never meant for a brave and gallant gentleman, but for a pirate who I find does not exist. I pray you to forget them, quite.”

I returned his bow, but my eyes traveled past him.

“I will allow you no words with my Lord Carnal,” he said. “With your wife, — that is different.” He moved aside with a smile.

She was standing, pale, with downcast eyes, where my lord had left her. “Joce-lyn,” I said. She turned toward me, crimsoned deeply, uttered a low cry, half laughter, half a sob, then covered her face with her hands. I took them away and spoke her name again, and this time she hid her face upon my breast.

A moment thus; then — for all eyes were upon her — I lifted her head, kissed her, and gave her to Lady Wyatt, whom I found at my side. “I commend my wife to your ladyship's care,” I said. “As you are woman, deal sisterly by her!”

“You may trust me, sir,” she made answer, the tears upon her cheeks. “I did not know, — I did not understand.

. . . Dear heart, come away, — come away with Margaret Wyatt.”

Clayborne opened the door of the cabin, and stood aside with a low bow. The men who had sat to judge me rose; only the King's favorite kept his seat. With Lady Wyatt's arm about her, the King's ward passed between the lines of standing gentlemen to the door, there hesitated, turned, and, facing them with I know not what of pride and shame, wistfulness of entreaty and noble challenge to belief in the face and form that were of all women's most beautiful, curtsied to them until her knee touched the floor. She was gone, and the sunlight with her.

When I turned upon that shameless lord where he sat in his evil beauty, with his honor dead before him, men came hastily in between. I put them aside with a laugh. I had but wanted to look at him. I had no sword, — already he lay beneath my challenge, — and words are weak things.

At length he rose, as arrogant as ever in his port, as evilly superb in his towering pride, and as amazingly indifferent to the thoughts of men who lied not. “This case hath wearied me,” he said. “I will retire for a while to rest, and in dreams to live over a past sweetness. Give you good-day, gentles! Sir Francis Wyatt, you will remember that this gentleman did resist arrest, and that he lieth under the King's displeasure!” So saying he clapped his hat upon his head and walked out of the cabin. The Company's officers drew a long breath, as if a fresher air had come in with his departure.

“I have no choice, Captain Percy, but to keep you still under restraint, both here and when we shall reach Jamestown,” said the Governor. “All that the Company, through me, can do, consistent with its duty to his Majesty, to lighten your confinement shall be done” —

“Then send him not again into the

hold, Sir Francis!" exclaimed the Treasurer, with a wry face.

The Governor laughed. "Lighter and sweeter quarters shall be found. Your wife's a brave lady, Captain Percy" —

"And a passing fair one," said Clayborne under his breath.

"I left a friend below in the hold, your Honor," I said. "He came with me from Jamestown because he was my friend. He had naught to do with the planning of that escape, and it was not he that the marshal called upon to stay. The King hath never heard of him. And he's no more a pirate than I or you, your Honor. He is a minister, — a sober, meek, and godly man" —

From behind the Secretary rose the singsong of my acquaintance of the hold, Dr. John Pott. "He is Jeremy, your Honor, Jeremy who made the town merry at Blackfriars. Your Honor remembers him? He had a sickness, and forsook the life and went into the country. He was known to the Dean of St. Paul's. All the town laughed when it heard that he had taken orders."

"Jeremy!" cried out the Treasurer. "Nick Bottom! Christopher Sly! Sir Toby Belch! Sir Francis, give me Jeremy to keep in my cabin!"

The Governor laughed. "He shall be bestowed with Captain Percy where he'll not lack for company, I warrant! Jeremy! Ben Jonson loved him; they drank together at the Mermaid."

A little later the Treasurer turned to leave my new quarters, to which he had walked beside me, glanced at the men who waited for him without, — Jeremy had not yet been brought from the hold, — and returned to my side to say, in a low voice, but with emphasis: "Captain Percy has been a long time without news from home, — from England. What would he most desire to hear?"

"Of the welfare of his Grace of Buckingham," I replied.

He smiled. "His Grace is as well as heart could desire, and as powerful. The Queen's dog now tuggeth the sow by the ears this way or that, as it pleaseth him. By this the dead is quite forgot, — and resurrections are unseemly things. Since we are not to hang you as a pirate, Captain Percy, I incline to think your affairs in better posture than when you left Virginia."

"I think so too, sir," I said, and gave him thanks for his courtesy, and wished him good-day, being anxious to sit still and thank God, with my face in my hands and summer in my heart.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

JUSTICE FOR THE BOY.

SOMETIMES, when I see my little boy hugging himself with delight at the near prospect of the kindergarten, I go back in memory forty years and more to the day when I was dragged, a howling captive, to school, as a punishment for being bad at home. I remember, as though it were yesterday, my progress up the street in the vengeful grasp of

an exasperated servant, and my reception by the aged monster — most fitly named Madame Bruin — who kept the school. She asked no questions, but led me straightway to the cellar, where she plunged me into an empty barrel and put the lid on over me. Applying her horn goggles to the bung-hole, to my abject terror, she informed me, in a se-

pulchral voice, that that was the way bad boys were dealt with in school. When I ceased howling from sheer fright, she took me out and conducted me to the yard, where a big hog had a corner to itself. She bade me observe that one of its ears had been slit half its length. It was because the hog was lazy, and little boys who were that way minded were in danger of similar treatment; in token whereof she clipped a pair of tailor's shears suggestively close to my ear. It was my first lesson in school. I hated it from that hour.

The barrel and the hog were never part of the curriculum in any American boy's school, I suppose; they seem too freakish to be credited to any but the demoniac ingenuity of my home ogre. But they stood for a comprehension of the office of school and teacher which was not patented by any day or land. It is not so long since the notion yet prevailed that the schools were principally to lock children up in for the convenience of their parents, that we should have entirely forgotten it. Only the other day a clergyman from up the state came into my office to tell of a fine reform school they had in his town. They were very proud of it.

"And how about the schools for the good boys in your town?" I asked, when I had heard him out. "Are they anything to be proud of?"

He stared. He guessed they were all right, he said, after some hesitation. But it was clear that he did not know.

It is not necessary to go back forty years to find us in the metropolis upon the clergyman's platform, if not upon Madame Bruin's. Ten will do. They will bring us to the day when roof playgrounds were contemptuously left out of the estimates for an East Side school, as "frills" that had nothing to do with education; when the Board of Health found but a single public school, in more than sixscore that was so ventilated as to keep the children from being poisoned

by foul air; when the authority of the Talmud had to be invoked by the Superintendent of School Buildings to convince the president of the Board of Education, who happened to be a Jew, that seventy-five or eighty pupils were far too many for one classroom; when a man who had been dead a year was appointed a school trustee of the Third Ward, under the mouldy old law surviving from the day when New York was a big village, and filled the office as well as if he had been alive, because there were no schools in his ward; when manual training and the kindergarten were yet the fads of yesterday, looked at askance; when fifty thousand children roamed the streets for whom there was no room in the schools, and the only defense of the School Commissioners was that they "did n't know" there were so many; and when we mixed truants and thieves in a jail with entire unconcern. Indeed, the jail filled the title rôle in the educational cast of that day. Its inmates were well lodged and cared for, while the sanitary authorities twice condemned the Essex Market school across the way as wholly unfit for children to be in, but failed to catch the ear of the politician who ran things unhindered. When (in 1894) I denounced the "system" of enforcing — or not enforcing — the compulsory education law as a device to make thieves out of our children by turning over their training to the street, he protested angrily; but the experts of the Tenement House Committee found the charge fully borne out by the facts. They were certainly plain enough in the sight of us all, had we chosen to see.

When at last we saw, we gave the politician a vacation for a season. To say that he was to blame for all the mischief would not be fair. We were to blame for leaving him in possession. He was only a link in the chain which our indifference had forged; but he was always and everywhere an obstruction to betterment, — sometimes, illogically, in

spite of himself. Successive Tammany mayors had taken a stand for the public schools, when it was clear that reform could not be delayed much longer; but they were helpless against a system of selfishness and stupidity of which they were the creatures, though they posed as its masters. They had to go with it as unfit, and upon the wave that swept out the last of the rubbish came reform. The Committee of Seventy took hold, the Good Government Clubs, the Tenement House Committee, and the women of New York. Five years we strove with the powers of darkness, and look now at the change! The New York school system is not yet the ideal one,—it may never be; but the jail, at least, has been cast out of the firm. We have a compulsory education law under which it will be possible, when a seat has been provided for every child, to punish the parent for the boy's truancy, unless he surrenders him as unmanageable; and we can count the months now till every child shall find the lathstring out on the school door. We had to put our hands deep into our pockets to get to that point, but we are very nearly there now. Since 1895 the expenditure of twenty-two and a half millions of dollars for new schools in the old city has been authorized by law, and two thirds of the money has been spent. Fifty-odd new buildings have been put up, or are going up while I am writing, every one of them with its playground, which will by and by be free to all the neighborhood. The idea is at last working through that the schools belong to the people, and are primarily for the children and their parents; not mere vehicles of ward patronage, or for keeping an army of teachers in office and pay.

The silly old régime is dead. The ward trustee is gone with his friend the alderman, loudly proclaiming the collapse of our liberties in the day that saw the schools taken from "the people's" control. They were "the people." Ex-

perts manage our children's education, which was supposed in the old plan to be the only thing that did not require any training. To superintend a brickyard demanded some knowledge, but anybody could run the public schools. It cost us an election to take that step. One of the Tammany district leaders, who knew what he was talking about, said to me after it was all over: "I knew we would win. Your bringing those foreigners here did the business. Our people believe in home rule. We kept account of the teachers you brought from out of town, and who spent the money they made here out of town, and it got to be the talk among the tenement people in my ward that their daughters would have no more show to get to be teachers. That did the business. We figured the school vote in the city at forty-two thousand, and I knew we could not lose." The "foreigners" were teachers from Massachusetts and other states, who had achieved a national reputation at their work.

There lies upon my table a copy of the minutes of the Board of Education of January 9, 1895, in which is underscored a report on a primary school in the Bronx. "It is a wooden shanty," is the inspector's account, "heated by stoves, and is a regular tinder box; cellar wet, and under one classroom only. This building was erected in order, I believe, to determine whether or not there was a school population in the neighborhood to warrant the purchase of property to erect a school on."

That was the way then of taking a school census, and the result was the utter failure of the compulsory education law to compel anything. To-day we have a biennial census, ordained by law, which, when at last it gets into the hands of some one who can count, will tell us how many Jacob Beresheims are drifting upon the shoals of the street. And we have a truant school to keep them safe in. To it, says the law, no thief shall

be committed. It is not yet five years since the burglar and the truant — who, having been refused admission to the school because there was not room for him, inconsequently was locked up for contracting idle ways — were herded in the Juvenile Asylum, and classified there in squads of those who were four feet, four feet seven, and over four feet seven! I am afraid I scandalized some good people, during the fight for decency in this matter, by insisting that it ought to be considered a good mark for Jacob that he despised such schools as were provided for him. But it was true. Except for the risk of the burglar, the jail was preferable by far. A woman has now had charge of the truant school for fourteen months, and she tells me that of quite twenty-five hundred boys scarce sixty were rightly called incorrigible, and even these a little longer and tighter grip would probably win over. For such, a farm school is yet to be provided. The rest responded promptly to an appeal to their pride. She “made it a personal matter” with each of them, and the truant vanished; the boy was restored. The burglar, too, made it a personal matter in the old contact, and the result was two burglars for one. In common with nearly all those who have paid attention to this matter, Mrs. Alger believes that the truant school strikes at the root of the problem of juvenile crime. After thirty years of close acquaintance with the child population of London, Mr. Andrew Drew, chairman of the Industrial Committee of the School Board, declared his conviction that “truancy is to be credited with nearly the whole of our juvenile criminality.” But for years there seemed to be no way of convincing the New York School Board that the two had anything to do with each other. As executive officer of the Good Government Clubs, I fought that fight to a finish. We got the school, and in Mrs. Alger, at the time a truant officer, a person singularly well

qualified to take charge of it. She has just been removed, that her place might be given to a man. It is the old scheme come back, — a voter behind the broom, — and the old slough waiting to overwhelm us again.

But it will not get the chance. I have my own idea of how this truancy question is going to be solved. Yesterday I went with Superintendent Snyder through some of the new schools he is building, upon what he calls the letter H plan, in the crowded districts. It is the plan of the Hôte de Cluny in Paris, and to my mind as nearly perfect as it is possible to make a schoolhouse. There is not a dark corner in the whole structure, from the splendid gymnasium under the red-tiled roof to the indoor playground on the ground floor, which, when thrown in one with the two open-air playgrounds that lie embraced in the arms of the H, will give the children nearly an acre of asphalted floor space from street to street, to romp on. Seven such schools are going up to-day, each a beautiful palace, and within the year sixteen thousand children will be housed in them. When I think of the old Allen Street school, where the gas had to be kept burning even on the brightest days, recitations suspended every half hour, and the children made to practice calisthenics so that they should not catch cold while the windows were opened to let in fresh air; of the dark playground downstairs, with the rats keeping up such a racket that one could hardly hear himself speak at times, or of the other East Side playground where the boys “were n’t allowed to speak above a whisper,” so as not to disturb those studying overhead, I fancy that I can make out both the cause and the cure of the boy’s desperation. “We try to make our schools pleasant enough to hold the children,” wrote the Superintendent of Schools in Indianapolis to me once, and added that they had no truant problem worth bothering about.

With the kindergarten and manual training firmly engrafted upon the school course, as they are at last, and with it reaching out to enlist also the boy's play through playground and vacation schools, I shall be willing to turn the boy, who will not come in, over to the reformatory. They will not need to build a new wing to the jail for his safe-keeping.

All ways lead to Rome. The reform in school-building dates back, as does every other reform in New York, to the Mulberry Bend. It began there. The first school that departed from the soulless old tradition, to set beautiful pictures before the child's mind as well as dry figures on the slate, was built there. At the time I wanted it to stand in the park, hoping so to hasten the laying out of that; but although the Small Parks law expressly permitted the erection on park property of buildings for "the instruction of the people," the officials upon whom I pressed my scheme could not be made to understand that as including schools. Perhaps they were right. I catechised thirty-one Fourth Ward girls in a sewing school, about that time, twenty-six of whom had attended the public schools of the district more than a year. One wore a badge earned for excellence in her studies. In those days every street corner was placarded with big posters of Napoleon on a white horse riding through fire and smoke. There was one right across the street. Yet only one of the thirty-one knew who Napoleon was. She "thought she had heard of the gentleman before." It came out that the one impression she retained of what she had heard was that "the gentleman" had two wives. They knew of Washington that he was the first President of the United States, and cut down a cherry tree. They were sitting and sewing at the time almost on the identical spot where he lived and held office. To the question who ruled before Washington the answer came promptly:

no one; he was the first. They agreed reluctantly, upon further consideration, that there was probably "a King of America" before his day, and the Irish damsels turned up their noses at the idea. The people of Canada, they thought, were copper-colored. The same winter I was indignantly bidden to depart from a school in the Fourth Ward by a trustee who had heard that I had written a book about the slum and spoken of "his people" in it.

Those early steps in the reform path stumbled sadly at times over obstacles that showed how dense was the ignorance and how rank were the prejudices we had to fight. When I wrote that the Allen Street school was overrun by rats, which was a fact any one might observe for himself by spending five minutes in the building, I was called sharply to account by the Mayor in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. There were no rats, he said. The Allen Street school was the worst of them all, and I determined that the time had come to make a demonstration. I procured a rat trap, and was waiting for an idle hour to go over and catch one of the rats, so that I might have it stuffed and sent to the board over which the Mayor presided, as a convincing exhibit; but before I got so far reform swept the whole conspiracy of ignorance and jobbery out of the City Hall.

That was well enough as far as it went; but that the broom was needed elsewhere we learned later, when the Good Government Clubs fought for the inspection of the schools and of the children by trained oculists. The evidence was that the pupils were made both nearsighted and stupid by the want of proper arrangement of their seats and of themselves in the classroom. The fact was not denied, and the scheme was strongly indorsed by the Board of Health and by some of the ablest and best known oculists in the city; but it was wrecked upon an opposition in which we heard the ignorant

and selfish cry that it would "interfere with private practice," and so curtail the profits of the practitioner. The proposal to inspect the classes daily for evidence of contagious disease — which, carried out, has proved a most effective means of preventing the spread of epidemics, and one of the greatest blessings — had been opposed, happily unsuccessfully, with the same arguments.¹ It is very well to prate about the rapacity of politicians, but these things came often enough to show what they meant by the claim that they were "closer to the people" than we who were trying to help them; and they were all the more exasperating because they came rarely from below, — the tenement people, when they were not deliberately misled, were ready and eager to fall in with any plan for bettering things, notably where it concerned the schools, — but usually from those who knew better, and from whom we had a right to expect support and backing.

Speaking of that reminds me of a mishap I had in the Hester Street school, — the one with the "frills" which the Board of Education cut off. I happened to pass it after school hours, and went in to see what sort of a playground the roof would have made. I met no one on the way, and, finding the scuttle open, climbed out and up the slant of the roof to the peak, where I sat musing over our lost chance, when the janitor came to close up. He must have thought I was a crazy man, and my explanation did not make it any better. He haled me down, and but for the fortunate chance that the policeman on the beat knew me I should have been taken to the lockup as a dangerous lunatic, — all for dreaming of a playground on the roof of a school-house.

¹ I set down reluctantly this censure of an honored profession, to individual members of which I have been wont, in a long succession of troubled years, to go for advice and help in public matters, and never in vain. The statement of the chief sanitary officer of the School

Janitor and Board of Commissioners to the contrary notwithstanding, the dream became real. There stands another school in Hester Street to-day within easy call, that has a playground measuring more than twelve thousand square feet on the roof, one of half that size down on the ground, and an asphalted indoor playground as big as the one on the roof. Together they measure a trifle less than thirty thousand feet. To the indignant amazement of my captor, the janitor, his school was thrown open to the children in the last summer vacation, and in the winter they put a boys' club in to worry him. What further indignities there are in store for him, in this day of "frills," there is no telling. A resolution is on record which states, under date of May 18, 1897, that "it is the sense of the Board of Superintendents that the schoolhouses may well be used in the cause of education as neighborhood centres, providing reading rooms, branch offices of public libraries, etc." And to cut off all chance of relapse into the old doubt whether "such things are educational," that laid so many of our hopes on the dusty shelf of the circumlocution office, the state legislature has expressly declared that the commonwealth will take the chance, which Boards of Education shunned, of a little amusement creeping in. The schools may be used for "purposes of recreation." To the janitor it must seem that the end of all things is at hand.

In the crowded districts, the school playgrounds were thrown open to the children during the long vacation last year, with kindergarten teachers to amuse them, and half a score of vacation schools tempted more than four thousand children from the street into the cool shade

Department, reaffirmed at the time I am writing, is, however, positive to the effect that to this opposition, and this only, was due the failure of that much-needed reform which had for years been with me a pet measure.

of the classrooms. They wrought in wood and iron, they sang and they played and studied nature, — out of a barrel, to be sure, that came twice a week from Long Island filled with “specimens;” but toward the end we took a hint from Chicago, and let the children gather their own specimens on excursions around the bay and suburbs of the city. That was a tremendous success. The mere hint that money might be lacking to pay for the excursions this summer set the St. Andrew’s Brotherhood men on Long Island to devising schemes for inviting the schoolchildren out on trolley and shore trips. With the Christian Endeavor, the Epworth League, and kindred societies looking about for something to try their young strength and enthusiasm on, we may be here standing upon the threshold of something which shall bring us nearer to a universal brotherhood than all the consecrations and badges that have yet been invented.

The mere contact with nature, even out of a barrel, brought something to those starved child lives that struck a new note. Sometimes it rang with a sharp and jarring sound. The boys in the Hester Street school could not be made to take an interest in the lesson on wheat until the teacher came to the effect of drought and a bad year on the farmer’s pocket. Then they understood. They knew the process. Strikes cut into the earnings of Hester Street, small enough at the best of times, at frequent intervals, and the boys need not be told what a bad year means. No other kind ever occurs there. They learned the lesson on wheat in no time, after that. Oftener it was a gentler note that piped timidly in the strange place. A barrel of wild roses came one day, instead of the expected “specimens,” and these were given to the children. They took them greedily. “I wondered,” said the teacher, “if it was more love of the flower, or of getting something for nothing, no matter what.” But even if it were largely the latter,

there was still the rose. Nothing like it had come that way before, and without a doubt it taught its own lesson. The Italian child might have jumped for it more eagerly, but its beauty was not wasted in Jew-town, either. The baby kissed it, and it lay upon more than one wan cheek, and whispered who knows what thought of hope and courage that were nearly gone. Even in Hester Street the wild rose from the hedge was not wasted.

The result of it all was wholesome and good, because it was common sense. The way to fight the slum in the children’s lives is with sunlight and flowers and play, which their child hearts crave, if their eyes have never seen them. The teachers reported that the boys were easier to manage, more quiet, and played more fairly than before. The police reports showed that fewer were arrested or run over in the streets than in other years. A worse enemy was attacked than the trolley car or the truck. In the kindergarten at the Hull House in Chicago there hangs a picture of a harvest scene, with the man wiping his brow, and a woman resting at his feet. The teacher told me that a little girl with an old face picked it out among all the rest, and considered it long and gravely. “Well,” she said, when her inspection was finished, “he knocked her down, did n’t he?” A two hours’ argument for kindergartens or vacation schools could not have put it stronger or better.

The awakening of the civic conscience is nowhere more plainly traced than in our public schools. The last five years have set us fifty years ahead, and there is now no doubling on the track we have struck. We have fifty kindergartens to-day where five years ago we had one, and their method has invaded the whole system of teaching. Cooking, the only kind of temperance preaching that counts for anything in a school course, is taught in the girls’ classes. Five years ago a minister of justice declared in the

Belgian Chamber that the nation was reverting to a new form of barbarism, which he described by the term "alcoholic barbarism," and pointed out as its first cause the "insufficiency of the food procurable by the working classes." He referred to the quality, not the quantity. The United States experts, who lately made a study of the living habits of the poor in New York, spoke of it as a common observation that "a not inconsiderable amount of the prevalent intemperance can be traced to poor food and unattractive home tables." The toasting fork in Jacob's sister's hand beats preaching in the campaign against the saloon, just as the boys' club beats the police club in fighting the gang.

The cram and the jam are being crowded out as common-sense teaching steps in and takes their place, and the "three H's," the head, the heart, and the hand, — a whole boy, — are taking the place too long monopolized by the "three R's." There was need of it. It had seemed sometimes as if, in our anxiety lest he should not get enough, we were in danger of stuffing the boy to the point of making a hopeless dunce of him. It is a higher function of the school to teach principles than to impart facts merely. Teaching the boy municipal politics and a thousand things to make a good citizen of him, instead of so filling him with love of his country and pride in its traditions that he is bound to take the right stand when the time comes, is as though one were to attempt to put all the law of the state into its constitution to make it more binding. The result would be hopeless congestion and general uselessness.

It comes down to the teacher in the end, and there are 5600 of them in the old city alone, 10,000 for the greater city;¹ the great mass faithful and zealous, but yoked to the traditions of a day

that is past. Half the machine teaching, the wooden output of our public schools in the past, I believe was due to the practical isolation of the teachers between the tyranny of politics and the distrust of those who had good cause to fear the politician and his work. There was never a more saddening sight than that of the teachers standing together in an almost solid body to resist reform of the school system as an attack upon them. There was no pretense on their part that the schools did not need reform. They knew better. They fought for their places. Throughout the fight no word came from them of the children's rights. They imagined that theirs were in danger, and they had no thought for anything else. We gathered then the ripe fruit of politics, and it will be a long while, I suppose, before we get the taste out of our mouths. But the grip of politics on our schools has been loosened, if not shaken off altogether, and the teacher's slavery is at an end, if she herself so wills it. Once hardly thought worthy of a day laborer's hire, she will receive a policeman's pay for faithful service² in the school year now begun, with his privilege of a half-pay pension on retirement. Within three weeks after the passage of the salary bill forty-two teachers in the boroughs of Manhattan and Bronx had applied for retirement. The training schools are hard at work filling up the gaps. The windows of the school-house have been thrown open, and life let in there too with the sunlight. The day may be not far distant when ours shall be schools "for discovering aptitude," in Professor Felix Adler's wise plan. The problem is a vast one, even in its bulk; every year seats must be found on the school benches for twenty thousand additional children. However deep we have gone down into our pockets to pay for new schools, there are to-day in

¹ The exact number for April was 9989; number of pupils registered, 401,761; average daily attendance, 370,722.

² The teacher's pay, under the new act, is from \$600 to \$1400. The policeman's pay is \$1400.

the greater city nearly thirty thousand children in half-day or part-time classes, waiting their chance. But that it can and will be solved the experience of the last five years fully warrants.

In the solution the women of New York will have had no mean share. In the struggle for school reform they struck the telling blows, and the credit for the victory was justly theirs. The Public Education Association, originally a woman's auxiliary to Good Government Club E, has since worked as energetically with the school authorities as it before worked against them. It has opened many windows for little souls by hanging schoolrooms with beautiful casts and pictures, and forged at the same time new and strong links in the chain that bound the boy all too feebly to the school. At a time when the demand of the boys of the East Side for club room, which was in itself one of the healthiest signs of the day, had reached an exceedingly dangerous pass, the Public Education Association broke ground that will prove the most fertile field of all. The Raines law saloon, quick to discern in the new demand the gap that would divorce it by and by from the man, attempted to bridge it by inviting the boy in under its roof. Occasionally the girl went along. A typical instance of how the scheme worked was brought to my attention at the time by the manager of the College Settlement. The back room of the saloon was given to the club free of charge, with the understanding that the boy members should "treat." As a means of raising the needed funds, the club hit upon the plan of fining members ten cents when they "got funny." To defeat this device of the devil some way must be found; but club room was scarce among the tenements. The Good Government Clubs proposed to the Board of Education that it open the empty classrooms at night for the children's use. It was my privilege to plead their cause before the School Board, and to obtain

from it the necessary permission, after some hesitation and doubt as to whether "it was educational." The Public Education Association promptly assumed the responsibility for "the property," and the Hester Street school was opened. There are now two schools that are given over to evening clubs. The property has not been molested, but the boys who have met under Miss Winifred Buck's management have learned many a lesson of self-control and practical wisdom that has proved "educational" in the highest degree. Her plan is simplicity itself. Through their play—the meeting usually begins with a romp—in quarters where there is not too much elbowroom, the boys learn the first lesson of respecting one another's rights. The subsequent business meeting puts them upon the fundamentals of civilized society, as it were. Out of the debate of the question, Do we want boys who swear, steal, gamble, and smoke cigarettes? grow convictions as to why these vices are wrong that put "the gang" in its proper light. Punishment comes to appear, when administered by the boys themselves, a natural consequence of law-breaking, in defense of society; and the boy is won. He can thenceforward be trusted to work out his own salvation. If he does it occasionally with excessive unction, remember how recent is his conversion. "*Resolved*, that wisdom is better than wealth," was rejected as a topic for discussion by one of the clubs, because "everybody knows it is." This was in the Tenth Ward. If temptation had come that way in the shape of a pushcart with pineapples—we are all human! Anyway, they had learned the right.

With the women to lead, the school has even turned the tables on the jail and invaded it bodily. For now nearly two years the Public Education Association has kept school in the Tombs, for the boys locked up there awaiting trial. Of thirty-one pupils on this school register, the other day, twelve were charged

with burglary, four with highway robbery, and three with murder. That was the gang run to earth at last. Better late than never. The windows of their prison overlooked the spot where the gallows used to stand that cut short many a career such as they pursued. They were soberly attentive to their studies, which were of a severely practical turn. Their teacher, Mr. David Willard, who was a resident of the University Settlement in its old Delancey Street home, — the fact that the forces for good one finds at work in the slum usually lead back to the settlements shows best that they have so far escaped the peril of stiffening into mere institutions, — has his own sound view of how to head off the hangman. Daily and nightly he gathers about him in the house on Chrystie Street, where he makes his home, three hundred boys and girls, whom he meets as their friend, on equal terms. The club is the means of getting them there, and so it is in its right place.

Once a week another teacher comes to the Tombs school, and tells the boys of our city's history, its famous buildings and great men; trying so to arouse their interest as a first step toward a citizen's pride. This one also is sent by a club of women, the City History Club, which in three years has done strange things among the children. It sprang from the proposition of Mr. Robert Abbe that the man and the citizen has his birth in the boy, and that to love a thing one must know it first. The half dozen classes that were started for the study of our city's history have swelled into nearly a hundred, with quite eighteen hundred pupils. The pregnant fact was noted early by the teachers that the immigrant boy easily outstrips in interest for his adopted home the native, who perchance turns up his nose at him, and later very likely complains of the "unscrupulousness" of the Jew who forged ahead of him in business as well.

"Everything takes ten years." Look-

ing back from the closing year of the century, one is almost tempted to turn Mr. Hewitt's phrase about, and say that everything has been packed into ten years. The tenth winter of the free lectures, which the city provides to fill up in a measure those gaps which the earlier years left, has just passed. When the first course showed an attendance of 22,149 upon 186 lectures, we were all encouraged; but the last season saw 1923 lectures delivered upon every topic of human interest, from the care of our bodies and natural science to literature, astronomy, and music, and a multitude of 519,411 persons, chiefly workingmen and their wives, the parents of the schoolboy, heard them. Forty-eight schools and halls were employed for the purpose. The People's Institute adds to this programme a forum for the discussion of social topics, nineteenth-century history, and "present problems" on a wholly non-partisan, unsectarian basis. The Institute was launched upon its educational mission within six weeks after the disastrous Greater New York election in 1897. It has since drawn to the platform of the Cooper Institute audiences, chiefly of workingmen more or less connected with the labor movement, that have filled its great hall. The spirit that animates its work is shown in its review of the field upon the threshold of its third year. Speaking of the social issues that are hastening toward a settlement, it says: "Society is about to be organized, gradually, wisely, on the lines of the recognition of the brotherhood of man. The People's Institute holds to-day, as no other institution in this city, the confidence of all classes of the working people; also of the best minds among the well-to-do classes. It can throw all its influence upon the side of removing misunderstandings, promoting mutual confidence. . . . This is its great work." A great undertaking, truly, but one in which no one may rashly say it shall not succeed. As an installment, it or-

ganized last spring, for study, discussion, and social intercourse, the first of a chain of People's Clubs, full of a strong and stirring life, which within three months had a membership of three hundred and fifty, and a list of two hundred and fifty applicants.

While the Institute's plan has met with this cordial reception downtown, uptown, among the leisure classes, its acceptance has been nothing like so ready. Selfish wealth has turned a cold shoulder to the brotherhood of man, as so often in the past. Still the proffered hand is not withdrawn. In a hundred ways it is held out with tender of help and sympathy and friendship, these days, where distrust and indifference were once the rule. The People's University Extension Society, leaving the platform to its allies, invades the home, the nursery, the kindergarten, the club, wherever it can, with help and counsel. Down on the lower East Side, the Educational Alliance conducts from the Hebrew Institute an energetic campaign among the Jewish immigrants that reaches fully six thousand souls, two thirds of them children, every day in the week. Sixty-two clubs alone hold meetings in the building on Saturday and Sunday. Under the same roof the Baron Hirsch Fund has taught sixteen thousand children of refugee Jews in nine years. It passes them on to the public schools within six months of their landing, the best material they receive from anywhere.

So the boy is being got ready for dealing, in the years that are to come, with the other but not more difficult problems of setting his house to rights, and ridding it of the political gang which now misrepresents him and us. And justice to Jacob is being evolved. Not yet without obstruction and dragging of feet. The excellent home library plan that proved so wholesome in the poor

quarters of Boston has failed in New York, except in a few notable instances, through the difficulty of securing the visitors upon whom the plan depends for its success. The same want has kept the boys' club from reaching the development that would apply the real test to it as a barrier against the slum. There are fifteen clubs for every Winifred Buck that is in sight. From the City History Club, the Charity Organization Society, from everywhere, comes the same complaint. The hardest thing in the world to give is still one's self. But it is all the time getting to be easier. There are daily more women and men who, thinking of the boy, can say, and do, with my friend of the College Settlement, when an opportunity to enter a larger field was offered her, "No, I am content to stay here, to be ready for Johnnie when he wants me."

Justice for the boy, and for his father. An itinerant Jewish glazier, crying his wares, was beckoned into a stable by the foreman, and bidden to replace a lot of broken panes, enough nearly to exhaust his stock. When, after working half the day, he asked for his pay, he was driven from the place with jeers and vile words. Raging and impotent, he went back to his poor tenement cursing a world in which there was no justice for a poor man. If he had next been found ranting with anarchists against the social order, would you have blamed him? He found instead, in the Legal Aid Society, a champion that pleaded his cause and compelled the stableman to pay him his wages. For a hundred thousand such — more shame to us — this society has meant all that freedom promised: justice to the poor man. It too has earned a place among the forces that are working out through the new education the brighter day, for it has taught the lesson which all the citizens of a free state need most to learn, — respect for law.

Jacob A. Riis.

THE BOUQUET.

MARY MYROVER's friends were somewhat surprised when she began to teach a colored school. Miss Myrover's friends are mentioned here, because nowhere more than in a Southern town is public opinion a force which cannot be lightly contravened. Public opinion, however, did not oppose Miss Myrover's teaching colored children; in fact, all the colored public schools in town—and there were several—were taught by white teachers, and had been so taught since the state had undertaken to provide free public instruction for all children within its boundaries. Previous to that time there had been a Freedman's Bureau school and a Presbyterian missionary school, but these had been withdrawn when the need for them became less pressing. The colored people of the town had been for some time agitating their right to teach their own schools, but as yet the claim had not been conceded.

The reason Miss Myrover's course created some surprise was not, therefore, the fact that a Southern white woman should teach a colored school; it lay in the fact that up to this time no woman of just her quality had taken up such work. Most of the teachers of colored schools were not of those who had constituted the aristocracy of the old régime; they might be said rather to represent the new order of things, in which labor was in time to become honorable, and men were, after a somewhat longer time, to depend, for their place in society, upon themselves rather than upon their ancestors. But Mary Myrover belonged to one of the proudest of the old families. Her ancestors had been people of distinction in Virginia before a collateral branch of the main stock had settled in North Carolina. Before the war they had been able to

live up to their pedigree. But the war brought sad changes. Miss Myrover's father—the Colonel Myrover who led a gallant but desperate charge at Vicksburg—had fallen on the battlefield, and his tomb in the white cemetery was a shrine for the family. On the Confederate Memorial Day no other grave was so profusely decorated with flowers, and in the oration pronounced the name of Colonel Myrover was always used to illustrate the highest type of patriotic devotion and self-sacrifice. Miss Myrover's brother, too, had fallen in the conflict; but his bones lay in some unknown trench, with those of a thousand others who had fallen on the same field. Ay, more, her lover, who had hoped to come home in the full tide of victory and claim his bride as a reward for gallantry, had shared the fate of her father and brother. When the war was over, the remnant of the family found itself involved in the common ruin,—more deeply involved, indeed, than some others; for Colonel Myrover had believed in the ultimate triumph of his cause, and had invested most of his wealth in Confederate bonds, which were now only so much waste paper.

There had been a little left. Mrs. Myrover was thrifty, and had laid by a few hundred dollars, which she kept in the house to meet unforeseen contingencies. There remained, too, their home, with an ample garden and a well-stocked orchard, besides a considerable tract of country land, partly cleared, but productive of very little revenue.

With their shrunken resources, Miss Myrover and her mother were able to hold up their heads without embarrassment for some years after the close of the war. But when things were adjusted to the changed conditions, and the stream of life began to flow more vigor-

ously in the new channels, they saw themselves in danger of dropping behind, unless in some way they could add to their meagre income. Miss Myrover looked over the field of employment, never very wide for women in the South, and found it occupied. The only available position she could be supposed prepared to fill, and which she could take without distinct loss of caste, was that of a teacher, and there was no vacancy except in one of the colored schools. Even teaching was a doubtful experiment; it was not what she would have preferred, but it was the best that could be done.

"I don't like it, Mary," said her mother. "It's a long step from owning such people to teaching them. What do they need with education? It will only make them unfit for work."

"They're free now, mother, and perhaps they'll work better if they're taught something. Besides, it's only a business arrangement, and does n't involve any closer contact than we have with our servants."

"Well, I should say not!" sniffed the old lady. "Not one of them will ever dare to presume on your position to take any liberties with us. I'll see to that."

Miss Myrover began her work as a teacher in the autumn, at the opening of the school year. It was a novel experience at first. Though there always had been negro servants in the house, and though on the streets colored people were more numerous than her own people, and though she was so familiar with their dialect that she might almost be said to speak it, barring certain characteristic grammatical inaccuracies, she had never been brought in personal contact with so many of them at once as when she confronted the fifty or sixty faces — of colors ranging from a white almost as clear as her own to the darkest livery of the sun — which were gathered in the schoolroom on the morning when she began her duties. Some of the inherited

prejudice of her caste, too, made itself felt, though she tried to repress any outward sign of it; and she could perceive that the children were not altogether responsive; they, likewise, were not entirely free from antagonism. The work was unfamiliar to her. She was not physically very strong, and at the close of the first day she went home with a splitting headache. If she could have resigned then and there without causing comment or annoyance to others, she would have felt it a privilege to do so. But a night's rest banished her headache and improved her spirits, and the next morning she went to her work with renewed vigor, fortified by the experience of the first day.

Miss Myrover's second day was more satisfactory. She had some natural talent for organization, though she had never known it, and in the course of the day she got her classes formed and lessons under way. In a week or two she began to classify her pupils in her own mind, as bright or stupid, mischievous or well behaved, lazy or industrious, as the case might be, and to regulate her discipline accordingly. That she had come of a long line of ancestors who had exercised authority and mastership was perhaps not without its effect upon her character, and enabled her more readily to maintain good order in the school. When she was fairly broken in she found the work rather to her liking, and derived much pleasure from such success as she achieved as a teacher.

It was natural that she should be more attracted to some of her pupils than to others. Perhaps her favorite — or rather, the one she liked best, for she was too fair and just for conscious favoritism — was Sophy Tucker. Just the ground for the teacher's liking for Sophy might not at first be apparent. The girl was far from the whitest of Miss Myrover's pupils; in fact, she was one of the darker ones. She was not the brightest in intellect, though she always tried

to learn her lessons. She was not the best dressed, for her mother was a poor widow, who went out washing and scrubbing for a living. Perhaps the real tie between them was Sophy's intense devotion to the teacher. It had manifested itself almost from the first day of the school, in the rapt look of admiration Miss Myrover always saw on the little black face turned toward her. In it there was nothing of envy, nothing of regret; nothing but worship for the beautiful white lady—she was not especially handsome, but to Sophy her beauty was almost divine—who had come to teach her. If Miss Myrover dropped a book, Sophy was the first to spring and pick it up; if she wished a chair moved, Sophy seemed to anticipate her wish; and so of all the numberless little services that can be rendered in a school-room.

Miss Myrover was fond of flowers, and liked to have them about her. The children soon learned of this taste of hers, and kept the vases on her desk filled with blossoms during their season. Sophy was perhaps the most active in providing them. If she could not get garden flowers, she would make excursions to the woods in the early morning, and bring in great dew-laden bunches of bay, or jasmine, or some other fragrant forest flower which she knew the teacher loved.

"When I die, Sophy," Miss Myrover said to the child one day, "I want to be covered with roses. And when they bury me, I'm sure I shall rest better if my grave is banked with flowers, and roses are planted at my head and at my feet."

Miss Myrover was at first amused at Sophy's devotion; but when she grew more accustomed to it, she found it rather to her liking. It had a sort of flavor of the old régime, and she felt, when she bestowed her kindly notice upon her little black attendant, some of the feudal condescension of the mistress toward the

slave. She was kind to Sophy, and permitted her to play the rôle she had assumed, which caused sometimes a little jealousy among the other girls. Once she gave Sophy a yellow ribbon which she took from her own hair. The child carried it home, and cherished it as a priceless treasure, to be worn only on the greatest occasions.

Sophy had a rival in her attachment to the teacher, but the rivalry was altogether friendly. Miss Myrover had a little dog, a white spaniel, answering to the name of Prince. Prince was a dog of high degree, and would have very little to do with the children of the school; he made an exception, however, in the case of Sophy, whose devotion for his mistress he seemed to comprehend. He was a clever dog, and could fetch and carry, sit up on his haunches, extend his paw to shake hands, and possessed several other canine accomplishments. He was very fond of his mistress, and always, unless shut up at home, accompanied her to school, where he spent most of his time lying under the teacher's desk, or, in cold weather, by the stove, except when he would go out now and then and chase an imaginary rabbit round the yard, presumably for exercise.

At school Sophy and Prince vied with each other in their attentions to Miss Myrover. But when school was over, Prince went away with her, and Sophy stayed behind; for Miss Myrover was white and Sophy was black, which they both understood perfectly well. Miss Myrover taught the colored children, but she could not be seen with them in public. If they occasionally met her on the street, they did not expect her to speak to them, unless she happened to be alone and no other white person was in sight. If any of the children felt slighted, she was not aware of it, for she intended no slight; she had not been brought up to speak to negroes on the street, and she could not act differently

from other people. And though she was a woman of sentiment and capable of deep feeling, her training had been such that she hardly expected to find in those of darker hue than herself the same susceptibility — varying in degree, perhaps, but yet the same in kind — that gave to her own life the alternations of feeling that made it most worth living.

Once Miss Myrover wished to carry home a parcel of books. She had the bundle in her hand when Sophy came up.

“Lemme tote yo’ bundle fer yer, Miss Ma’y?” she asked eagerly. “I’m gwine yo’ way.”

“Thank you, Sophy,” was the reply. “I’ll be glad if you will.”

Sophy followed the teacher at a respectful distance. When they reached Miss Myrover’s home Sophy carried the bundle to the doorstep, where Miss Myrover took it and thanked her.

Mrs. Myrover came out on the piazza as Sophy was moving away. She said, in the child’s hearing, and perhaps with the intention that she should hear: “Mary, I wish you would n’t let those little darkies follow you to the house. I don’t want them in the yard. I should think you’d have enough of them all day.”

“Very well, mother,” replied her daughter. “I won’t bring any more of them. The child was only doing me a favor.”

Mrs. Myrover was an invalid, and opposition or irritation of any kind brought on nervous paroxysms that made her miserable, and made life a burden to the rest of the household; so that Mary seldom crossed her whims. She did not bring Sophy to the house again, nor did Sophy again offer her services as porter.

One day in spring Sophy brought her teacher a bouquet of yellow roses.

“Dey come off’n my own bush, Miss Ma’y,” she said proudly, “an’ I did n’ let nobody e’s pull ’em, but saved ’em all fer you, ’cause I know you likes roses

so much. I’m gwine bring ’em all ter you as long as dey las’.”

“Thank you, Sophy,” said the teacher; “you are a very good girl.”

For another year Mary Myrover taught the colored school, and did excellent service. The children made rapid progress under her tuition, and learned to love her well; for they saw and appreciated, as well as children could, her fidelity to a trust that she might have slighted, as some others did, without much fear of criticism. Toward the end of her second year she sickened, and after a brief illness died.

Old Mrs. Myrover was inconsolable. She ascribed her daughter’s death to her labors as teacher of negro children. Just how the color of the pupils had produced the fatal effects she did not stop to explain. But she was too old, and had suffered too deeply from the war, in body and mind and estate, ever to reconcile herself to the changed order of things following the return of peace; and with an unsound yet not unnatural logic, she visited some of her displeasure upon those who had profited most, though passively, by her losses.

“I always feared something would happen to Mary,” she said. “It seemed unnatural for her to be wearing herself out teaching little negroes who ought to have been working for her. But the world has hardly been a fit place to live in since the war, and when I follow her, as I must before long, I shall not be sorry to go.”

She gave strict orders that no colored people should be admitted to the house. Some of her friends heard of this, and remonstrated. They knew the teacher was loved by the pupils, and felt that sincere respect from the humble would be a worthy tribute to the proudest. But Mrs. Myrover was obdurate.

“They had my daughter when she was alive,” she said, “and they’ve killed her. But she’s mine now, and I won’t have them come near her. I don’t want

one of them at the funeral or anywhere around."

For a month before Miss Myrover's death Sophy had been watching her rosebush — the one that bore the yellow roses — for the first buds of spring, and when these appeared had awaited impatiently their gradual unfolding. But not until her teacher's death had they become full-blown roses. When Miss Myrover died, Sophy determined to pluck the roses and lay them on her coffin. Perhaps, she thought, they might even put them in her hand or on her breast. For Sophy remembered Miss Myrover's thanks and praise when she had brought her the yellow roses the spring before.

On the morning of the day set for the funeral Sophy washed her face until it shone, combed and brushed her hair with painful conscientiousness, put on her best frock, plucked her yellow roses, and, tying them with the treasured ribbon her teacher had given her, set out for Miss Myrover's home.

She went round to the side gate — the house stood on a corner — and stole up the path to the kitchen. A colored woman, whom she did not know, came to the door.

"W'at yer want, chile?" she inquired.

"Kin I see Miss Ma'y?" asked Sophy timidly.

"I don' know, honey. Ole Miss Myrover say she don' want no cullud folks roun' de house endyoin' dis fun'al. I'll look an' see if she's roun' de front room, whar de co'pse is. You sed-down heah an' keep still, an' ef she's upstairs maybe I kin git yer in dere a minute. Ef I can't, I kin put yo' bokay 'mong's de res', whar she won't know nuthin' erbout it."

A moment after she had gone there was a step in the hall, and old Mrs. Myrover came into the kitchen.

"Dinah!" she said in a peevish tone. "Dinah!"

Receiving no answer, Mrs. Myrover

peered around the kitchen, and caught sight of Sophy.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"I — I 'm-m waitin' ter see de cook, ma'am," stammered Sophy.

"The cook is n't here now. I don't know where she is. Besides, my daughter is to be buried to-day, and I won't have any one visiting the servants until the funeral is over. Come back some other day, or see the cook at her own home in the evening."

She stood waiting for the child to go, and under the keen glance of her eyes Sophy, feeling as though she had been caught in some disgraceful act, hurried down the walk and out of the gate, with her bouquet in her hand.

"Dinah," said Mrs. Myrover, when the cook came back, "I don't want any strange people admitted here to-day. The house will be full of our friends, and we have no room for others."

"Yas 'm," said the cook. She understood perfectly what her mistress meant; and what the cook thought about her mistress was a matter of no consequence.

The funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal Church, where the Myrovers had always worshiped. Quite a number of Miss Myrover's pupils went to the church to attend the services. The church was not a large one. There was a small gallery at the rear, to which colored people were admitted, if they chose to come, at ordinary services; and those who wished to be present at the funeral supposed that the usual custom would prevail. They were therefore surprised, when they went to the side entrance, by which colored people gained access to the gallery stairs, to be met by an usher who barred their passage.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I have had orders to admit no one until the friends of the family have all been seated. If you wish to wait until the white people have all gone in, and there's any room left, you may be able to get into the

back part of the gallery. Of course I can't tell yet whether there'll be any room or not."

Now the statement of the usher was a very reasonable one; but, strange to say, none of the colored people chose to remain except Sophy. She still hoped to use her floral offering for its destined end, in some way, though she did not know just how. She waited in the yard until the church was filled with white people, and a number who could not gain admittance were standing about the doors. Then she went round to the side of the church, and, depositing her bouquet carefully on an old mossy gravestone, climbed up on the projecting sill of a window near the chancel. The window was of stained glass, of somewhat ancient make. The church was old, had indeed been built in colonial times, and the stained glass had been brought from England. The design of the window showed Jesus blessing little children. Time had dealt gently with the window; but just at the feet of the figure of Jesus a small triangular piece of glass had been broken out. To this aperture Sophy applied her eyes, and through it saw and heard what she could of the services within.

Before the chancel, on trestles draped in black, stood the sombre casket in which lay all that was mortal of her dear teacher. The top of the casket was covered with flowers; and lying stretched out underneath it she saw Miss Myrover's little white dog, Prince. He had followed the body to the church, and, slipping in unnoticed among the mourners, had taken his place, from which no one had the heart to remove him.

The white-robed rector read the solemn service for the dead, and then delivered a brief address, in which he spoke of the uncertainty of life, and, to the believer, the certain blessedness of eternity. He spoke of Miss Myrover's kindly spirit, and, as an illustration of her love and self-sacrifice for others, re-

ferred to her labors as a teacher of the poor ignorant negroes who had been placed in their midst by an all-wise Providence, and whom it was their duty to guide and direct in the station in which God had put them. Then the organ pealed, a prayer was said, and the long cortège moved from the church to the cemetery, about half a mile away, where the body was to be interred.

When the services were over, Sophy sprang down from her perch, and, taking her flowers, followed the procession. She did not walk with the rest, but at a proper and respectful distance from the last mourner. No one noticed the little black girl with the bunch of yellow flowers, or thought of her as interested in the funeral.

The cortège reached the cemetery and filed slowly through the gate; but Sophy stood outside, looking at a small sign in white letters on a black background:—

"*Notice.* This cemetery is for white people only. Others please keep out."

Sophy, thanks to Miss Myrover's painstaking instruction, could read this sign very distinctly. In fact, she had often read it before. For Sophy was a child who loved beauty, in a blind, groping sort of way, and had sometimes stood by the fence of the cemetery and looked through at the green mounds and shaded walks and blooming flowers within, and wished that she could walk among them. She knew, too, that the little sign on the gate, though so courteously worded, was no mere formality; for she had heard how a colored man, who had wandered into the cemetery on a hot night and fallen asleep on the flat top of a tomb, had been arrested as a vagrant and fined five dollars, which he had worked out on the streets, with a ball-and-chain attachment, at twenty-five cents a day. Since that time the cemetery gate had been locked at night.

So Sophy stayed outside, and looked through the fence. Her poor bouquet had begun to droop by this time, and

the yellow ribbon had lost some of its freshness. Sophy could see the rector standing by the grave, the mourners gathered round; she could faintly distinguish the solemn words with which ashes were committed to ashes, and dust to dust. She heard the hollow thud of the earth falling on the coffin; and she leaned against the iron fence, sobbing softly, until the grave was filled and rounded off, and the wreaths and other floral pieces were disposed upon it. When the mourners began to move toward the gate, Sophy walked slowly down the street, in a direction opposite to that taken by most of the people who came out.

When they had all gone away, and the sexton had come out and locked the gate behind him, Sophy crept back. Her roses were faded now, and from some of them the petals had fallen. She stood there irresolute, loath to leave with her heart's desire unsatisfied, when, as her eyes fell upon the teacher's last resting place, she saw lying beside the new-made

grave what looked like a small bundle of white wool. Sophy's eyes lighted up with a sudden glow.

"Prince! Here, Prince!" she called.

The little dog rose, and trotted down to the gate. Sophy pushed the poor bouquet between the iron bars. "Take that ter Miss Ma'y, Prince," she said, "that's a good doggie."

The dog wagged his tail intelligently, took the bouquet carefully in his mouth, carried it to his mistress's grave, and laid it among the other flowers. The bunch of roses was so small that from where she stood Sophy could see only a dash of yellow against the white background of the mass of flowers.

When Prince had performed his mission he turned his eyes toward Sophy inquiringly, and when she gave him a nod of approval lay down and resumed his watch by the graveside. Sophy looked at him a moment with a feeling very much like envy, and then turned and moved slowly away.

Charles W. Chesnutt.

THE GOOD GOVERNMENT OF AN EMPIRE.

THE test of good or bad government in a self-governing nation lies in its power of forming citizens with "self-reliance, self-respect, and a sense of duty." The success of a democracy is shown by the formation of the individual characters of the native-born and the assimilation of extraneous elements so that they come to be good citizens. But the criterion for empires is different, since they embrace so many and such varied elements that it is impossible for any one type to be universally adopted. Imperial government may be said to be good if it is conducted so as not merely to protect persons and property, but in such a manner that it also gives free scope for the maintenance and perpetua-

tion of the various social elements which it covers with its shield. I can illustrate what I mean by reference to the Roman Empire. In many ways this polity was badly governed, and exhausted the resources of its immense territory, so that it gradually lost its military strength; but yet it served to maintain and to transmit to posterity a great deal of the best of the civilized life that came under its guardianship. The best of Greek learning was cherished in such Greek cities as Alexandria and Marseilles; Judaism survived under Roman protection, until it was superseded by Christianity; and the virtues of the barbarian were consciously utilized when the tribes were set to defend the empire. As the Ro-

man Republic expanded, and province after province was added, there was no effort whatever at general assimilation. The rights of citizenship were carefully guarded, and therefore, for the most part, the local customs and habits and languages were carefully respected; disdainfully, perhaps, but still with considerable appreciation of the diverse merits both of the Greeks and of the Gauls. The Roman Empire was oppressive in many ways: its fiscal system was bad; it was a military despotism, and gave no encouragement to the development of political capacity among its subjects. But it did preserve the best that men of different peoples and languages had yet attained in literature and art and science; it gave conditions for diffusing them at the time, and for perpetuating them for all time. It was in this that the greatness of the Roman Empire really lay.

We live in a period when England has come to be an empire as well as a nation,—has become such in name as well as in fact, since the Queen assumed the imperial title to India. Of course, its success in its double capacity, like that of all other governments, is to be gauged by its power of maintaining law and order, repressing crime, and developing the material resources of the lands under its sway. As a democratic national government it is to be judged by its ability to develop good citizens and men of political capacity: this is of the highest importance, since the citizens must also furnish the chiefs of the administration in many areas of the territory of the British Empire. But as an empire it is to be judged by its success in maintaining the best of all the culture and civilization and political life that have come under its protection. Nothing is more interesting than the changes that have occurred in the English political system, as the rôle of imperial has been gradually added to that of national government.

The principal change has been in regard to assimilation. For centuries there was an eager effort to attract the men of other countries to England and to absorb them. Normans and Danes were successfully introduced, and lost in the common stock. Edward I. found that the Jews could not be brought into line, and so he expelled them; whether through their misfortune or their fault, they would not make good citizens according to the English standards at that day, and they had to go. In the time of Edward III. numbers of Flemings found a welcome in England, and were merged in the existing population. The great change came in the time of Elizabeth, when large numbers of Flemings or Walloons came to the country, and established themselves in colonies which desired to maintain their independent life. This question of assimilation was the fundamental issue in the great conflict of the seventeenth century. The Puritans would not conform to the existing system in church and state, and got their *congé*; the Walloons succeeded in maintaining their right to live outside the ordinary conditions of English citizenship,—social, industrial, and religious; and from the time of the Revolution the policy of assimilating to one model all the people who are inhabitants of territory under English control has been abandoned.

In this matter the contrast between the action of England toward Scotland and toward Ireland and Wales is instructive. Ireland had no effective government of its own, and repeated experiments were made in assimilating it to English custom and law. In the time of Charles I. there was a genuine effort to deal thoroughly with the matter once for all, and to reduce the native Irish to the conditions of civilized political life. That attempt was arrested when it was just beginning to succeed: we see the results of carrying it out in Ulster, and the monument of its failure in other parts

of Ireland. Since that time English statesmen have been confronted with the problem of how to govern a population that is only partially assimilated.

In Scotland, on the other hand, the case was entirely different. The government of Scotland had not been particularly effective, but the south of the country was so far consolidated that it could claim to have a custom and tradition — legal and ecclesiastical — which it would not sacrifice. The Stuarts endeavored to carry through the work of assimilation, and roused a storm which cost Charles I. his throne and his life; and at the union of the kingdoms, in 1707, the law and custom of Scotland were carefully preserved. A barrier was reared against any further attempts at merging the two kingdoms into one; and from that date onward English statesmen have ceased to take much pains about assimilating the inhabitants of any territory that passes under our control. If any individuals like to adopt our ways, good and well, — we recognize them readily as our own kith and kin, and speak of them as English; but if they prefer to hold aloof, we really do not care. If they wish to speak Welsh and to hold noisy political meetings in places of worship, we have no objections; it is not our way, but that is no reason why they should not do it. We now regard it as oppressive to aim at assimilation, though we used to do it in the times of the great Eliza.

Two centuries make a long period in the history of any nation; and the fact that we have discarded the attempt to assimilate during all that time has had much to do with the present condition of English political life, and with bringing out what is most distinctive of Englishmen. All other nations are busy trying to assimilate populations of sorts to a given model. France is trying to force men of royalist traditions to become good citizens in a republic. Bismarck used all the power at his command to Germanize the population of the Polish

provinces, and later of Elsass and Lothringen; and the difficulty of assimilation is constantly mooted when discussion turns on the future of Cuba or the Philippines. For Englishmen it has ceased to be a political question for the last two hundred years. We are not indifferent to our own system, — we are proud of it; but we no longer regard it as a model for other people, or expect anybody to imitate it; we feel that it is *unique*; and while we are well content to live under it, and eager to improve it when occasion arises, we have no longer any desire to impose it on other people, or to force them to adapt themselves to it.

This indifference to assimilation, and willingness to accept different types of custom and habit and social life, has had remarkable effects, even within the bounds of Great Britain. Life and opinion have been insular, perhaps, but they have never been stereotyped by being reduced to one dead level. Scotland, with its differences of disposition and education and government, has contributed not a little to the progress of English thought and the building up of the English Empire. Ireland, with a less distinctive character, because a less homogeneous population, has furnished models of English eloquence and numbers of military heroes. England has been the gainer in her own life by the variety which she has admitted in her political system during the last two hundred years.

The most remarkable feature, however, is her treatment of the countries that have come under her control since she discarded the policy of assimilation.

There is a striking example in the Province of Quebec. In 1759 the most successful of all the French colonies was brought under English rule; but there was no insistence on stamping out what was characteristically French. The language and religion were carefully maintained; there is no place on the globe where the more wholesome elements of

the life of Old World France have been so effectually preserved as in Canada; while the French population are thoroughly loyal to the English rule, just because they are confident that there is no danger of attempts at assimilating them to customs and institutions they dislike. It may be that we do not think the habitant a very high intellectual type, and believe he might be improved. But that is not the question so far as empire is concerned: he has been free to retain his own institutions and his own ways, and he values that freedom.

In exactly the same way, as the administration of India has come more and more under English authority, there has been a scrupulous effort to understand native custom and law, to take account of them and to respect them. Englishmen have not always found them easy to grasp, and we have made many mistakes in the effort; but there has been so far as possible careful regard for native institutions and prejudices. The very exceptions, in such things as the abolition of *Sati*, prove the rule. There are many enthusiasts who are prepared to criticise the British government for having done so little to break down the power of the Brahmins or level the distinctions of caste. But that is not the business of imperial government as we conceive it. We want to supply such law and order that the people of India shall be free to lead their lives in their own way, according to their own institutions. If they prefer, as individuals, to adopt our habits, we are ready to welcome them and generous in appreciating them. There probably never has been an athlete, in the whole history of the world, whose feats of strength and dexterity have moved the wondering admiration of so many hundreds of thousands of critical spectators as Ranjitsinghi. But though there is compulsory cricket in many English schools, we do not impose it on Rajputs and Hindus. If they like to assimilate

themselves to English athleticism, good and well, but manly sports are not forced upon them.

Here, then, we see one analogy between the English and the Roman Empire. Just as Rome rescued the best of Greek literature and art and institutions when Greek political life was perishing, so English influence is helping to preserve for the world the great heritage of Eastern civilization and thought and art. English-speaking people are finding a new interest in the Sacred Books of the East or the Light of Asia; while the contact with the West is doing something to purify, without destroying, the ancient systems by such movements as that headed by Keshub Chunder Sen. The man of progress might wish to sweep this culture away; but it is the glory of the British rule that it is being retained as a living thing, and that the best of it is being rendered available for the whole world.

While there is this resemblance, there are also striking differences between the English and the Roman Empire. These lie on the surface, but it is just worth while to enumerate them. The Roman Empire was chiefly territorial, and was held together by military power. The English Empire is chiefly maritime, and in so far as it depends on force at all — the loyalty of the French Canadians does not rest on the presence of English soldiers — it is mainly dependent on the navy. The pressure of military expenditure is very much greater than that of naval; for the English navy, by the protection it gives to commerce and the encouragement it offers to maritime pursuits, has, as it were, helped to call English commerce into being, and thus to open up a vast field of national resources. It serves in a fashion to pay its own way; while military expenditure and military service are generally undertaken at the expense of industrial pursuits. It is commonly alleged that the desirability of disarm-

ment has been pressed upon the attention of the Czar by the strain which is involved in the maintenance of Russia's military establishments ; at all events, this opinion serves to illustrate the kind of pressure under which the resources of the Roman Empire were gradually exhausted. But English shipping and the English food supply demand the maintenance of a navy, even if there were no colonies and dependencies at all. The utilization of natives as soldiers has not involved any severe pressure on the natives of India ; it has rendered it possible to make the most of the energies of some of the least tamable of the border tribes who lived by plundering their neighbors, and to raise such regiments as the Goorkhas for the defense of the empire. England has been able to provide an army capable of effecting her purposes by merely voluntary enlistment, and has not been compelled to increase it proportionately as her territory has expanded.

Again, the provinces of the Roman Republic and the Roman Empire were deliberately exploited in the interests of the people of Rome. In so far as anything similar ever occurred, it has long ceased to be the case in the countries under English control. The policy of England has never been to derive revenue from dependencies for public purposes : she did not do so in the very beginnings of her colonial empire, for the single attempt to impose taxation for revenue was regarded as unprecedented by the men of Boston. Observe the contrast. The mob of Rome were fed on tribute procured from the provinces, and syndicates of Roman millionaires exploited the richest lands and left them a desert. But English rule does not thus drain any land : it establishes orderly government, and arranges that the expense shall be locally defrayed ; while, by developing resources and opening up the country, it seeks to provide the means for defraying this cost. When

the expense to India of the British rule is counted up, the effects of the work of the Public Works Department in making roads and irrigating, and the new sources of revenue that these improvements have rendered possible, should be taken into account as an offset. But the contrast between the Roman and the English rule can be put in a nutshell : the effect of the Roman rule was to exhaust the provinces ; the effect of the English rule is to develop them.

There is undoubtedly a price which the varied social elements of India have to pay for protection under the English shield : they have to abdicate their civil independence and to accept an alien rule. The order which Englishmen establish is not always the order their subjects desire : it protects the lives and property of the Mohammedans, whom the Hindus hate ; it restrains the plundering habits of the Pindaris ; it involves elements of submission. The people of India have no political freedom : they have no right of selecting Lord Curzon as successor to Lord Elgin, at the end of a term of office. What such an elective voice may be worth as a badge of freedom I do not know ; I have heard that similar rights are sometimes sold for comparatively small sums of money ; but at any rate, the Hindus have no political rights of the representative, self-governing sort. And it is a loss.

Yet two things are to be taken into account, — apart altogether from the question of the fitness of the people of India for self-government, if they had it : —

(1.) They have never enjoyed such political rights, and therefore do not feel the want of them. They have lived under one master or another time out of mind, and longer than that.

(2.) But besides all this, if they had political independence, they could not maintain it. Each territory in India is a little state, surrounded by hostile neighbors ; those principalities could not be at

peace; they could not preserve themselves through the miserable kaleidoscope of intrigue and murder and petty warfare which make up so much of the history of India. In the world of the present day, and on the scale on which warfare is now waged, it is becoming obvious that only the great and wealthy nations can hold their own, if they are forced into a struggle, and that the smaller polities have the best chance of preserving a real independence by commending themselves to the political protection of a powerful neighbor. In accepting British suzerainty, instead of having many petty governments of their own, the people of India have for the most part given up that which they never had, and sacrificed something they could never have kept.

And against this loss — I will venture to say this imaginary loss — which has come on the people of India as a whole we should set the gain in political opportunity which is now opened up to individual natives of India. The subordinate positions in the government service are open to them, and such of them as are qualified can enter into the highest ranks as well. Nor is it to India alone that their energies are confined: a seat in the British Parliament is an object of ambition to thousands of Englishmen who strive for it unsuccessfully; this coveted position is open to natives of India, and a seat has recently been held by one of them. Men of political capacity have more opportunity of employing their talents, and in far more important spheres, than they had before India was part of the empire.

Let me add but a few words in conclusion. The days in which we live are times when many established usages are questioned, and when all claims of title and exclusive privilege are narrowly scanned. There are frequent objections made to pretensions to the exclusive control of the opportunities for production, and to the claim to decide in what

manner and at what rate the mining for coal, for example, shall be carried on. It is not easy for any one to justify the pretension to keep to himself some possession which the world values, and to prevent it from being rendered available for the world at large. Great economic forces are demanding that every part of the globe shall be utilized for its highest possible economic use, and they are not to be gainsaid. Native races and primitive peoples are being forced to define their position toward the inroads of modern civilization, and to come to terms with it or to pass away before it.

It is well that we should sometimes try to "clear our minds of cant," as the first great literary exponent of anti-slavery sentiment put it. There is a great deal of cant, in the present day, about the mischief of civilization, and the superiority of noble savages and nomadic peoples; it is an echo of the false sentiment of Rousseau and his like, caught up by decadent voices; and it makes me tired. People speak at times as if the hurry of modern life and the rush of progress were crushing us all; as if the struggle for existence and the greed of gain were grinding away all that is soundest and happiest in human nature. But there are some of us who do not mean to sit down and whine, but prefer to be up and doing. The forces of modern civilization are grand powers which may be used for the good of man; they bring all the resources of the globe into circulation among all races, and they are not going to be held back. The only question is this: Are we going to let them run riot, or shall we master them? Are we going to let each adventurer do as he likes, wastefully and recklessly, or are we going to try to establish such orderly government that these forces shall be controlled and their power for mischief limited?

Modern commerce and economic progress make great changes in the polity of every land that is brought under their

influence ; it seems clear to the passing stranger that the trend of economic forces in America is such that certain classes are drifting away from the standpoint that was taken in Washington's Farewell. And if this is so in the newest of all lands, it follows *a fortiori* that the contact of modern business methods and interests with primitive and half-civilized races must cause a sweeping change. But that contact has come, and is likely to continue, in India and Japan ; it is beginning in China. Wherever it occurs there is a measure of loss ; but there are also infinite possibilities of benefit, not only to the older countries, but to the newer lands. And that change will certainly proceed ; it cannot be restrained. No barriers can be erected now to hold back modern enterprise ; no title can be alleged by barbarous folk which the pioneers of modern civilization will respect ; and wherever they

force their way the existing society and institutions will be changed.

To men who are men these things come as a call of duty. Just because the forces of modern civilization are so great, we are bound not to let them be blind forces, but to try to keep them well in hand and direct them. There must be effective authority in all parts of the globe, such as white men will regard, to control their doings, wherever white men go. There must be wise control to save the waste of natural resources, and to give a chance of survival to ancient races and primitive institutions. There are always those who are ready to stay at home and sneer ; but there are also men who feel that the task of opening up the resources of the globe, yet with careful regard to the well-being of primitive peoples, is work that English hands have found to do, and who mean to do it with their might.

William Cunningham.

IN HONOR OF VAN DYCK.

THE ease and frequency with which the European puts aside his work to take a holiday will probably never cease to bewilder the American. But even in countries where every church feast is an excuse for a day's active idleness, it is not usual for a big bustling town to spare an entire week to play ; it is more unusual still when the sole reason for its excess is to do homage to an artist. We no longer proclaim the greatness of our Cimabues in the public streets. But this is just what Antwerp has been doing. As if it had not quite enough to attend to with its ever increasing commerce, its growing industries, its steady return to its old importance as a seaport, its hordes of American tourists who have helped to bring this about, it has turned itself topsy-turvy, it has made

itself into one big playground, in order to celebrate the fact that just three hundred years ago Van Dyck was born there. The tribute of a great exhibition, it is true, was paid to Rembrandt last year in Amsterdam ; but it was a mere incident in a series of celebrations in honor of the Queen's coronation. This year, at Antwerp, Van Dyck was the one and only excuse for as pretty and protracted a festival as I have ever taken part in ; and I have come away asking myself which is the more extraordinary, — that an artist should figure as a town's popular hero, or that this town should know how to give so much dignity and gayety to its hero worship.

For really, no matter what the occasion, it is a delight to see Antwerp *en fête*. The town — in the old quarters,

that is, not in the modern bald, ugly, pre-tentious wilderness that might as well be a bit of Chicago or brand-new Budapest — has never lost its charm, though it is exposed more than most others to the full fury of the tourist. Years ago Thackeray regretted the “many hundreds of thousands of English” who visited it, and now he would have to add as many hundreds of thousands of Americans; and yet the beauty, that “stiff antique splendor” he described, survives. Nowhere is one readier to accept and forgive the petty persecutions imposed on the sight-seer, simply because in the sights themselves one is so amply repaid. In its sudden outbreak of decorations it looked more charming than ever. So far as I saw, only one house — that well-known bricabrac shop at the corner in the Grand’ Place — had hung from its windows tapestries and embroideries recalling the richness and lavishness of the pageants of Van Dyck’s time; the very stuffs, perhaps, that adorned those pageants. But still, much may be done with flags and pennons, with garlands and palm branches, judiciously disposed, and Antwerp wore its modest finery with a gayety that was irresistible. Its most dramatic effect was reserved for the evening, when innumerable lanterns flamed among the withering trees of the Place Verte, and lines of fire blazed along the wide façade of the Hôtel de Ville and from the shadowy, unilluminated square in front of the cathedral; the great belfry, reflecting the brilliant light on every side as it rose from out the darkness, towered in the deep blue of the summer night, a golden beacon for all the mariners of the Scheldt. And the first day’s festivity ended in a *re-traite aux flambeaux*, in which the whole town was invited to join, — and did most joyfully. The Fleming is slow by nature: he needed twelve good hours to realize that his holiday had begun; then he threw himself into it with such abandonment, I wondered how he would

ever throw himself out again and go back to his every-day work.

But, enchanting as it all was, I am not sure what it had to do with Van Dyck. He belonged essentially to the court; he was an aristocrat by nature, if not by birth; he would always have sought his reward in the royal approval, never in a popular demonstration. During his lifetime he had no use for the people, and to me it seemed part of the irony of things that now, centuries after his death, that handsome head of his, which he took so much pleasure in painting with all the elegance for which his brush was famed, should be caricatured in countless cheap chromos and cheaper photographs; that his name should be bandied about on signboards, as if he had been a favorite soap or a universal pill; that every little local club or society should display its badge and flaunt its banner because he happened to be a citizen of its town. For days Antwerp was as crowded with parades as the Thames Embankment near Charing Cross on a summer Sunday afternoon. But there was only one in which I could fancy Van Dyck taking the shadow of an interest. This was a street spectacle more in the manner of the pageants of Whitehall. It represented the progress of art through the ages, until the day Van Dyck, according to the loyal people of Antwerp, left no further work for the centuries to do. The art of Egypt and the East, of Greece and Rome, of mediæval Europe and Europe of the Renaissance, even of Flanders when Rubens was its master, but led to the apotheosis of the younger Fleming in a sort of Drury Lane spectacular gilded gorgeousness. One could not criticise the exaggeration at such a moment; and besides, each group, though here and there marred by tawdry detail and theatrical glitter and gaudiness, was admirably composed and arranged, — each the design of an artist, — while the first group of all, the prelude, as it were, was as old as, or older than, Van Dyck. For the

way was led by a colossal whale, a little pink-and-white Cupid sitting astride, armed with two hose which he played right and left to clear the road, in such good earnest that, at his approach, rows of umbrellas and parasols opened as if by magic on either side. And after the whale came dolphins only less colossal, and a ship with sails spread, and then a couple of the most adorable giants: the woman with a far-away resemblance to Britannia, the man fierce and bearded, with a terrible eye that rolled from right to left upon the gaping crowd, — first cousins both of the Sire de Gayant of whom Miss Repplier has told us, descendants of the same large Spanish family whose members are still to be met in Granada and Toledo at Corpus Christi, or, at intervals in the summer time, in almost every little Flemish town, French or Belgian. And this entire group, whale and Cupid, dolphins, ship, and giants, just as I watched it yesterday passing the Hôtel de Ville, you may see in an old sixteenth-century print that still hangs on the walls of the Plantin Museum. But the most memorable beauty was the effect of the procession as a whole, when it went winding, a moving line of color, through the narrow gabled streets or across the Grand' Place, below the tall Guild Halls which have looked down upon all Antwerp's triumphant processions, and the bells in the belfry were ringing their fantastic melodies overhead as cheerfully as they rang "whilst the French were pitching their *fulgura* into Chassé's citadels, . . . whilst the scaffolds were up and guarded by Alva's soldiers, and regiments of penitents, blue, black, and gray, poured out of churches and convents, droning their dirges, and marching to the Place of the Hôtel de Ville," — as cheerfully as they have rung for "how many days, nights, and years!" I saw the spectacle a second time on one of the broad new boulevards, but half the picturesque had gone with the old background.

These were the entertainments for the people. A more serious side of the festival was for the academicians and delegates who had been sent from every country to add the tribute of their presence. There was the solemn Conference, at which the members of the French Institut in the historic coats with the green palm leaves that make one think of Daudet, and the German academicians in their red velvet robes, and all the other delegates in irreproachable evening dress and many medals, read papers to the greater glory of Van Dyck. There was their amazing procession from the Conference, through the town, to lay wreaths before the statue of Van Dyck, where I saw one poor Englishman so overcome at finding himself in his dress suit at two o'clock in the afternoon that he concealed the mortifying fact from public gaze under a heavy Inverness cloak, though the sun was scorching. There was the banquet in state, with the burgomaster presiding; and surely, not in Van Dyck's day was there ever a burgomaster of finer presence and more golden speech. And there was, above all, the exhibition of the life work of Van Dyck, to explain why and how far he was worthy of the homage shown him.

As a rule, one is forced to form one's estimate of an artist by studying his pictures scattered here and there in public museum and private gallery, in church and palace; or else, according to the ingenious modern scientific method, in a collection of photographs after them. The Prado leaves little to be discovered of the genius of Velasquez; all Franz Hals is in Haarlem; a visit to the Ducal Palace and the Scuola di San Rocco, at Venice, gives the clue to the magnificence of the Venetians. But these are the exceptions. In the case of most of the old masters, one must travel from end to end of Europe before one has the chance to understand the manner of their development, or to ap-

preciate the full scope of their powers, the tendency of their influence. Therefore, the collecting of the work of any one of these masters into one gallery is an event of no small importance to artist and student alike. This was felt last year, when the Rembrandt exhibition was held at Amsterdam, even though one's pleasure in it was tempered by disappointment. It is felt again this year, now the Van Dyck show has opened at Antwerp, though again there is an element of disappointment, if for quite another reason. Some rubbish crept in among the Rembrandts, and some doubtful canvases; too many masterpieces were missing; several rooms were badly hung. The Van Dycks have been much more carefully, or successfully, selected. There are masterpieces one would have wished to see included, but these belong mainly to different national galleries, which, naturally, will not risk sending their treasures on tour. The Hermitage in St. Petersburg, and of course the Belgian galleries, alone are represented. On the other hand, there is little if any rubbish, and the pictures that excite least admiration are often those most characteristic of certain periods and phases in the art of Van Dyck. The arrangement, too, is admirable. M. Koch, Conservateur of the Musée, deserves all praise. He has had the advantage of spacious galleries, decorated with a richness and simplicity Van Dyck would have loved, and he has known how to make use of this advantage. The pictures are well placed on the walls, well balanced, well distributed; it is a pleasure to look at them,—not the usual back-breaking business: so that, as one lingers in these delightful rooms, it does not seem easy to say just where lies the reason for one's feeling of disappointment.

Yet I think I understand. The trouble is that one goes to the exhibition expecting too much; one believes it must add that little more to Van Dyck's

reputation that will place him with the world's greatest masters. So complete a collection, one of the London critics has just been writing, should settle the question of Van Dyck's position once and for all. That position was defined by Fromentin long ago. Van Dyck, he declared, stands alone between the painters of the first rank and the painters of the second. But there are times when one is ready to cry out that this is an injustice; that he should stand really with Rubens, with Rembrandt, with Velasquez. The glamour of his personality, of his conquering career, half blinds us to the truth; the distinction, the grace, of an occasional portrait, not always the most celebrated, carries one away with enthusiasm. All sense of proportion is easily lost in reading the story of his life, of his triumphs that followed quick one upon the other. His talent asserted itself when he was but a child; his entry into the studio of Rubens from Van Balen's was the signal for immediate recognition, and orders for church decoration, intrusted to the master's practical workshop, stipulated that the young Van Dyck should be the chief workman employed. His chance for the journey to Italy came almost at once, and with it, according to legend, for romance, broken hearts marking the stages of his route, and, according to facts, for commissions, the outcome of one being the gay little St. Martin of Saventhem. The stay in Italy modified his style by the intimate study of the Venetians, brought him innumerable sitters, and, no less promptly, fame and fortune, as well as the reputation of *il pittore cavalleresco*, that was to cling to him. His return to Flanders secured more demands for altarpieces and religious pictures than he could satisfy; his long visit to England won for him fresh laurels as the favorite of Charles, as the painter of every distinguished man and every great lady in the kingdom, and resulted in his knighthood, in the wealth

that enabled him to live like the prince he would assuredly have been had the choice been his, and in his marriage into a noble house. Wherever he went, whatever he did, he was made much of, he was fêted and courted. Kings disputed for the favor of sitting to him, and throughout the length and breadth of England there was scarcely a royal palace, a castle, a manor house, that did not clamor to have one of his portraits on its walls. English painters based their art upon his, and handed down the tradition to the Reynolds and Gainsborough, the Romney and Lawrence and Hoppner, of later generations. It seems impossible, in the face of these facts, not to accept Van Dyck as the incomparable master who silenced the criticism of his contemporaries.

And in his portraits of himself he looks so essentially the artist; in the very pose of his fine head, with the delicate, sensitive features, there is something of the same swagger so convincing in Velasquez as you see him standing by his easel in the picture of the Maids of Honor, or half lost in the crowd of the Lances. Even Van Dyck's weaknesses and vices are those the world is predisposed to forgive in an artist. Extravagance, luxuriance, dissipation, love of women, are popularly supposed to belong to the artistic temperament, which has been made conveniently responsible for so many indiscretions. Nor was his dissipation of the pothouse order. He would have been no boon companion for Franz Hals, despite the story of his visit to the Dutchman's studio, ending in a drink at the nearest tavern. There was an elegance (I wish the word had not come to suggest Mr. Turveydrop's "deportment" or the enthusiasm of the American "young person") in everything he did as in everything he painted; it is the keynote to his character as to his art. In a word, he had the personal charm that so often atones for the absence of finer and more vigorous qualities.

If he had the good fortune to lend this charm to all his work, there are, as I have said, pictures that make a more legitimate bid for applause. I do not mean only the more famous portraits, the Charles of the Louvre and the Charles of the National Gallery, the royal children at Windsor and the amusing little girl in blue of the Antwerp Musée, and a dozen others. Occasionally, in some smaller, more obscure collection, one comes unexpectedly upon a canvas that proclaims the master. I remember finding just such a picture, last summer, at Frankfort. I was tired. I had been wandering listlessly through the galleries, when of a sudden my eyes were caught and held by a portrait. Nothing could have been simpler. It was one of the half-lengths Van Dyck liked best to paint. The unknown man who posed for it was sitting quietly in his chair, his head resting on one hand. There was character in the face, character in the hands, character in the pose. And there was dignity as well, and color in the rich blacks and grays. The man was alive, not merely an excuse for a beautiful conventional pattern; he remains in my memory a distinct person, like the unknown old lady by Franz Hals in the gallery at Ghent, or, for that matter, like more than one nameless man or woman by Rembrandt or Velasquez. It is a picture that tempts one to believe the mistake heretofore has been to judge the merit of Van Dyck's portraits by the importance of the people who sat to him; that the interest has been in his sitters rather than in his work; that in a collection of his pictures this fact would at once become apparent, settling the question of his position entirely in his favor, and reversing the verdict of Fromentin; and that the opportunity alone was needed to compel one to form a new and juster estimate of his genius.

Yet this is precisely what one cannot do at Antwerp. Van Dyck gains no-

thing — on the contrary he loses — when so much of his work is seen together. Take first of all the big religious compositions. To look at one of them in a church, in its proper place, is not to be very much impressed. From documents that have been preserved, it is proved that Van Dyck, like all experienced decorators, considered the conditions under which his altarpiece was to be seen, and painted it that it might tell best under those conditions. Therefore, it is in the church for which it was intended that it should be looked at. When it does not fill effectively the space for which it was designed, one is likely to lay the blame upon the bad light or inharmonious surroundings; one is confident that it has but to be hung in the good light of a modern gallery to reveal the great qualities which one imagines it must possess. The galleries in the Antwerp Musée could not be better lighted, more admirably arranged. But I do not think any one could study or glance at the Crucifixions and the Descents from the Cross, the Ecstasy of St. Augustine and the St. Sebastian, so generously lent by Belgian churches and convents, without wishing them back over the altars or in the chapels where they belong. Their faults are here doubly conspicuous. Make every allowance one will for the lack of care taken of them, for the unintelligent restoration to which several have been subjected, and it is still not to be denied that they are unworthy of so famous a painter. They are the work of an accomplished craftsman. Yes, of one who was a master of modeling and drawing, as was to be expected after his training with Rubens; one who understood the laws of composition; one who had command of every technical method and device. But they are theatrical, empty; the emotion is forced, the incident is expressed in melodramatic rather than tragic terms. The truth is, Van Dyck was not a religious painter. The gayety and worldliness of his life had nothing

to do with it. I do not agree with Mr. Ruskin that genius or talent depends upon the artist's morals. It is evident that religious subjects did not amuse or appeal to him. His pictures of this kind are only too plainly the veriest potboilers. Even the St. Martin, decidedly the best, — although the saint, in armor, on his prancing steed, has a touch of the distinction and grace of Van Dyck's knights and cavaliers, — would not, I fear, seem so interesting but for the proverbial devotion of the villagers of Saventhem to their altarpiece, and the tales of their armed defense to protect it against the invader.

Now turn to the portraits which did amuse him, into which he put all that was best in him, all that was strongest. They are as disappointing in their way as the altarpieces. M. Guiffrey, Van Dyck's most ardent advocate, was conscious of the same disappointment, if in a minor degree, when he saw but a few grouped together at Munich. He had to invent reasons to account for it. Men of rank, he suggested, would insist on being painted in the stilted pose they thought became their station; the costume of the day was not picturesque; the black universally worn made monotony inevitable; a number of portraits by one man, anyway, should not be hung side by side. These are no reasons. Velasquez spent his life painting people of royal and noble rank; never was a more hideous costume decreed by fashion than the dress of his Infantas; black was a favorite color at the Spanish court; one is confronted by rows of his portraits at the Prado. There is less beauty, less variety, less splendor, in the gayest, most flamboyant Regent pictures of Franz Hals' early years than in those two quiet, stately groups of elderly men and women in sombre black which Velasquez painted in his old age. When there is monotony, the fault is not in the subject, but in the artist's treatment of it. And it is the monotony above all else that strikes one

in the vast array of portraits at Antwerp, as it struck M. Guiffrey at Munich. A single pose seems to have answered for Van Dyck's great ladies, another for his cavaliers; heads are turned at the same angle, eyes follow one in the same direction; hands are but studio properties, their arrangement — one at the waist, one hanging — but a studio trick. It could be proved without the authority of Jabach that the workshop at Blackfriars had borrowed a hint or two from the workshop of the Place de Meir. Pupils and apprentices drew in the figure on the canvas, a professional model supplied the hands and drapery, the master condescended to give the final touches. Otherwise, how could any painter, the most facile or industrious, have turned out so many hundred portraits in so few years? And why should he have hesitated if his patrons were more than satisfied? No doubt, like the patrons of Rembrandt, they would have deserted him had he dared to outgrow the methods that first made his reputation, had he ventured to assert his individuality until the end.

But to-day we are not satisfied. Now and then there is a break in the monotony, and we stand before a picture that no pupil touched, or else a pupil to whom we must take off our hat; a picture for which no hack of the studios posed, but the actual man or woman painted. There are several of these fine exceptions at Antwerp, and almost all have come from England. Whatever M. Guiffrey may think, Van Dyck's most distinguished work was produced during the English period, before illness and dissipation had undermined his health and lessened the cunning of his hand. English owners of masterpieces are marvelously generous. They insured the success of the Rembrandt show last year; this year they have made the glory of the Van Dyck exhibition. Except for England, for Windsor, the collection could not boast the superb portrait of Carew the poet, of Killigrew the actor,

so haunting in its picturesque golden perfection. But for England it would not include his portrait of himself in the youthful, languid beauty he had outlived before he left Flanders, but could not forget; nor the three heads — profile, full face, three quarters — of Charles, on one canvas, that were to serve as model for Bernini; nor the Henrietta Maria presenting the laurel wreath to the King; nor one of the most delicious of the several groups of royal children; nor too many for me to mention here. Thirty-six examples in all were sent from England, and among them some of the most notable pictures in the collections of the Queen, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Spencer, and Lord Darnley. I do not attempt to describe these fine exceptions, simply because they are too well known. The originals have figured, at different times, in the winter exhibitions of old masters at the Royal Academy, and other exhibitions at home; the reproductions are everywhere. In them, as in the unknown portrait at Frankfort, Van Dyck is supreme. Curiously, it is his supremacy in a few portraits that makes one resent more keenly his pure conventionalism in the many. And it is not possible to attribute the impression received at Antwerp to the mere chance of a loan exhibition which, in this case, has brought together the least fortunate of his portraits. For the same monotony exists in equal measure in the etchings, in the prints of the iconography, lent from the Royal Print Room in Brussels, and arranged by M. Hymans; it exists in the full and representative collection of photographs after his pictures, though some of these may help to demonstrate how many of his masterpieces have necessarily been omitted.

Before all this evidence there is no blinding one's self to the fact that, great as were the things Van Dyck had it in him to do, he could be content, most of the time, to relapse into commonplace. He

evolved a convention, — a very beautiful one, but still only a convention, a formula, — and this he substituted for honest, loving study of nature. To such a device the greatest artist could not stoop if he would. Rembrandt, Velasquez, Titian, might fail, but they were original, individual, true to themselves even in their failures. Van Dyck, more often than not, was true, not to himself, but to his conventions. There are versions of his Charles that can almost hold their own with Velasquez's Philip; there are some of his knights and poets and artists that would scarcely be overshadowed by Rembrandt's Dutch burghers. But by far the larger number of his portraits rise little above the level of Mytens, of Honthorst, of De Keyser. When we

see his portraits separately, the quality we call grace, for want of a better name, which is always conspicuous in them, helps us to forget his weakness; hang a number together, and there is no escape from it. I am convinced that here is the right explanation of the disappointment in wait at Antwerp for the student. The present collection, so far from revealing the artist in a new and more brilliant light, as one hoped it would, confirms Fromentin in appointing him a place between painters of the first rank and painters of the second. I must, however, in justice add that the exhibition is the more interesting for a disappointment that checks impulsive enthusiasm, and sets one to a closer study of Van Dyck and his art.

Elizabeth Robins Pennell.

A HARBOR FEUD.

PREDESTINATION absolute, inevitable as the tides, ordained the tugboat McGuire for Tim Haggin. In the beginning she was laid down under municipal contract on plans approved by politics, and — as if not sufficiently damned by that — some one extracted the price of a mahogany barroom from what she cost the city. Onward thereafter, with Misfortune her pilot, as it seemed, she threaded the channel of Circumstance, fast footing toward the end. Hard names followed in her train. Owens, the first at her wheel when she ran among the Islands, left at the end of six months, with reasons intelligent, though profane. McGinnis had her next, and, as you know, he came from the Union Company, whose tugs are the worst in the world. But even McGinnis lost heart; uncommon indeed for him whose berths had ranged through boats from bad to worse, — tugs wherein death hung upon the turning of a shaft.

"Some day," said he sagely, "her biler 'll lave that sudden-like," — marked by a snap of his fingers, — "and, by me choice, I 'll not be lavin' wit' it."

McGinnis withdrew, but his expert opinion of the McGuire clung like an orphan's curse. Politics stepped in to stop the scandal; but it was little use. Heffron had her more than a year, being desperate for the want of better, with a wife and babes to support. Then, after these three years of uncanny junketing and half her price in repairs, she was outlawed by boycott, condemned by the inspectors, and put up at public auction.

Simmons, of the Union Company, bought the McGuire at the price of junk, and added her to his curios. He was minded to use her offhand as she was, but the inspectors came back on him with a warning. So after six weeks' nursing in the Erie Basin she drove up to the Front one day, and there was the predestined Haggin at her wheel.

Now there was a soul among the shipping that fared by the name of O'Rourke. He was a husky, dip-chested man among men, with the voice of a freighter's winch; captain of the Blue Star's tug Annie Rosey, and a certain sort of wit. As they say on the Front, he was the *Whole Thing*. Haggin knew him, but without honor; for, as a deck hand, Haggin had run lines upon the Annie Rosey. Three months of that was enough, and the last time he stepped from her to the stringpiece of a pier, he remarked in the face of the world that he would shovel first upon a Barney dumper before he would go back to O'Rourke. Whereupon, from that hour onward O'Rourke rendered unto Haggin all that was due upon this account; and course crosses course many times in the harbor-trade.

"Do you call her the McGuire?" he asked, when the tug, with her rowdy fresh paint, lay cribbing at the pier. "You do, eh? I'm minded of McGuire meself, Tim Haggin, and ye're callin' him out of his name. It's his sow ye've stole instead, and he'll have the law on ye."

"Sow an' she may be," growled Haggin, "but I've minded pigs enough, *Master* Denny O'Rourke, to save her wallowin' high tide beyond on the Hoboken rocks."

"Oh, bully!" roared Reddy Rogers, Tim Haggin's engineer, his heel pounding the rail in delight. The crowd tittered, too, for it was fresh memory along the Front how O'Rourke, but a week before, was caught napping by the drift ice, and shouldered ashore at the Point.

"Fair words there," snarled the big man, a brick-red glow of anger burning at the back of his neck, "fair words, or I'll be down wit' a fist to speak me mind, Tim Haggin, and little pity to you."

Haggin reached for the whistle cord, and the short, sharp blast brought the deck hands tumbling aboard.

"Cast off them lines," he ordered,

and the tug swung away from the pier. "Ye're a big man, Denny O'Rourke, and yer fist's better learned nor yer head," he called. "But time's comin', man, when ye'll meet yer mate, and all honor to the day." Haggin, solemnly prophetic, bore over on the wheel, and the McGuire, racketing at her high-pressure exhaust, coughed eastward across the stream.

"Reddy, me boy, did ye hear him?" said Haggin down the engine-room tube. "He was callin' of her a sow."

Rogers clucked in his cheek. "I hear him," he answered, a doleful note in the words. "Sure and it's not too far from her kind. Tim, she's drenched wit' lard a'ready, but divvil a bit smoother does she turn over, for all me greasin' of her machines. What's ailin' the boat I dunno, but she's a brute of a beast, and warst of the Simmonses at that."

"Ah, keep at her, Reddy, lad; she'll come round by and by."

"Divvil a bit, I'm thinkin'," he wailed. "It's like that a wrench and a sledge'll be warkin' among these engynes half the time o' steam."

Reddy turned back to his cripple, and Haggin, aloft, lurched the McGuire along, her pipes whooping like an asthma.

A sore brute of a boat she was, indeed, yet Haggin had his pride. Above all, it was his first command, and that is much to a man. She was his first love, as it were, though sinful uncomely, — stub-nosed, slat-sided, and as full in the flanks as a tub. A palsy lay upon her movements; stroke by stroke, forward from the linkhead, aft to the plunging screw, her engines wrangled like a shrew. On the downward thrust — at full steam ahead — the port column lifted from the bedplates, and for half a stroke, it seemed, the whirling fabric beat in midair. Then, as the grinding crank turned over in its orbit, the weight of metal lurched homeward with a sickening crunch, punctuated by

a snarl of steam from all her loose-packed valves.

"Will ye mind it!" cried Rogers to the crew, one derisive thumb thrown backward toward the steam-veiled vortex of plunging steel. "Time's comin', lads, when the string 'll break what holds 'em. Then, in me mind, the bloomin' piston 'll step down t'roo her bilge and kick her daylights out. It's a sore load, indade, that Simmons has on his mind, but what of us, me lads?"

But, as it was said, Haggin loved the boat.

The winter grew, and with it the ice. It bore down through the upper Hudson, gagging the channel way from Liberty Island to the Hook. A white plain, of mornings, lay upon the Bay, and steam tug and ferry fought across its face, driving black lanes through from pier to pier, up and down the waters. At nightfall, fresh-gathering floes wiped out the crisscross lines of the giant geometry, whereupon dawn arose to renew the struggle. Three days of this dragged by; the third crawled into dusk with half the harbor fleet at a standstill; and more tugs than you ever heard of — loose from overwork — hobbled homeward, lame, their screw blades bitten short and the copper rags upon their strakes.

"'Dad, Tim Haggin, you go easy where yer goin'!" yelled Reddy up the tube. "'The whole dommed thing 'll be adrift if you go hammerin' head on t'roo the muss. Eh — what's that? Come down yerself, man, and see it; I've been at her wit' the wrench this hour agone. *Would* yer look at the beast of engynes reach out for a felly for all like a Baxter Street clothesman?"

She was running under one bell, making fair time in the trail of a Staten Island ferryboat beyond the Robbin's Reef bell buoy. Slouching along, a cable's length astern, was the Annie Rosey, Denny O'Rourke at the pilot-house win-

dow, a leer in his eyes. But Haggin had no eye for him. His sight was riveted to the foremast shrouds of a big Glasgow clipper lying in the stream. Halfway up the ratlines her master stood, a violent, unhappy man, beating to and fro in the cordage.

"Did ye hear me?" yelled Reddy through the tube. "I say, Tim, if" —

A riotous clamor of the jingle bell, calling full speed ahead, drowned his petulant grumbling. Instinctively he gave the engines steam, and then, with sudden second thought, cut it short again, — rank disobedience, by the way. But again the bell tinkled sharply, and a violent voice roared objurgation through the tube.

"Tim Haggin, shut up!" Reddy hurled aloft. "D' ye think, by the soul of man, I'm takin' chances out here in the cold? Why, boss, ye 'll shake the sow in two if ye go full speed bangin' into this drift. What's crossin' the course, — what's in the wind, anyhow, to go ringin' a bell like that?"

"Reddy, Reddy," came the pleading return, "if ye're a man wit' half a soul, sock it to her, — shake out the last link, lad."

"Ah-r!" growled Reddy. "What's up?"

"Shake her out, I say, or by the left hind leg of the beast of Balaam I'll be down there wit' a wrench, teachin' ye yer trade. Reddy!" — here the voice rose to a shriek, — "look beyant to the Goosecap! She's stuck in the drift; she's pilin' fast forward on the rocks. For the love of Heaven, Reddy, shove it to her! She's going ashore beyond old Colligan's bat'house!"

A sudden riot among the McGuire's engines gave answer to Haggin's appeal. Trembling fore and aft, the squat craft shouldered forward into the ice pack, groaning noisily as in mortal pain, her crank shaft drumming fiercely in the whirl. Reddy, with one hand on the lever, stretched outward for a view;

snapped back and gave her another notch. Beyond was the Goosecap close to the beach, and making further frantic signals for aid.

"Don't take a cent less than two hundred!" yelled Reddy through the tube.

"Not if I know it," answered Haggin; "but O'Rourke's got on to her, too."

"A curse on him! We'll beat him or bust."

"That's the kind, Reddy, — shove it to her!"

The McGuire leaped ahead, her engines pitched upward in a tense, complaining key. One lane lay through the drift, — three lengths ahead and across an almost solid float of ice. Haggin gauged its strength with calculating eye; then resolved on the chance. Head first he drove the McGuire against the wall; she groaned as she took it, and, with a sullen lunge, scrambled half out upon its glittering face. Baffled the boat slipped back, a drench of green water surging about her bitts; then, all hands hanging fast, went at it again. This time the pack broke beneath her weight, and with resounding noises split broadcast like glass.

Grinding onward, Haggin ploughed her through the drift, the cakes astern tossed upon the violent flirting of her screw. Once again she brought up standing, and Reddy, with a mumbled prayer, gave her full head. Thereupon she wrenched the floe apart, and, like a hunted hare, tore down the open lane of water, with the Annie Rosey fast coming up behind.

At each side lay the field, knitted fast by the bitter cold, and majestically sweeping northward toward the studding rocks of Liberty. At its outer edge canted the Goosecap, her cable parted, a babel of orders flinging from her quarter-deck, and disaster close at hand. On the strong flood tide she was driving fast, and with what damage ahead none might tell, when she should rap her knuckles on the rocks.

"Here, you, Davy, take the wheel!" cried Haggin to his mate, stepping to the quarter-rail. "How much?" he yelled across the ice to the clipper. "What?" — a derisive roar at the answer. "Fifty? Not much. Make it three hundred, or not at all."

"Out of the way there, Tim Haggin!" came the warning with a blast of whistles from astern.

Haggin looked back in a sudden panic: the Annie Rosey, swathed in steam, was boiling up the lane of open water, a broad wash of foam spuming from her bows. Haggin held his breath; then the boom of engine bells struck upon his ears, and he waved to Davy within.

"Astern there, and hard aport."

Davy Brown understood, and nodded. The McGuire shook fiercely as her engines turned over, and a moment later droned round till another bell brought her to a standstill, full athwart the channel.

"Hold her!" snapped Haggin, turning shoulder to the yelling skipper in the Goosecap's shrouds. "My job, Denny O'Rourke," he warned the Rosey's captain. "You'll meddle elsewhere, man, or there's trouble brewin' to-night. Stand off there, I tell you, and leave this here to me."

The Rosey's bell clanged again, and the soft steam spurted from her exhaust. Her wheel was spinning over, and Haggin breathed freely with the thought that O'Rourke was drawing out. But the Rosey had other schemes a-going: she nosed along the edge of the pack, drove down solemnly toward the McGuire, then set her shoulder against the sullen, lumbering Sow and shoved her contemptuously aside.

At the desperate, bullying trick a storm of blasphemy flung between the two.

"How much was he askin'?" inquired O'Rourke, sneering backward at Haggin. "Three hundred, hey? Thievin', cap'n, — pure thievin'. I'll do it for two hun-

dred. Is it a go? Right! Pass them lines forward, Finnegan, and look sharp about it. Even'n', Mr. Haggin, and how's the Sow?"

O'Rourke blew his boast that night up and down the Front; whereas Haggin tied up at Harrison Street, South Brooklyn, and went home a violent man. It was not so much the loss of money, for Simmons allowed only five per cent on stray windfalls like that; but Haggin in his mind foresaw, as in the happening, the ingenious conceit of his enemy's new form of insult whenever they should meet among men. Black with his nursed wrath, he shouldered homeward through the evening crowd, cursing Denny O'Rourke to the last link of perdition, and still with the rage upon him poured out his tale to his wife.

"Haggin," said she, with decisive nods, "you're a fool. I'd 'a' sunk him did he try his dirty tricks with me." And she stamped her foot, her eyes flashing, as she gave her mind of the matter.

The winter passed, and Haggin still waited his chance. Trade lay dull, and, in want of better work, the McGuire stood seaward off the Hook, waiting for the inbound craft. Twice the Annie Rosey lunged out of the mouth of Gedney Channel, and hovered by long enough for O'Rourke to sling a taunt across the seas. But Haggin gave no answer, though his eyes blazed and his fingers clung fiercely to the spokes.

One dawn came, with a light air from the westward and a far-away ship drawing up. She was bowling inward on a distant slant of wind, and in half an hour had lifted above the horizon till she showed herself down to the royals. Haggin watched her coming; then, satisfied of the chance, pushed the McGuire about and bore away toward her.

At the same time the Annie Rosey lounded down the channel, and, noting the McGuire plunging eastward, tore along in pursuit.

Haggin had half a mile the better, but could go no higher than ten miles to the Rosey's twelve. Yet, with the clipper drawing up on the freshening westerly breeze, he was fair to hail her first.

"It's him, fast enough," spoke Davy, glancing toward the head of Gedney's. "Say, I hear his brother Petey's out lookin' for a job. Same kind as Denny, they tell. I see him talkin' to Simmons over in Dutch John's."

Haggin grunted contemptuously, his eyes fixed on the distant ship.

"Skysails, — she's a big one," he remarked. "Sort of looks like the old Ah Soon."

"China ship, sure enough," said Davy, when the clipper lifted her hull; "high as a Pocahontas coal barge goin' dry."

The Rosey was drawing up fast, shouldering her way across the seas, all unmindful of the towers of spray drenching her to the stack. Halfway to the chase she had picked up much of the distance, bearing southward of the McGuire. Haggin, however, with reason in his course, was holding more to the east.

"She'll go about," said he, laying down the glass, "and make it next tack."

The words were on his lips when the tall pyramids of cloth fluttered fore and aft, while, sweeping about in a majestic arc, the clipper hauled her course — aloft everything full and drawing — and bore upward toward the Hook. The Rosey, outflanked by the manœuvre, lost ground; but the McGuire, within sound of the clipper's slatting canvas, rapidly drew down upon her quarter.

"Ah Soon — Glasgow," read Davy, as the tug ranged up under the clipper's counter.

"Ahoy, there! Come alongside, cap'n!" she hailed, and the McGuire, dropping aft again, swung round to the starboard side. But even as she loped across the clipper's wake, panting, swift-breathed, the Rosey shot across the bow, and, swinging to, cut in toward the clipper's flank.

"My job, cap'n!" Haggin called out to the clipper, his eyes snapping. "Usual rates, no extras, and land ye free when she anchors."

"What's this, Tim?" asked the deep-sea pilot, leaning over the rail with a grin. "Is the tug trade growing free with its favors, these days? What's up?"

"This here!" yelled O'Rourke, driving in along the clipper's towering flank. "Out of the way there, Haggin, or I'll bust yer bloomin' Sow into side bacon!"

The Rosey's bow fender caught the McGuire at the counter as she lifted on a sea, wrenching the timbers till they shrieked. The shock threw Haggin against the wheel. He arose, white and solemnly quiet. Walking aft, he leaned over the engine-room skylight and spoke to Rogers below.

"It's him again," he called softly. "Reddy, d' ye mind?"

"On deck!" yelled Reddy to Benny the fireman. "Up there, now," he raged, "and look out for trouble!"

Without second bidding the sooty fireman raced up the ladder.

"All right, Tim!" sang out Reddy, standing by the lever. "Let her go! Curse Simmons for what he is, and the divvil tak' his boat!"

The McGuire dropped back into the clipper's wake, O'Rourke shooting forward to her place. He hurled one derisive taunt; then his eyeballs bulged.

"Out of the way, there, Denny O'Rourke!" Haggin was shouting. "It's *your* funeral this time."

A gush of foam shot out from under the McGuire's counter; her engines galloped full speed. Head onward she shot at the Annie Rosey, and O'Rourke, caught napping, stared as she charged upon him. As in a dream Haggin heard the footsteps of the clipper's crew scampering across the decks above; then a mighty crash roared upon the sea. The bow of the McGuire, raking the Annie Rosey from the counter forward to the bitts, lopped off her rail as plate shears

bite through sheathing. Reddy, clinging to a stanchion, one eye upon the tottering engines, sent her astern again. Then a bell above sounded in the clouding steam, and full tilt he drove her ahead on the return. A riot of profanity stormed about their ears, — died away, drowned out in a sudden stupor of fear. Bell rang upon bell in the Rosey's engine hold; her screw threshed violently within the sea, but as she fell off from the clipper's side the McGuire struck her full upon the beam. Then from the clipper's rails they saw the Rosey's deck planks wrinkle inward weakly, much like sodden paper; splinters showered about her, and the bow of the McGuire riding upward tilted her till the sea played free across the combing of the engine-room door.

"Astern, Reddy!" spoke Haggin gayly through the tube. "We've given the beggar his askin', and let it go at that!"

A wrench of parting timbers, a renewal of oaths and chiming bells, and the McGuire sagged back from the Rosey's deck, her stub-nose battered beyond fancy, yet triumphant to the fullness of a leer. Staggered by the sight of all this desperation, her crew clung upon the hawser gratings, silent to a man, unknowing from what quarter doom would descend upon them next.

"Ye've a taste of your own kind, Denny O'Rourke!" called Haggin across the troubled sea. "There's more waitin', if ye want. Or have ye had enough, me man? Shall it be quits for the while, I'm askin'?"

O'Rourke wagged a brawny fist across the water, his face drawn with hatred.

"Ye'll pay for this wit' yer license, Tim Haggin, and I'll have yer life wit' it, too." Here words failed him in his frenzy, and he took to man-handling his crew. Curse followed curse then about the boat, and Haggin grinned in derision.

"We'll go home, Reddy, me boy. Will yer engynes stand up to it?"

Only facts printed legibly in torn timbers and twisted steel interest the Steam Boiler Inspectors, who preside over channel destinies. Occasionally, in matters before them, they ask concerning the speed under way, the signals, and the temperate qualities of the pilot in charge; otherwise they suit themselves in the written signs of disaster. The pilot of the *Ah Soon* stood up for Haggin at the hearing, but they took Tim's license away. Before this O'Rourke spoke Simmons on the Front, and Simmons, after his kind, flawed round like a December gale.

"You're a dangerous man, Haggin," said he, "and we'll part."

"It's a good thing for both of us," answered Haggin, "but a better thing for me. I'll be up for my time to-night, and there's somethin' owin' for grub I've give the men."

"You'll pay it yourself, then, Haggin," said Simmons. "D'yer think it's a free coffee stand I'm running with the tugs?"

Haggin sat down on the oil locker in the engine room, and idly drummed his heels.

"Reddy, I'm out," said he.

"Well," remarked Reddy promptly, "ye don't seem desperit-like. I'm leavin', too. It's bad grub, hard hours, and worse engynes wit' the fear of sudden death that we quit. Simmons — a curse to him — docked me too for our pleasure beyant, to the chune of one mont's wages. What's more, O'Rourke's brother has the McGuire, and I'm dommed, says I, if I'll work for a galley-jawin', sojerin' hoss of a brute the likes of him."

"I'm that sorry, Reddy."

"You'll not be that much sorry the price of a can of beer, Tim Haggin, and thanks to ye."

Reddy grabbed up a wrench, and contemptuously tossed it clanging among the crank throws and rods of the McGuire's tottering engines.

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"I'll fix them, too!" he snapped, a sudden wrath transfiguring his usually placid face. Recovering the discarded wrench, he fell upon the engine gear. "Here goes, Ned Simmons, for that much fun to the price of the wages you've stole."

"What's up, Reddy?"

"You put yer eye on me, Tim. I'll spike the bally boat till she limps one-legged for Simmons — unh!" His wrench bit noisily on the metal. "'T is a bolt that clings faster nor Simmons to a dollar! Unh!"

"If ye'll be foolin' wit' the valve chest, Reddy Rogets," cried Haggin swiftly, "I'm away from here till ye're done! Man, ye've not cut off the biler! Screw off the stame, there, ye idjit, or ye'll blow us from here to Greenwood!"

Reddy, shamefaced but determined, climbed across the engines to the main feed and screwed down the valve. Then he swung back to the head of the engine room, and called down to the fireman in the hold: "Benny, are ye there? Ay? Thin git the divvil out of there, lad, and here's the price of a mulligan."

Benny sauntered shoreward, and with the wrench ringing in its work Reddy went at the valve. One by one he broke the grip of nut on bolt, and with desperate swiftness pried up the head of the valve.

"Out of there, Tim!" he cried, throwing down the wrench. Delving into the locker, he dragged out a ring of metal pipe, — a stray end from a boiler tube. "The chisel, — the chisel!" he panted in his haste, clawing through the waste cotton strewed about the locker. "The chisel — ah! there ye are."

He laid the inch of tubing in the engine-hold vise, and with flying strokes of a hammer sheared it down one side. Then he pried it apart, smoothed off the burr, and raced back to the valve.

"D'ye see, Haggin?" he grunted over the head of the valve chest. "Here's

the hand screw what lengthens the stride of the valve. D'ye see? Wit' it screwed up as far as she'll go, it makes the cranks go faster, — then ye're having yer speed. Wit' it screwed down hard, she's joggin' slow-like, though all yer stame be turned adrift to her engynes. Ye've no understandin' yet? Donmit, man, yer that thick! Sure, watch yer dad."

Reddy lifted the steel cover till he could brace it open with a block. "See that, ye muttonhead," — this to Haggin. "D'ye see that screw what runs down from the hand wheel atop the chist? D'ye see this here biler-pipe piece? Then, can ye putt two and two toget'er, or are ye that dumb wit' yer sight ye'll never see t'roo a hawse pipe? My mind, Tim Haggin" —

"Will ye be putting the piece in there, Reddy?" burst Haggin from his silence. He leaped from the locker lid, and clapped Reddy on the back.

The grimy engineer nodded gayly, and bent to the work again.

"There, Tim Haggin, I'm doin' no more than swagin' this bit of jool'ry about the hand-wheel screw, inside where it'll not be seen. D'ye twig? When the next divvil of a hard-driven oil swinger comes aboard, he'll have the strength of a Herkles (Herkles? I'm mis-minded if that be the name), but he'll have to be dommed stronger than the fist of mortal man can be to twist up the valve till she's goin' full speed, the McGuire."

The hammer swung, the deed was done. The inch end of boiler pipe was driven, like a ring, about the threaded screw that keyed up the valve to speed. Then, with a stroke of the hammer again, the head of the chest clanged into place; with hastening fingers the nuts were screwed home upon the bolts; and long before Benny the fireman came staggering back to the pier, half seas over and roaring, the McGuire was a crippled craft.

The society of independent towboat-men, informally met as usual, hovered at the pier head. Denny O'Rourke, livid in triumph, had laid his taunt on Haggin.

"I've got yer license, ye sow-drivin' lub of a lighterman," said he, "and me brother Petey's got yer boat. And where are ye now, Mr. Haggin?"

"Here, Denny O'Rourke, and wit' these words in me mout': Ye've got me license, and yer brother's got me berth. It's evil come to the both of ye, and there's a curse in yer wake, O'Rourke. Mark me, I make no threats, but by the power of the saints above, me man, this day the year 'll see ye wit'out a boat, — ye or yer brother, — an' beggin' a license at that. Good-day to ye, Denny O'Rourke, and put that in yer pipe and smoke it."

The crowd was silent; the big man rang a sneering laugh in answer.

Haggin, with his hands in his pockets, strolled down the pier giving one last fling at his foe: "Ye mind the words, Denny O'Rourke!"

Simmons was standing on the verge of the stringpiece, and his mind was not at peace.

"What's that?" he bellowed below. "She'll not run above seven knot? It's a lie! She's been driv' eleven point five. Don't give me no talk like that, Petey O'Rourke. And you there, O'Brien: a fine figure of a man you are, hirin' out at full wages, and can't make no steam in her pipes! What's the pair of you for? Would you break a man, with your talk of dry docks and repairs? You'll push ten knot out of that there McGuire, or the job's for better men. You hear me?"

They heard. But it mattered little; Reddy's jewelry had done the job. The McGuire dragged in her work, dead-er than if she were anchored to the flank of a grain ship laden below the taste of Plimsoll. In her daily rounds skippers

swore at her lagging ; she was passed by all craft but the cotton lighters slouching along the pier line. O'Brien, her new engineer, had gone prospecting among crank throws and cylinder, seeking the source of trouble ; Petey O'Rourke, beside himself, suggesting possibilities from the feed pump up to the crown plate.

"Naw," snapped O'Brien, "g'wan wit' yer. The gauges show right ; 't ain't in her biler at all, at all. It's in the light of her blasted evil ways that's doin' it. I'm minded to t'row up the job."

"Don't ye be doin' that, Mike ; don't be doin' that," pleaded O'Rourke. "Ye'd not be lavin' me in the lurch?"

"Mebbe the Sow's overfat from the grub Simmons is givin' her," suggested a caller. He was a friend of Haggin's. O'Rourke swore.

"The Sow's got the hog cholera ; 't is all she can do to walk," remarked the man, going up the Front. He had worked on a cattle boat once, and was apt in terms.

Haggin heard, and grinned.

Summer passed, autumn treading upon its heels ; winter crowded down into spring, and summer was on the harbor again, — all in the inevitable round of seasons. Haggin was deck hand on the Dora Swan of the Layman line, — still waiting, and with the year's brand of the Steam Boiler Inspectors soon to pass from his name. In memory of old times, he really worked as first mate on the C. P. Layman, — a pilot to all purposes, — though without a license ; for friendship is even stronger than the arbitrary opinions of the men who see harbor life only from the roof of the Post Office.

"In two days," said he, "I'll be a free man, wit' me papers back agin. D'ye mind that, Davy Brown?"

Brown nodded, and reached for the bell. As it struck below, the beat of the engines paused, while the tug slid softly heaving along the low ground swell.

"Number Fourteen coming in," mur-

mured Brown, pointing his pipestem toward a trim and shapely pilot boat stealing spectral down the head of the Main Ship Channel. The moonlight lay clear upon her drawing canvas, her hull dark and solemn below, one thin line of foam gushing under her forefoot. Her course lay across the Layman's bow, but as she drew down toward the tug her helm flew up, and she luffed, lying head into the wind, with her white cloths slatting in the breeze.

"Ahoy there, tug!" came a hail across the seas.

"Ay, ay!" cried Brown. "Hello, Fourteen, what's up?"

"You'll be in a muss there 'fore long, friend. What boat's that?"

"C. P. Layman. That you, Cap'n Wolff?"

"Hello, Davy. D'ye know ye're lyin' half on to the wreck of the Jackson? You better be out of there. What do you draw?"

"Twelve and a half full forward ; the tanks were filled to-day."

"Better pull out of there, — you're right on the Knoll now."

"What's the odds, cap'n? Can't we carry twelve and a half anywhere on Flynn's Knoll? The charts" —

"Damn the charts!" came the emphatic answer. "You can't carry ten since the Umbria ripped up the coal barge, last night. Half the Jackson's stem tilted upward when they got the Cunarder off. You better get out of there."

"So? Right ye are, then, cap'n, — thanks. How's trade?"

"Bad, — unreasonable bad. Good-night, Davy," and with her helm eased off, Number Fourteen made one short board into the channel edge, then flew about and stood on her way to Staten Island.

"Sore thing on poor old Thompson," said Haggin, speaking of the Umbria's pilot. "They say he was telling of the Jackson a short hour afore he ripped the

Umbria hard through her middle. It 'll go hard wit' the ole felly, and him one of the best in the trade."

"Yep — ten feet, humph!" spoke Brown. "I sure thought that the contractor had put dynamite to the wreck. It's high time 't was done."

Caldwell, owner of the Layman line, came down to the pier and swung aboard the tug.

"Where's Haggin?" he asked.

"Here, sir," answered Tim. "Mornin' to ye."

Caldwell nodded him aft to the stern gratings, and Tim followed, wondering.

"Haggin, what's the worth of the McGuire?"

"As she is? Sure, the price of old junk."

"No, I know that; but can they make a boat of her for less than the price of a new one?"

"Sure, sir, easy. Reddy Rogers, what ran her wit' me, says two thousand 'll do it. He says she's not so bad; the trouble was she was slung together. Them's standard engines, but they was no more than pitched into her hull."

"But I hear she can make no better than eight knots, pushed."

Haggin tittered. "It's a joke," he answered. "She's good for ten. Reddy Rogers put it up agin Simmons for the money he'd docked him. Was Simmons not that mean to be spendin' the price of repairs, he'd long ago found out."

"How's that, Tim?"

Haggin told in detail how Reddy had swaged the pipe about the hand screw in the valve chest, a job so deft that for a full year none had found out or even suspected. Caldwell roared with delight.

"I can see a joke, for one," he ended with, "though it is upon the owners. You're a sly lot, you boys."

Haggin looked deprecatory. "Not that, sir, but we was driven hard. Ye'll know the kind of Simmons?"

"Yes, there's better that go to church. See here, Haggin, I've concluded to buy the McGuire. Simmons paid four thousand when he bought her, hey?"

"It was more than stealin', sir. It was politics."

Caldwell nodded. "I know, but he's got little good for it. He's offered the McGuire at the price he paid, and, Tim, I'm going to buy her in, overhaul her fore and aft, and put you aboard, my lad."

"Sure, sir," answered Haggin, "I'll ask a prayer for ye. And where is young Petey O'Rourke?"

"Simmons fired him yesterday. Eight knots was the best he could do, — he and O'Brien, — seeing that Reddy's jewelry was mixed up in her machines."

"I'm minded, sir, there," murmured Haggin, "that half of me curse's come true."

"Bosh, Tim, you're foolish. A curse is no more useful than a Dutch hand with the lines. Will you tell Captain Davy that the schooner is waiting at Dow's?"

They dropped the Layman's tow, late that night, off the end of the Hook, and turned westward toward home.

"There's your friend, Tim," called Davy down to the forward bitts, where Haggin was hove to at ease. "D' ye see her, the dog, astern?" Beyond was the Annie Rosey swaggering along in their wake, like them bound up the channel, homeward.

Haggin stepped down for a look at the following tug, and returned, climbing swiftly aloft to the wheel.

"I say, Davy, there's Denny O'Rourke behind."

"I told you myself," answered Davy. "What's that to come-tellin' a man?"

"Davy, d' ye mind poor Dan Sweezy that O'Rourke sent to the hospital?"

Brown looked about in wonder.

"Do I, — damn him! — do I remember? Yes."

"Are ye minded, Davy, of the time

Denny O'Rourke crowded ye agin the bulkhead in the gap at Atlantic Basin? It near cost ye yer boat, Davy."

"Tim Haggin, am I a dummy to forget? And what the devil is in your mind that you're tellin' methese things?"

"Denny O'Rourke is behind us, Davy," said Haggin, gripping him by the arm. "He's there on the port quarter, and ye'll not forget what Wolff was warnin' us, last night, by Flynn's Knoll."

Brown gaped across his shoulder at the white-faced man behind him, who lifted a hand for silence.

"Hold on, Davy, — one minute. Ye'll mind young Billy, yer brother. D'ye mind the night he cruel beat him in Dutch John's of Coenties Hook?"

Wrathful in the memory, Brown hurled the wheel about till the Layman slewed across her course. As wrathfully, he dragged her back to the channel way, and turned on the man behind him.

"The devil's in you, Tim Haggin; take the wheel. I'm goin' below."

Haggin seized the wheel, blindly groping for the bell beneath his hand. As Brown stamped down the companion ladder, the gong clanged in the engine hold, while the boat's gait dropped to half speed. Astern, the Rosey came swinging up the channel; it was growing late, and Denny O'Rourke was crowding on all steam, to get home to his bed in South Brooklyn.

"Ahoy, there!" called Haggin, as the Rosey came into hail.

"Ay, — what's ailin' yer?" a raspy voice returned.

"Good - evenin' to yer, Denny O'Rourke, and is Petey doin' well?"

Silence; then an oath ripped angrily across the heaving sea.

"Ye're not happy, *Mister* O'Rourke; they have took Petey's berth away. Could he steer as well as he can steal, — or you, *Mister* O'Rourke, — there would be better money betwane ye."

The Annie Rosey ranged swiftly up-

ward toward the taunter. The bell rang in the Layman's hold, and the screw thumped full speed again.

"Tim Haggin, I've marked yer voice!" cried O'Rourke. "There's a pair of black eyes and a broken head waitin' for ye, me friend, when I meet ye beyant. Ye swine, would ye talk to honest men?"

Haggin looked forward in the course, ranging the channel lights together. The Elm Tree Beacon ahead and the Hook light astern gave him the lay across the lighted lane of Gedney's. With one eye, then, upon the tug astern, he crowded the wheel over, and bore slantwise toward the sunken wreck.

"Ye're a thief, Denny O'Rourke! Would ye come aboard, now, I'd set the brand upon ye."

At the high words the crews of the two racing tugs pushed to the rails.

"Ye're a chokin' coward, Denny O'Rourke!" roared Haggin, in one last volley of abuse. Then in a lower tone to the deck hands aft, "Watch, now, boys, for what's comin'."

There rose a rush of steam from the Annie Rosey's pipes, and the clatter of her engines beat high-stroked upon the night.

"Below there, Finnegan!" yelled Denny O'Rourke, and they saw the mate go scrambling up the ladder. Haggin grinned, leaning from the pilot-house window with one hand upon the wheel.

"It's me, O'Rourke, — Tim Haggin!" he cried, a scornful taunt in the tone. "Can ye see, or have ye lost thim glasses ye stole the year agone from the Dutch tank down the Kills?"

A black hulk shot down the Rosey's companionway, and Denny O'Rourke, one foot on the rail, roared oath upon oath across the wash between. "I'll be there to ye, Tim Haggin! Hard down, Finnegan!" They were drawing perilously near, the wake of the Layman drowning the other to the decks. Foot by foot she edged the Rosey inward, al-

ways toward that sinister trap, the wreck of the Jackson beyond. Haggin shot a glance ahead, marked the place, and bore down on the wheel.

"Crowd her on," he dinned down the tube to the engine room. "They 'll do best to take it hard on."

The Rosey sheered aside, a bare rod of wake between them.

"Ye 'll not be rammin' tugs these days, eh, Denny O'Rourke?" This with a gibing laugh. "Have ye lost heart, ye thievin' coward?"

"Till I get aboard, Tim Haggin, ye 'll live, — no longer!" threatened Denny O'Rourke, beating the air with his fists. "Ye — ye — ahr!" Rage overcame him; his words died on his lips. For once the horrid fluency of his accustomed profanity forsook the man. He shook his fists, baresark in madness, in his rage roaring with inarticulate cries.

The passion, the venom of the two, hurling, high-voiced, the hatred of years, spread to the crews. They laughed and jeered, like masters in the affray. Haggin looked ahead again; then he turned the wheel to starboard.

"One length!" he roared. "There, men, look at that!"

A sudden grunt, a muffled outcry of rending wood; then, uprearing on the sea, the Annie Rosey plunged into the wreck. For one instant she hung suspended; they saw her tall stack totter like a stricken man; over it went, bursting down the pilot house as it fell. Noise followed noise; she tore her way upward on the black oak timbers lying beneath her keel, and a volley of vapor poured from the hold. Still, with the weight of momentum she pressed onward across that abatis beneath her, the cry of breaking timbers speaking shrilly through the hoarse clamor of escaping steam. Then she brought to, her screw, still beating, half revealed; her men

clinging, cursing as they fell, to stanchion, bitt, and rail.

"Wit' the compliments of Tim Haggin!" cried the man, beating the wood beneath his hand.

A sea heaved up under the wrecked Rosey; she lurched forward, and slipped from the support beneath. The fallen stack rolled clanking across the deck house, and the fireman, plunging from below, leaped across the deck into the sea.

"Pick him up, there!" yelled Haggin, and a line was thrown to the swimming man. The Rosey, rolling to and fro, dipped stern under, and a stout hand pushed Haggin from the Layman's wheel.

"It's a night's work to be forgotten, Tim," muttered Davy Brown. "You get below and haul them deck hands aboard."

Cry fell upon cry in the wreck. Her men rushed forward, striving to escape the sea. The whistle cord, by some mischance tangled in the smokestack stays, twitched with every roll of the sea, and hoarse, half-choked blasts came hooting from her twisted pipe.

"Ahoy! Hello, Davy Brown, what's the row?" a voice hailed them beyond the uproar, and the Layman's sister boat, the Caldwell, ranged beside.

"Nothin' much," answered Davy. "Denny O'Rourke's gone piling up on the Jackson, and serve him good and right."

The Caldwell nosed inquiringly into the wreck, and one by one, Denny O'Rourke in the lead, the Rosey's crew crawled aboard. Then, with her lights still burning, the tug lurched over on her side, slid from the last grip of the wreck below, and, with a gasp of drowning steam, sank bubbling to the bottom.

"I'm minded now," said Haggin, unsetting his rigid jaw, "that most of me curse's come true."

Maximilian Foster.

THE OHIOANS.

I.

THE land of the Ohioans had anciently its foundation in the deep sea. Little by little the waters withdrew to the Mexican Gulf, and a measureless sheet of clear ice covered the face of the earth. The ice, melting in the sunshine, slowly passed away; and then there were forests of the evergreen, where savage men, brothers to mastodon and megalonyx, roamed as they would, disposing in many a watered valley their ten thousand fantastic earthworks. Then came Indians, and after the Indians the French, and after the French the English, each claiming freehold, and each in turn displaced, till at last, with no little rumble of wagon wheels and no uncertain sound of ringing axe, came the American citizen, who grubbed up roots, chopped down trees, built a rude cabin of buckeye logs, and set about getting himself elected President of the United States.

Sitting at luncheon one day in a rude log cabin (such antiquities abound in Ohio), Helen looked out through the open doorway, whose lintel still showed marks of the pioneersman's axe, and spied a passing train of flat cars laden with modern steam threshers, electric motors, and newly varnished trolley trams. "Look!" she cried. "From where we sit you can see the whole material evolution of Ohio."

Now when I think of the industrial history of the Ohioans, I ask myself two questions: What kind of man came first to conquer that wilderness? What kind of wilderness had that man to conquer?

The kind of man was a miracle of rugged hardihood, — virile, enduring, belligerent. Think of his record in battles! 1812 put every able-bodied Ohioan in the field. The state sent more troops to Mexico than any other north-

ern commonwealth. "Ohio" is written all over the national cemetery at Chickamauga. Once the Buckeyes disputed the Michigan boundary, and flung an army upon the frontier. In this recent Cuban business men fought with one another like jungle beasts for place in the ranks. Nine tenths of the Ohioans are for holding the Philippine Islands. Such men as these loved a fight with the forest; men of lesser fortitude would never have pioneered. Then, with how brilliant a *dramatis personæ* that age-long play began!

There was first an era of falling trees. Settlers, clad in linsey shirts and buckskin trousers, tracked the wild turkey, shot the deer, picked off the squirrel from the tallest oak, or toiled all day among stubborn roots, and made merry by night in log huts while wolves howled at the door. Meantime their wives made moan with honest Touchstone: "Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content."

Then the kind of land rewarded the kind of man. There followed an epoch of growing crops. Corn stood glistening on the red "bottoms," wheat waved in the continual strong winds, vast fields were brown with the bearded barley. For many and many a mile through the north the whole countryside was made a vineyard, and is so now, where Catawba wine, Niagara, and Angelica are sold for a ditty (to the no small demoralization of the northern farmer). Immense flocks of sheep increased and multiplied. All sorts of fruits and garden produce bore witness to the exuberant fertility of the soil. The Buckeye State was suddenly so filled with good things to eat that there were not mouths enough to eat them.

Ohio must therefore shoulder its wares and get to market; but how? There was not a good road in the land. There goes a legend that the Ohioans turned out gangs of convicts to build them highways. I believe the legend: only criminals — indeed, I may say only instinctive criminals or confirmed recidivists — could have constructed such roads as still disgrace that splendid state. Moreover, Ohio mapped its roads by the *a priori* method, regardless of hill or dale; consequently, as the country, though level in general, is extremely hilly in particular, you climb up the face of Nature.

Canals, coming later, served a better purpose. For a time they enriched the people; and now, when fallen much into decline, owing to the prosperity of railways, they contribute both humor and picturesqueness. "The way for a canal to declare a dividend," say the Ohioans, "is to mow the towpath and divide the grass." Here and there we saw canals lapsed utterly into disuse, — the towpath sliding into the water, bridges in ruins, and the murky channel covered with lily pads, cat-tails, and sagittaria, a happy home for bullfrogs and the skimming dragon flies. Yet think what those same canals once did for Ohio! They advanced the price of farm labor one half; they blazed a path for progress; they ushered in a marvelous prosperity, fully evidenced to-day by the innumerable handsome farmsteads, the large fields, the well-kept hedges, the windmills to fetch water, frequent three-horse teams of heavy Percherons, a telephone in nearly every farmhouse. Seventy-five years have passed since Lafayette called Ohio "the eighth wonder of the world." Canals had made it so.

Then, upon land and river and inland sea, followed a yet more magnificent evolution. Railroads wove an iron web across the state, doubling the price of flour, trebling that of wheat, quadrupling that of corn. On Lake Erie the

tiny Walk-in-the-Water led forth a fleet of steamboats, in whose wake came the ungainly old-time "propeller," — with green hull, a row of schooner-rigged masts, and twin smokestacks far astern, — making way for as superb a line of steamships as ever parted the brine of the Atlantic. Ocean greyhounds they are, though they cruise in fresh water. When I behold those graceful vessels — all snowy white without, all a-shimmer with gold leaf and plate glass within, and belching smoke from three yellow funnels — I am inwardly an admiral. And while the lakes linked Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, and Lorain to the great chain of ports that stretches from Duluth to Buffalo, the Beautiful River led the way to New Orleans and the sea. Yet how different the shuttles that go flying to and fro in that loom of the lovely South! Take an antiquated summer hotel, brave in piazzas and sparing of paint; set it afloat on a gigantic tea tray; give it a monstrous squirrel cage by way of water wheel at its latter end; add a pair of slender black chimneys, one at either side and fairly well forward; load the deck with agricultural machinery, oil derricks in sections, garden produce, and baled hay; pile sacks of flour in the cabin; post a man in the bow to pour a bucket of water on the pebbles to float the craft where the stream is shallow; and you have — an Ohio River steamboat.

If now the soil of Ohio made good its promise of fertility, if too Ohio were got to market, was that to be the sole reward for the men who waged war with the forest? By no means. For underneath that soil lay buried such riches as not even Lafayette would have dared foretell.

The Buckeye State is modeled in clay. Zanesville they call the Clay City. Cincinnati is famous for artistic potteries. The State University boasts a School of Ceramics. The Ohioans rank first as makers of bricks and tile. They also

rank first as cutters of stone. In the grand vestibule of the museum at Columbus you will see twenty-four pillars, every one carved from a different kind of native rock. Moreover, there are wells of salt that give Ohio third place among the salt-producing states. Furthermore, oil abounds: whole counties are covered with derricks. At Sistersville they smell oil, taste oil, eat oil. And along with oil goes natural gas, flaming by night in wind-blown torches twenty feet high. Coal, the logical premise of natural gas, covers enormous areas. Only Pennsylvania digs out more bituminous coal than Ohio. In the southeast they build railway roadbeds of coal, sometimes even making whole embankments of coal, while black dumps of coal pour from countless mysterious punctures in the hillside. And to him that hath shall be given. Ohio, already rich in raw materials, and commanding unrivaled facilities for carrying those materials from place to place, perceived the advantages of its location at the gateway of the middle West, and, adding industry to industry, became one vast resounding workshop.

By combining coal and ore in a furnace and roasting them together, men transmute iron through steel to gold. Given the inexhaustible mineral deposits of Lake Superior and the inexhaustible coal measures of Southeastern Ohio, the problem was where to light up the fire. "Cleveland," said the Ohioans, and forthwith did the thing. So Cleveland becomes at once a long-distance mining camp, a long-range coal pit, and a gigantic smithy, where ore is heaped in brown hillocks and coal piled up by millions of tons. It leaves a confused impression of ringing hammers, the heavy smell of the moulding room, the swing of cranes, the hot breath of furnaces, the red gush of molten metal, — sensations vivid, extreme, bizarre. Here they are turning out agricultural implements; yonder a horse goes round a windlass, draw-

ing an immense scarlet boiler through the street; and see! by the bank of the yellow Cuyahoga they are launching a great steel ship, — launching her sideways, — and the splash goes up like the surf in a hurricane.

Or approach the city from the lake. It is first a long, brown cloud; then a score of dim smokestacks appear; then a spire, then more spires; then the sunlit face of a tall building; then the sun is obscured (you are entering into the gloom), and, borrowing Whistler's phrase, you call that city "an arrangement in black." And now, I beg you, take a look at yourself! You have a mezzotint collar, and your finger nails are reduced to half mourning. As for your trachea, bronchi, and bronchial tubes, there is work for the chimney sweep down there. "But why, pray," you ask, "do Clevelanders suffer such breach of the smoke law?" "My dear fellow," they answer, "if we want factories to come here, we mustn't be too stringent." So Clevelanders smile and endure: smoke means business, business means money, and money is the principal thing. Cleveland is therefore a city of laundries. So is Cincinnati.

It was upon some such murky vista as this that Helen's fancy looked out, as she viewed that trainload of modernity from the old log cabin. The Ohioans, impressed with the panoramic splendor of their advancement, feel a similar poetic delight. "Think!" they say. "A hundred and fifty years ago, and this was the wilderness; a hundred years ago, the frontier; fifty years ago, a half-developed farm land. Now, before the stumps are out of the ground, we are cheering for forest preservation; before our cities have fully come to civic self-consciousness, they teem with their hundreds of thousands. Already our state is the great garden, the great workshop, the great schoolhouse, the great council chamber, for half America. Ourselves a nation, we could put a wall around Ohio and live!"

Dazed with the solid fulfillment of the wildest predictions, the mind runs out into monstrous exaggerations. Every town is half again as large as itself, every trade more prosperous than statistics admit, every institution an infinitude of the sublime. Ohioans measure Ohio as they measure the huge mastodon, — "Twenty feet from the tip of his tusk to the tip of his tail, twenty feet from the tip of his tail to the tip of his tusk, making in all the enormous length of forty feet!" Brag leaps all bounds; the brain reels with superlatives. Ohio is first, best, biggest. Artemus Ward was never so faithful a Buckeye as when he said, "Where, oh where, can my little kangaroo be ekalled? I answer *nowheres* — nor anywheres else!"

II.

Ohio was long a mere social and civic Vagabondia; but the beginning of this century beheld an inpouring of home-seekers from the far corners of the realm. What with Jerseymen settling Symmes's Purchase, Connecticut farmers flocking into the Western Reserve, pioneers from Massachusetts taking up the lands of the Ohio Company, Pennsylvanians developing the Seven Ranges, men from Norfolk and Richmond peopling the Virginia Military District, while a nondescript populace assembled in the United States Military Reserve, the resultant commonwealth still shows more or less distinct traces of its varied lineage. Ohio herein resembles our faithful Cerberus. "Mercy me!" cried Helen, when first I dragged him home. "Oh, mercy on us! What kinds of dog are he?"

Gradually, however, the Ohioans are reducing themselves to their lowest terms. Time, the mixture of newcomers, inter-marriage, and the welding consequent upon warfare have so modified original conditions that the main fact begins to stand out bold and strong: in the northern part of Ohio you feel the influence

of New England; elsewhere you feel the influence of the South. The Ohioans are the United States in vertical section.

Were I to drop, like Cyrano, from the moon, and to land, unlike Cyrano, in Painesville, Ohio, I should immediately inquire for the Boston and Albany station. There are the same drooping elms, the same pilastered houses, the same Common, the same noble churches, as in lovely Massachusetts. Lake Erie College in Painesville is a lineal descendant of Mount Holyoke. Or what of Oberlin? If Painesville suggests, Oberlin fulfills and verifies. For was not Oberlin, like Plymouth, founded for conscience' sake? Early Oberlin signed a covenant. "Lamenting the degeneracy of the church and the deplorable condition of our perishing world," Oberlin would "eat only plain and wholesome food;" renounce "all bad habits, especially the smoking and chewing of tobacco;" deny itself "all strong and unnecessary drinks, even tea and coffee, and everything expensive that is simply calculated to gratify appetite;" and forswear "all the world's expensive and unwholesome fashions of dress, particularly tight lacing and ornamental attire." And although the covenant is no more, public sentiment still enforces a code of astonishing blue laws. Apothecaries, fearing boycott, sell no cigars. Amble through Oberlin fondling a meerschaum, and the burghers glower as if they would come upon you to eat up your flesh. As local option obtains in Ohio, Oberlin is surrounded by a great American desert, sixteen miles one way and twenty-seven the other, — an epitomized state of Maine, only more so. There has never yet been a dancing party in Oberlin. Theatrical folk walk wide of the place. Here, say I, is the Puritan regimen of Massachusetts and Connecticut, condensed and exaggerated. In what other part of the country save in antique New England could you have brewed such strenuous leaven, and where else in

Ohio save in the Western Reserve could you have found room to hide it?

Northern Ohio, like New England, gave lodgment to early abolitionism. Ex-President Fairchild, the most picturesque figure in Ohio, loves to tell how Oberlin helped forge that slenderest, though strongest, link in the Federal chain. During the winter vacation, when Oberlin students dispersed through Ohio to teach school, they carried with them their gospel of emancipation. But for their labors, who knows but Ohio might have gone with the South, and severed the line of Union states?

New England is another name for conscience, and conscience is a kind of immovable habit. So the Western Reserve, which reflects New England, is profoundly conservative, particularly in commercial affairs. Judge a city by its banks, and Cleveland looms up like the rock of Gibraltar: in the crisis of 1893 not one bank in the city closed its doors. Judge it by its material progress, and you find that, though the population has mounted in half a century from twenty thousand to four hundred thousand, the city has never been boomed. Judge it by its mercantile buildings, — the sky-scraper is a late arrival. Prudence, then, is the watchword of the Western Reserve, — prudence and caution. In Geauga County the farmers count their bees every night. Yet the clocks of Ohio, rather than its banks or its bees, best illustrate its conservatism. When there went forth an edict to set all clocks by standard time, fully half the Ohioans revolted. Result? Three different kinds of time in Ohio! There is "central time," which is standard time; "eastern time," the time of Washington, in use on the Ohio River steamboats; and "sun time." Church services begin at a quarter past ten; luncheon is served at half past eleven; shops open at seven. The times are out of joint, and the Ohioans with them.

With what a delightful tingle of satis-

faction one beholds mere trifles verifying the fact of social transplantation! Would you choose a happy name for an office block? Call it the New England Building. Would you defend the French pastry architecture of the Chamber of Commerce? Jilt the truth, — say it is "Bostonese." So, too, in the open fields. Yonder amongst the blazing tiger lilies stands an old stone well, with an antiquated wellsweep and a mossy oaken bucket. Here, in a farmhouse, observe the rag carpet, and listen to the thump of a handloom in vigorous operation. Across the way a "deestricht" school-teacher is "larnin'" little children to spell "caow." At table they offer you baked beans. Yet those beans have suffered by transportation; they are a pale, wan, nostalgic sort of bean, without cheer or comeliness. Indeed, so far as I can learn, the baked bean is the least portable of all the herbs of the field.

Helen declares that she felt a pronounced jolt or bump when our Columbus crossed the forty-first parallel. As we had then passed the borders of Yankeeedom, Southern traits became immediately apparent, — perhaps because we were looking for them. Later, when we had traversed the lands of the Pennsylvania Dutch and wheeled toward *la belle rivière*, we even kept watch against alligators. What wonder? All about us were Southern trees, — the locust, the cedar, and the cypress. Strange Southern birds fluttered across our path. At night, in the wayside inn, a group of villagers munched peanuts and talked 'possum. More and more often we passed farmhouses with two-story piazzas, all curtained with the gorgeous honeysuckle. Towns teemed with darkies. Shop windows were hung with Southern songs, — 'Mid the Green Fields of Virginia, Echoes from Old Mobile, My Little Georgia Rose, — while Southern speech gave us a delicious sense of foreignness. People asked where our wheels were "at;" they longed to travel "like we

did;" they addressed Helen as "you all;" at the "levees" along the Ohio River they "wanted on" or "wanted off;" uniformly they "reckoned;" and when describing the rise of the river, which landed baby carriages in treetops and beer kegs on the porches of churches, they called it "a right smart flood." And with all the rest went the pleasing, languid half drawl which speaks of mellow Southern sunshine and the leisurely Southern temperament.

Besides, it was hot. The season had advanced a fortnight. Hence an inclination to lean against a cool stone wall and converse in slow talk, to "loafe and invite my soul." Were I a Southern Ohioan, my trousers, I know, would bag at the knees; my front fence would moult pickets; weeds would invade my garden; and perchance I should have grown over-tolerant of those weeds of the soul, which — But on this point I spare severity. What if the Southern Ohioans are less rigorous of conscience than their Northern cousins?

"Poor beggars, it's 'ot over'ead."

Note rather the charming Southern graces. How cheerily they greet you upon the highway! How familiarly strangers converse! Here, for instance, in a trolley car, is my friend the carpenter talking earnestly with my friend the lawyer (whose father, by the way, was President of the United States); a Buckeye complains that in Boston he failed to draw his barber into conversation. Even the northern part of the state is catching the spirit of democracy: in a country hotel, the hostler sat at table next the proprietor, and the waitress entertained her chief admirer on the front piazza. "West," said an Ohioan, — "it's everybody." "Yes," replied the newcomer, "and yet they are all talking about the Western Reserve. Darned if I see any!"

The talk means genuine friendliness. In Southern Ohio, an utter stranger, overhearing my inquiry for lodgings,

promptly took me in charge, got his shaving ticket advanced six numbers, lit up his office, and telephoned hither and yon till he got me quartered. Country folk are kinder yet; along the Ohio River you may seek hospitality where you will, and always you will find it. Threaten to pay, and your host turns purple.

In Cincinnati we went to church. As the preacher was a temporary importation from New York city, we witnessed an occurrence. "Brethren," said he, "brethren, let us so live that posterity will honor us as it honors Abraham Lincoln—" (pause; confusion; premonition of impending rough house) — "um — ah — brethren, let us so live that posterity will honor us as it honors Stonewall Jackson!" I then perceived that while, geographically, the Ohio River skirts the southern border of the Buckeye State, it runs, sociologically, historically, and politically, across the middle of Ohio.

So, when all is told, Ohio is at once North and South; it is also — by grace of its longitude and of its social temper — both East and West. It has boxed the American compass.

III.

Social transplantation, then, is the leading fact in the life of the Ohioans. So it was with the Montanians. And in both cases you had an influx of people who came because they worshiped Mr. Ruskin's "Goddess of Getting On."

Yet how different the ritual! In Montana they praised their Diva Aurea with a miner's pick; the priest of the Ohioans was a man with a spade. In Montana the service was soon done; in Ohio the service has never ceased. The real contrast is this: getting on in Montana meant scurrying back East with your new-found treasure ere brigands held you up; getting on in Ohio meant tilling the soil, building a house, taking a wife, establishing a reputation, and staying put.

Pioneers in Montana called themselves "prospectors;" pioneers in Ohio were "movers."

Now, whenever human beings people a new country with intent to stay there, the fact expresses itself architecturally. They build a church and they build a schoolhouse. Religion and education, mere afterthoughts in Montana, were matters of prime concern in Ohio.

The prayerfulness of Ohio is not without interest. Suppose the most splendid church in all that splendid commonwealth: let its style be decorated Gothic, done in sombre gray stone, with towers of pure perpendicular; carve intricate traceries in numberless mullioned windows; bring in the light through colored glass whose radiance leads forth the soul to "so near and yet so remote a paradise." Say, now, to whom shall so grand a church belong? To Congregationalists? It may be. The Ohioans brought Congregationalism from old New England. Or to Presbyterians? It is not unlikely. Presbyterians are strong in Ohio; so are Episcopalians; so, too, the Disciples, called Campbellites; Baptists are rarer. Your noble church, then, might belong to any one of five denominations; but I pledge you the chance is closer that it was built by a sixth, and that the Methodist. Amazing, you say, that a faith originally preached to peasants and colliers should have taken the trappings of fashion, — should even have come in peril of coldness and worldly vanity! Yet so it is.

The reason is this: Methodism, thanks to the heroism of a squadron of circuit riders, conquered the primitive communities of Ohio. Its wealth came later. Nor was any faith more aptly suited to the pioneer than the crude, barbaric Methodism of those early days. It was at once a wholesome religion and a necessary safety valve. For your pioneer is ever a lusty fellow, with blood overstocked with red corpuscles and nerves overstrung with vitality. In Montana,

such men were inwardly impelled to rob coaches, wreck barrooms, and hang thieves. In the Ohio forests, however, there was nothing worth stealing, nobody very much in need of hanging, and little occasion for "gun play." "Revivals" (of an obsolete pattern) supplied a genuine need; shouting took the place of shooting.

If the Methodists are the most important of the religious denominations in Ohio, the Dunkards — transplanted from Pennsylvania — are certainly the most picturesque. Towers of Schwarzenau, what bearded elders! What simplicity of garment and habitude! What shy girl faces smiling forth from Quakerish bonnets, and seeming to say, "Ach, mein Herr, but this is a hideous fashion; consider, zum wenigsten, our liebenswürdige complexions!" And the joys of the Dunkards are chiefly these: they taste no wine; they keep out of court; they cling to one another with clannish devotion; they wash one another's feet; and they give and take the holy kiss, man kissing man, maid kissing maid. They are models of simple goodness.

One day, in the Western Reserve, I said, "Helen, let's visit the Mormons," to which Helen replied with a shudder. Yet we found them a harmless folk. Their temple at Kirtland is an orthodox shrine, built in 1834; polygamy had not then been invented, nor have the Ohio Mormons any toleration for it. The Kirtland minister even opened the Book of Mormon and showed us a text which condemns plural marriages as "an abomination unto the Lord." "Then where," I asked, "did polygamy come from?" "From the rascality of Joseph Smith's successor, Brigham Young," said he. "Brigham Young was an apostate; so are the Utah Mormons!"

Kirtland was designedly but a temporary "stake" for the wide-pitched tabernacle of Mormonism, and it is well-nigh deserted now. Nevertheless, the strange gospel is heralded throughout

Ohio, where each year adds new numbers to the "Latter-Day Saints," as they greatly prefer to be called. Indeed, they say: "There is no such thing as a Mormon; 'Mormon' is only the name of the book we believe in. You might as well call Presbyterians 'Bibles.'" The name Mormon was conferred by the Saints' enemies and tormentors.

Orthodox Mormonism is a stout Biblical faith, quite like that of our evangelical churches. To this they add that delicious grotesquerie of the golden plates, the transparent stone, and the "reformed Egyptian" records, which afford a "second witness" to the verities of Holy Writ. And where is the harm? Am I less a Christian if I hold that a shining angel revealed to Mr. Ignatius Donnelly the non-Shakespearean origin of Shakespeare? Or is that genial country parson a theologic outcast and gutter snipe because to a conventional creed he appends a conviction that the messenger of the Lord revealed to Joe Smith the history of the North American continent prior to its discovery by Columbus? By no means. Neither, I take it, need I rebuke my Mormon friend for explaining the prehistoric mounds. "Defensive earthworks," said he. "Yes," I replied, "that is what the best archæologists say." "To be sure they do," he rejoined. "Science is daily verifying the Book of Mormon!"

Aside from the good Dunkards and the Latter-Day Saints, the religious element in Ohio is sedately conventional. Moreover, without excess or vagary, it is exceptionally pronounced. The churches are crowded; men attend; the evening service succeeds. The Ohioans have sent out more foreign missionaries than the people of any other state. They have also produced two of the most brilliant preachers in the American pulpit: Frank Gunsaulus of Chicago, and Charles Jefferson of New York.

Thus much for the heart of Ohio: what now of its brain? "The world

is saved," said an ancient rabbi, — "the world is saved by the breath of little children in school;" and so say the Ohioans. Country schools are splendidly housed; every school has its library; often the teachers are men. Of late groups of district schools are being "centralized," which means that half a dozen schools are consolidated, and the children brought to each session in covered wagons. (Happy thought, — improved instruction without increased expense.) And as for matters in town, President Eliot recommended the Cleveland school system for Boston, and Eastern states are continually sending committees to spy out the methods of Buckeye pedagogy. Although the state supports no normal schools, freedom of experiment makes Ohio a breeder of teachers. President Charles F. Thwing, of the admirably equipped and ably administered Western Reserve University, spends half his time restraining the Yale trustees from abducting his professors. Ohio has several excellent colleges; and yet this same Ohio is primarily responsible for coeducation; it is also to blame for some nine-and-twenty monohippic "universities."

I have read in a learned treatise upon coeducation that at Oberlin "the student body embraces young women." So? Oberlin has wooden footways — two narrow planks, set wide apart, the space between being filled with exceedingly sharp stones — called "co-ed. walks:" now I know why. I also perceive why my friend Satterlee, who was coeducated at Oberlin, carries his arms so queerly. Satterlee's left arm hangs down straight; his right arm, however, is warped or bent in an affectionate curve.

Where "co-ed. walks" fail, shall laws succeed? If an Oberlin student would take a girl walking, he must file an application with the mother superior. If he meets a young lady upon the street, he must not turn about to accompany her; if, however, he overtake her, the

two may continue together. The youth therefore passes by, proceeds forty paces, wheels around, and (the law and the prophets being fulfilled) catches up. It is strictly forbidden to treat girls, though the giving of presents is permitted: hence, while shunning the soda fountain, you supply the young lady with bonbons, delivered in the original package, but not consumed on the premises. Such legislation produces the normal effect. Oberlin chants a response of its own: "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to break these laws!"

Coeducation, I admit, may possess merits I know not of; but the truth is, it began as a makeshift, when the Ohioans were too poor to provide separate colleges for girls. Makeshifts also were the monohippic "universities," for which there is no longer any conceivable excuse. Helen, who so far forgot herself as to visit one of those sorry establishments, brought tidings of two or three dilapidated buildings, four ill-kempt "professors," a curriculum better suited to a second-rate high school, a student rabble made up of poor Smikes (of both sexes), and a president who drives from door to door through the country drumming up pupils. And this they call a "university"! They permit it to grant degrees! What wonder, then, that so disgraceful a situation invites a violent remedy? Already the bugles are blowing, the regiment is formed in hollow square, they will cut away both buttons and stripes; but the monohippic "university," like Danny Deever, dies hard. It has ever the same defense: "The greatest heroes of Ohio received monohippic educations," — a plea which seems rather to illustrate the uses of adversity.

Yet the main question is, not method, but result. Despite its incidental humors, the educational system of the Ohioans somehow produces an accretion of practical, hard-headed horse sense, like that which Captain Lemuel Gulliver observed in the isle of the Hou-

yhnhnms. Nowhere is the diffusion of knowledge more free from objectionable by-products. In Boston you find a more exquisite culture; but in Boston you also find more Spiritualists, more Esoteric Buddhists, more Christian Scientists, more people who see things and hear things and smell things.

Bostonians, I fancy, would ill appreciate the intellectual temper of the Ohioans. They would turn away in contempt at a dozen mispronounced words. The state is uniformly called "Ahia;" "idea" receives the accent on the first syllable; innumerable oddities amaze you; and even the dictates of grammar go disregarded. I met in one of the cities of Southern Ohio a young Bostonian, who said: "I simply detest this place. There are negroes on the police force, a man takes a woman's arm, the theatres are in full blast on Sunday, and there are 'ladies' parlors' attached to the saloons; but what hurts me worst is, they all say 'lay' for 'lie'!" I think it, however, a little more charitable to attribute the vagaries of Ohioan English to what President Thwing has called the Buckeye "individualism." Every man says what is right in his own ears.

Suppose, now, some Bostonian should really seek it, I promise he will find in Ohio the spirit of Copley Square. Though the movement for the higher culture is new, — so new that the last ten years have shown a distinct advance, — there is no sort of flamboyancy or unrestful haste about it. The Chicagoans say they are "making culture hum;" in Ohio, on the other hand, these finer growths are coming to a golden fruitage by grace of quiet sunshine and patient, loving care. And the fruitage already abounds, — a notable development in literary taste, a devotion to great music, an enthusiasm for art, a novel admiration for good architecture, and an increasing desire to ennoble the surroundings of common life.

A hundred praiseworthy tendencies

unite for progress. Is there a new taste for the essay, for "mere literature," for the volume of enchanted verse? That is due in part to the colleges, to the popularity of the literary lecture (Ohio is the best lecture state in the West), to the work of women's clubs, and to the missionary enthusiasm of certain librarians. "My aim," said an Ohio librarian, "is best worded in this way: 'Give the man another book.'" Nor can I overlook the influence of such literary societies as the Rowfant Club, who, when they meet beneath their emblematic candles at the sign of the gopher, become, like gentle Keats, men "of no opinions except in matters of taste." So, little by little, it has come to pass that Ohio — which produced William Dean Howells, Constance Fenimore Woolson, John Hay, Alice and Phœbe Cary, and George Kennan, all of whom moved out of the state — has set about acquiring that sympathy with letters and good studies which in days to come will tempt the native author to bide content at home.

In the realm of music, Cincinnati, with her Pilsener and her Wienerwurst, her violin and merry Trinklied, sits undisputed Kaiserin. In painting, also, and the reciprocal art of appreciation, it may be that taste is fullest matured amongst the Cincinnatians. But little result have they as yet to boast of, and no doubt for many a year their artists will follow the example of Whittredge, Wyant, Twachtmann, Enneking, Sonntag, Kenyon Cox, the Beards, and the sculptors Powers and Ward, and live in some more congenial region. Architects, on the contrary, find Ohio a Canaan of limitless promise, especially since the World's Fair. Yet perhaps, when all is told, it is in love of the minor arts that Ohio has progressed farthest. Ask the foreign commissionnaires. They will tell you that the choicest of glass, the finest china, the most exquisite of wrought iron, hammered brass, and gleaming silver, — unstinted in cost and unrivaled in

artistic excellence, — goes to Boston and Cleveland. Here, too, one may trace the influence of the World's Fair and of European travel.

But the heart of the matter is this: Ohio is in its second generation. The makers of that sturdy commonwealth had neither means nor leisure nor inclination for the mere refinements of life. Besides, the torment of anxiety and the hardship of crude existence left little room for the play of the æsthetic sentiments. As Aunt Chloe put it, "Doan' kyar foh sunset wiv dust in yo' eyes!" And yet those same drudge-bound toilers amassed the wealth which, as in mediæval Venice, became the basis of the new culture. "Money, which represents the prose of life," said Emerson, — and he might have uttered the words in Dayton or Springfield or Toledo, — "money, which represents the prose of life, and which is hardly spoken of in parlors without an apology, is, in its effects and laws, as beautiful as roses."

IV.

On the grounds of the State House in Columbus the Ohioans have set up a most interesting monument. Completely encircling a lofty plinth stand the bronze statues of William Tecumseh Sherman, Ulysses S. Grant, Salmon P. Chase, Philip Henry Sheridan, Rutherford B. Hayes, and James Abram Garfield, while above them the Genius of Ohio stretches forth her hands. And upon the plinth are carved the words, "These are my jewels."

Add to the names of Grant, Hayes, and Garfield that of William McKinley; recall that Benjamin Harrison was born in Ohio; consider that William Henry Harrison was called from his farm at North Bend to the White House; reflect that George Washington was not made chief magistrate until he had been in Ohio; and confess yourself amazed! Why all this presidentiality?

Helen (the precious cannibal!) has

just consumed The Man of Genius, and is for solving the problem after the manner of Lombroso. "Let us begin," she says, "by making red stars on the map of Ohio wherever Presidents have occurred. Then we will calculate the area of the state, forty thousand square miles; the population, four millions and a half; the legal rate of interest, six per cent; the mean temperature, fifty-three degrees; the annual rainfall, thirty-six inches; and the mean elevation above the sea, eight hundred and eighty-seven feet. Let us also note the absence of mountains, the scarcity of little lakes, and the almost total lack of summer resorts. Then, perhaps, we shall see what makes Presidents." So we have procured a map, and the disciple of Lombroso has gone at her task. There is no telling what will come of it. Meanwhile, my own excogitations leave Lombroso on a siding. Remembering the Rev. William Paley's gold repeater lying flat on its back in the highway, I cleave to the argument for design.

From the very first the Ohioans set their hearts upon seizing the government at Washington, and to this end they exercised unparalleled discretion in the choice of ancestors. Early Ohio, as we have seen, was a selection of daring, masterful spirits from all America. Nor was that all: it was a mingling of widely varied peoples. Hence a stock endowed with indomitable energy. The Glenns of Sweet Auburn, in whose veins flows a salmon-hued, homogeneous fluid, are for sitting on their thumbs and waiting for the future to come. Not so the Ohioans. And ill content with breeding an extraordinary type of manhood, Ohio began to discipline that type. Out of the lair of the wolf came the founder of old Rome, and out of the Ohio forest came rulers for young America. Yet, zounds, what jeering! "William Henry Harrison," shouted a thousand voices at once, "is fitter to sit in a cabin of buck-eye logs and drink hard cider than to

preside in the White House!" Ah, but were not those precisely the best antecedents for a President? The Ohioans therefore revived the log-cabin song of an earlier campaign: —

"Oh, what, tell me what, shall be your cabin's fate?"

We 'll wheel it to the capital and place it there elate

For a token and a sign of the bonnie Buck-eye State!"

And this is how the snowy-bloom horse-chestnut lent its name to presidential Ohio, — a good name, full of suggestiveness of that school of adversity through which the Ohioans passed to power. In making Ohio they made themselves.

Moreover, as Mr. Eliot Gregory points out in his charming *Worldly Ways and By-Ways*, election to office is partly a matter of external appearance. Mr. Chamberlain with his monocle and Mr. Balfour with his white gaiters are safe enough in England, but here we should "snow them under." Tradition pictures the American statesman as a plain citizen, whose foppery is of the inner man. Aware of this, the Ohioans, in spite of their wealth, dress simply, avoid pretense, and despise affected manners. That splendid Cleveland newspaper is well named, — the Ohioans are a nation of Plain Dealers. There are not a hundred silk hats in the state.

Assured of blood and of pioneer training; assured, also, of a prudent political exterior, the Buckeyes set about making Ohio one vast college of civics. They reduced the governor's appointing power, that there might be more officers elected by ballot; they divided their territory into eighty-eight counties, each a political centre or vortex; they arranged that every public question should be ferociously debated in district schoolhouses. And in such debates you felt the force of discordant ancestry. Cavalier joined issue with Puritan, Knickerbocker with Pennsylvania Dutchman, Quaker with

Kentuckian ; no two men had the same point of view. Never, I venture to propose, did argument draw redder fire from keener steel. And although there are not wanting those philosophic cynics who urge that political excitement, like feminine loveliness, runs but skin-deep, there is no denying that the common people get monstrously cross about it.

Again, in a country as big as ours, it is not only necessary to find the man who would be king ; he must hail from the right place. Geography is as truly the half of polling bits of paper as it is of shooting bits of lead. And herein were the Ohioans not unthoughtful. They took for their plot of ground a state close to the heart of things. All the world believes in Ohio. You traverse Ohio in order to get anywhere ; and although you may stupidly regard it as merely something to go through on the cars (preferably by night), it undeniably exists. Far different in the popular mind are those fairy, half-legendary principalities which stand for palm vistas, or for crimson buttes, or for Midsummer Night's Dreams done in fragrant orange blossoms. Besides, we can trust Ohio with the gravest responsibilities. Its enormous agricultural population makes for conservatism. So does its wealth.

Having seized a superb location, the Ohioans proceeded to pack three or four other states with willing adherents. In the earlier day, when covered wagons went rumbling along the National Pike, with "Illinois," "Wisconsin," or "Iowa" blazoned upon them, the Buckeyes saw their opportunity and joined in. To-day you find Ohio Societies in half a dozen Western commonwealths. The Ohio papers speak reverently of "ex-Ohio men ;" "ex-Ohioans" adore Ohio ; and when an Ohioan is nominated for the presidency, all "ex-Ohioans" fling their hats heavenward and cheer for the nation. The candidate is therefore supported by an army of old neighbors, num-

bering, in the delightful enumeration of Jimmie Brown, "mornamillion."

Might not one have supposed that so deep a plot, already constituting the most astounding political conspiracy of the century, could dispense with further precaution ? Alas, no ; the Ohioans are of one flesh with Luther's devil ; their "hidden craft is matchless." They must make Ohio an October state, which means that the state campaign would be fought on a hilltop, and could not be hid. Each presidential year the whole country stood waiting, with its hand on its heart and its eye on Ohio, to see how the state elections would result ; for as went Ohio, so went the nation. Thus, whoever won the field in Ohio became a world-wide celebrity. Columbus served as a stepping stone to Washington. Yet six months of acute political mania cost Ohio dearly. Business was halted, sleep disturbed, education debauched, every sane interest deranged. When, therefore, the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden suggested a change, all Buckeyes acquiesced, and made Ohio a November state. Then rose up prophets, declaring that the Buckeye dynasty was once for all dethroned. Yet the Ohioans are at it again : witness William McKinley.

Such — unless the Lombroso method should outdo itself (which I doubt) — is the story of how a free people have been run away with. "And now," say I, "so be it, — so be it !" Why complain if an Ohioan hold the national sceptre ? Were we not at a loss to choose a better to rule over us ? "Certainly it is a fearful business," wrote Thomas Carlyle in his wonderful chapter on the king as the man who *can*, — "certainly it is a fearful business, that of having your Ableman to seek, and not knowing in what manner to proceed about it !" Considering the gravity of this "fearful business," America owes a debt of gratitude to the Ohioans. They have graciously helped us out.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

SOME NEW LETTERS OF TOURGENIEV.

THE letters of Tourgeniev to Stasov — now for the first time translated from the Russian — reveal two very opposite personalities, and take us into an atmosphere of controversy which seems to demand some explanation. Tourgeniev is so well known out of Russia that there is little need to dwell upon him here. His novels afford the best record of his views and tendencies, which may be briefly summed up in the words Classicism, Idealism, Occidentalism. But the friend — or should I say adversary? — to whom this correspondence is addressed is a comparative stranger to English readers, and needs some introduction.

Vladimir Vassilievich Stasov is the son of a well-known Russian architect. Besides his ordinary occupations at the Imperial Public Library, where he occupies the position of director of fine arts, Stasov has accomplished a mass of literary work,¹ and has been identified for the last fifty years with almost every literary and artistic movement of the nationalist party in Russia. To explain his position in the art world, and also the enthusiastic veneration with which he is regarded by the representatives of the new schools of music and painting in Russia, I may be permitted to compare him with his more celebrated compatriot whose letters I am now endeavoring to explain.

Tourgeniev, Russian as he was by birth and temperament, lived so long estranged from his own people that he lost touch with the generation that succeeded him, the children of the sixties. He tarried so long

“With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time,”

¹ The Jubilee Edition of Stasov's collected works (four volumes, St. Petersburg, 1894), which was published at the expense of his ad-

that he found himself unable to appreciate the strong new growths of his native land, whose fruits seemed acrid and worthless to his fastidious Western palate. In his novels he shows up — sometimes with truth, but invariably without tenderness — all the weakness, the unpractical endeavors, the crude ideals, of the younger generation of Russian workers; giving thereby a deeper shade to the pessimism, a sharper sting to the self-distrust, which are essential components of the Russian nature. Tourgeniev, in spite of all his accredited gentleness, undoubtedly quenched the smoking flax.

I do not claim for Stasov the creative gift of Tourgeniev. His mission has been to stimulate the creative faculties of others, — a smaller but equally noble part in the building up of a national art and literature. Just as Tolstoi may be said to have revealed Russia to herself morally, so Glinka, and after him Stasov, have given her a revelation of her artistic destinies. “Have faith in your nationality,” preaches Stasov, “and you shall have works also.” “Russian individuality!” cries the contemptuous voice of Tourgeniev. “What humbug, what blindness and crass ignorance, what willful disregard of all that Europe has done!” To Stasov nationality has ever been the most precious thing in art. Penetrated with this spirit and deeply versed in the past history of Russia, — especially in her wealth of legend and folk song, — he set himself to fire the imaginations and sustain the hopes of that little band of earnest workers who, in the sixties and early seventies, started to break new paths in the world of painting and music. He might

mirers to commemorate his seventieth birthday, contains only a part of his voluminous writings.

appropriately be called the godfather of the new Russian art, he has stood sponsor for so many newborn works of genius.

Now that it has been generally conceded that in painting — and more strikingly in music — the Russians have given evidence of a vigorous independent development, it is difficult to realize the sharpness of the conflict which attended the first preaching of the gospel of art in Russia itself. All society was divided upon this question of *Eastern* or *Western* development, and only those who have studied the polemics which raged around this problem can fully understand the significance of these two words, which meant, as the Count de Vogüé has truly said, “a son of light or an accursed traitor,” according to the banner a man had elected to follow. To this cause must be referred the animosity — now smouldering half concealed under the guise of banter, now breaking out into something like splanetic fury — which runs throughout Tourgeniev’s letters to Stassov.

Stassov saw Tourgeniev for the first time at a concert of the Russian Musical Society, in Petersburg, in 1865. He describes his first impression of the great novelist as follows: —

“Tourgeniev came late, and, on entering the room, he paused to explain to a lady sitting near me the reason of his unpunctuality. ‘I have just been hearing Schumann’s quintet for the first time. . . . My soul is all aglow,’ he said in his soft, tender voice, which had a slightly sibilant note in it. I turned, and saw for the first time in my life Tourgeniev’s tall and stately though somewhat stooping figure, his head with the heavy mane of hair, as yet untouched by gray, and his kind, rather dim eyes.”

Stassov, like all the disciples of the new school of Russian music, was an ardent admirer of Schumann, and rejoiced to overhear Tourgeniev’s praise

of him. “It is exceedingly improbable,” he says, “that at that time any of our literary men knew anything about Schumann; still less would they have been capable of appreciating him.”

Two years later, in 1867, they met again, under similar circumstances, at one of the concerts of the Free School, which Balakirev, Lomakin, and Stassov had been instrumental in founding in Petersburg. This time, Tourgeniev, whose attention had been attracted by Stassov’s article upon the painter Brulov, published in the *Russky Vestnik* a short time before, expressed a wish to be introduced to him. The conversation turned upon “the inflated inanity” of Brulov, whose dull academical canvases were then still considered “the best line” in Russian art, and worshiped accordingly. Afterwards Stassov began to talk of Tourgeniev’s novel *Smoke*, which was just coming out in the *Russky Vestnik*, and asked him if he himself really held the same opinions about Glinka as he puts into the mouth of Potongin, one of the characters in the book. “Well,” replied Tourgeniev, “there may be a little exaggeration in the matter. I intended Potongin to represent a completely Western mind as opposed to the Slavonic; but all the same I agree with him on many points.” “What!” exclaimed Stassov. “Glinka only a rough diamond, — nothing more?” “Of course he is a gifted man,” Tourgeniev answered, “but he is not what you imagine him to be in Petersburg, nor what the newspapers proclaim him.” From this moment began the long conflict on matters of art, destined to be frequently revived in the years to come. The concert, which was devoted chiefly to the works of the modern Russian school, drew many expressions of contempt from Tourgeniev, and many warm retorts on Stassov’s part. “When the concert was over,” writes the latter, “we had disputed so much that although we shook hands at parting, we separated somewhat at enmity,

and in a very different frame of mind from that in which our conversation began an hour and a half earlier."

Their next meeting took place on foreign soil. In the summer of 1869 Stassov was staying in Munich. One evening, when dining at the Bayerischer Hof, he observed that several seats near him had been reserved for late-comers. Scarcely had he begun to speculate as to who his neighbors might prove to be, when Tourgeniev entered the room with Madame Viardot on his arm, followed by her husband and one or two friends. It was M. Viardot's unfortunate lot to occupy the chair between Stassov and Tourgeniev; an unenviable position, since the combatants no sooner caught sight of each other than they thirsted for the fray. "Two dinners," says Stassov, "paid for at the Bayerischer Hof that night were never eaten." The heat of the discussion left them neither time nor appetite, and the waiters removed plate after plate untouched, while the heavy guns of argument were fired behind M. Viardot's back. Madame Viardot, who understood neither Russian nor Russian ways, sat opposite, a silent and astonished spectator of this meeting.

Tourgeniev spent the months of April and May, 1871, in Petersburg, and from this place dates his first letter to Stassov, — a note of invitation to a gathering of the leading artists and literary men in the Russian capital, convoked by Anton Rubinstein with the idea of forming an Artists Club, on similar lines to the one which had been so successful in Moscow.

During this visit Tourgeniev first made the acquaintance of two rising artists whose names frequently occur in the course of his letters to Stassov. Antokolsky had just astonished the St. Petersburg public with the first view of his statue of Ivan the Terrible. Tourgeniev had hitherto been ignorant of Antokolsky and his works, but on seeing this masterpiece he united with Stas-

sov, for once, in enthusiasm for a native genius. As may be seen from his letters, the great novelist watched Antokolsky's career with interest, and, ten years later, used to relate with pride that the Russian sculptor had been elected a member of the French Institute without one dissentient voice.

While Antokolsky was making a sensation in Petersburg with Ivan the Terrible, the young painter Repin won his first laurels with his picture of Jairus's Daughter, for which he received the silver medal of the Academy of Arts. But Stassov was less successful in winning for Repin Tourgeniev's sympathy and approbation.

I have already spoken of Tourgeniev's contemptuous attitude toward the new school of Russian music. My readers need only open the pages of his novel *Smoke* to discover the extreme bitterness of his attack upon the followers of Glinka and Dargomijsky. "The humblest flute player," says the ultra-Western thinker Potongin, "who whistles his part in the poorest German opera has twenty times as many ideas as our self-taught musicians; only the German keeps his ideas to himself, and does not air them in the land of Mozart and Haydn." Yet nowhere, I venture to think, has Tourgeniev shown his animosity to Russian music and musicians so clearly as in his correspondence with Stassov. But splenetic and hostile as is Tourgeniev's style of musical criticism, it loses half its sting when we find out how little he really knew of the men or the music he disparaged. For instance, in one of his letters to Stassov, he makes exceptions in favor of Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov; but I cannot discover that at that time he had ever heard anything of these two composers beyond a few songs or pianoforte pieces.

On one of his visits to Petersburg, he seems to have felt that he had not sufficient basis for his harsh judgments upon these young composers, who were fight-

ing to save all that was best in their national music from a flood of colorless cosmopolitanism. Accordingly he asked Stassov if he could give him an opportunity of hearing some of the new music; not merely fugitive pieces, but part of an opera or an orchestral work. At that time, the members of the new school, whose works were rarely performed in public, held social meetings, at which whole scenes were given from the operas of Dargomijsky, Monssorgsky, Cui, and Rimsky-Korsakov. No orchestra was available. Madame Rimsky-Korsakov presided at the piano; her sister, Madame Molas, and Monssorgsky, who had a charming *voix de compositeur*, aided by other friends, took the chief parts in the new works. Stassov's suggestion that Tourgeniev should be invited to one of these evenings was coldly received by the musicians, many of whom resented his attitude toward their work. However, in May, 1874, Stassov succeeded in organizing a musical gathering at his own house, which included not only the chief representatives of the new school, but also Anton Rubinstein. During the playing of this great artist Tourgeniev evinced unbounded enthusiasm; but at ten o'clock, just as the last act of Cui's *Angelo* was about to be sung, he was seized with one of his worst attacks of gout. Critics who writhe under the "Slavonic barbarism" and "undisguised nihilism" of the new Russian music may think the moment was well chosen; but there seems no reason to doubt the reality of Tourgeniev's sufferings. Borodin, the composer-physician, did all he could to relieve the unfortunate author, who was removed to his hotel, inveighing not so much against Russian music as against the climate and cookery — the *borstch* and *pirogi* — of his native land. Thus it chanced that Tourgeniev never succeeded in hearing any of the more important works of those "rough diamonds" whose total oblivion he prophesies in one of his letters to Stassov.

Music was the chief topic of disagreement between Stassov and Tourgeniev, but literature was responsible for many of their discussions. While recovering from the attack just mentioned Tourgeniev visited Stassov at the Imperial Public Library, and the conversation turned upon the novelist's own works. I give it, as nearly as possible, in Stassov's words: —

"'Ivan Sergeivich,' I said, 'I have long wished to ask you about one thing. You know my admiration for your works, especially for *Fathers and Sons*, — we have spoken of it before; I can never say enough about Bazarov and Anna Paulovna. But one thing I cannot understand in you: although you are constantly writing about love, describing scores of love scenes, you never in your tales or novels go so far as to depict passion. Only one scene — between Bazarov and Anna Paulovna — is carried to white heat. Everywhere else emotion and sentiment are restrained, discreet. There is nothing deeper in *A Nest of Nobles*, nor yet in *Smoke*. This seems unaccountable.' Tourgeniev replied: 'Each man does what he can. I can do no more. But why dwell on this? Let us rather talk about Poushkin. He is one of the greatest men of the age; but I — well, I just do what I can.'"

The subject of Poushkin was invariably dangerous. Stassov did not yield unreserved homage to the poet, whose works have certainly lost much of their former popularity in Russia. Tourgeniev, on the other hand, would not suffer any breath of disparagement of his idol. These arguments about Poushkin sometimes led to the most ridiculous results. On one occasion Stassov called upon the novelist at his hotel, and found him suffering from gout, and consequently in an irascible frame of mind. The talk drifted imperceptibly to the Russian poet, and led to the usual dispute, in the course of which they chanced

to agree upon some trifling point. Stassov called attention to the fact that for once their views coincided. At this Tourgeniev burst into a loud laugh, and began to pace the room in his wadded jacket and wide plush shoes, waving his hand and speaking in a tragi-comical voice. "Agreed are we? Agreed indeed! Why, if the moment should ever come in which I felt that I agreed with you about anything, I should rush to the window" (here he suited the action to the word and shuffled to the window on his gouty feet), "fling it wide open, and call to the passers-by: 'Help! help! Take me to a lunatic asylum! I agree with Stassov!'" The scene ended in a hearty laugh on both sides, and the evening wound up "in such a happy and genial mood as rarely happened with us two."

This was their last meeting, but their correspondence was continued at intervals. In the summer of 1883, Stassov, passing through Paris, was about to visit Tourgeniev at Bougival, when he was informed by Madame Viardot that the great novelist was then at death's door. A week later he passed away.

ST. PETERSBURG, HÔTEL DEMOUTH,
4 March, 1871.

DEAR M. STASSOV, — I am afraid that, owing to some misunderstanding, you have not received the note inviting you to the meeting this evening, arranged by Rubinstein. In any case, I write to inform you that this evening, at ten o'clock, we shall assemble in the large salon at Demouth's, and we hope that you will come.

Accept the assurance of my perfect esteem.

IV. TOURGENIEV.

BADEN-BADEN, 3 THIERGARTENSTRASSE,
15/27 October, 1871.

HONORED VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, — I have just received your letter, which makes me as anxious about Antokolsky as you are yourself. He really promised

to come and stay with me here in Baden, but from the time I left Petersburg I have had no news of him whatever. About two months ago, or more, P. V. Annenkov wrote that he had been to Petersburg to supervise the casting of his statue,¹ — nothing more. I am afraid he has been taken ill somewhere, — I fear so — his health is very poor, — but he might have written to some one. This is all a riddle; but it is terrible to think what the answer may be!

I am leaving in a few days for Paris. Here is my address: Care of Madame Viardot, 48 Rue de Douai. I will keep your letter until my departure, in case Antokolsky should come to Baden, which is improbable. In any case, I shall leave a note for him.

I have only just read through Ostrovsky's comedy in *Otechestvenni Zapiskah*, but the impression I formed of it was exactly similar to your own. It would be difficult in a few words — or even in many — to account for his case and many similar ones. Besides the lack of culture, there is the monotonous uniformity (at least for us Russians) of the exclusively literary life. Ostrovsky, for example, never for one moment gets outside the limits of his own atmosphere. The technique of art develops in such isolation; style and form, also, perfect themselves; but the substance becomes impoverished and perishes. It is the same with those Russian writers who are said to follow up "the idea" and "the tendencies" of the hour, if not in books, in newspapers, — which is even worse. I do not take upon myself to judge for art, because, it seems to me, its hour has not yet come for Russia. Life begins to awaken, but there is no blood in this life as yet.

I hope to see you again in Petersburg during the winter; meanwhile keep well, and accept the assurance of my devotion.

IV. TOURGENIEV.

¹ Of Ivan the Terrible.

PARIS, 48 RUE DE DOUAI,
Sunday, December 25, 1871.

I ought long since to have answered your letter, dear Vladimir Vassilievich, but what with the trouble of moving, what with gout and my literary work, I have not been able to find time. I am now settled in Paris for a month or two, but in the middle of January (our style) I shall be in Petersburg, if I am alive and well.

I am very glad that Antokolsky has been found. (By the way, I send you back your letter to him.)

With your views upon marriage I agree, on the whole; I should even extend their application to all unions between the sexes. As you know, there are such things as unlegalized marriages; but these sometimes appear to be more undesirable than the commonly accepted form. To me the whole subject is familiar, and I have studied it *au fond*. If, so far, I have not touched upon it in my writings, it is because I always avoid these too intimate subjects; I do not feel at ease with them. Later on, when all this has grown more distant, I may perhaps think it over and make an effort, — if only the taste for writing has not left me. It becomes increasingly difficult to be bothered with this intricate work, and every day it grows harder to satisfy one's self with one's art. For instance, I have only just finished a long novel (for the *Messenger de l'Europe*), which I rewrote *three* times; mine is a kind of labor of Sisyphus! But "qui a bu, boira," as the French say, and it is not impossible that I may do it. I read your article, in the *St. Petersburg Viedomosti*, about Repin and the Academy competition. I am very glad to hear that this young fellow is coming so quickly and so bravely to the front. He has great talent, and undoubtedly possesses the artistic temperament, — which is the most important thing of all. It is impossible not to rejoice that this Brulov worship is dying

out. When all this dead matter falls away, like the scab from a wound, then only will the waters of life be able to spring up.

So far I have not looked about me here; I have seen no one and done nothing, so I have not anything to tell you. The Republic is in a very poor way, — the whole nation is ailing. What will be the outcome of all this God alone knows.

Remember me to Antokolsky, and accept the assurance of my perfect respect and devotion.

IV. TOURGENIEV.

48 RUE DE DOUAI,
Wednesday, 13/1 March, 1872.

I address myself to you, honored Vladimir Vassilievich, with the following request. One of these days you will receive a book by our good friend Ralston,¹ *Songs of the Russian People*. It is very carefully compiled from original sources, and we Russians are under every obligation to encourage such work. As yet nothing like it has appeared in any European language, and Ralston deserves to be patted on the back by so competent a judge as yourself. He will be much obliged to you, as well as your humble servant. I think an article in the *Messenger de l'Europe* would be the best. I, on my part, will write to Stassoulievich.² The book is beautifully got up, like all English publications.

Please tell me: Is Antokolsky in Petersburg? Is he married? How is he, and what is he doing?

With all good wishes, I remain,

Yours devotedly,

IV. TOURGENIEV.

48 RUE DE DOUAI, PARIS,
Wednesday, March 27/15, 1872.

I learn from Stassoulievich's letter, dear Vladimir Vassilievich, that Puipin has written an article upon Ralston; and

¹ Of the British Museum.

² The editor of the *Messenger de l'Europe*.

from your letter I see that you are not quite on good terms with the paper now. I am very sorry for the *Messenger de l'Europe*; but there is nothing to be done. I know that Ralston wants to send you a copy, and I believe you will shortly receive it. I will remind him.

Thanks for the news about Antokolsky; it is very interesting. I hope he has now solved his problem,¹ and that his health, at least, has not suffered.

From what you say, I could not imagine a worse subject for a picture than that which Repin has chosen, and I am truly sorry for this.² With such a subject, it is so easy to drop into allegory, into the commonplace, and to assume a stilted style.

What a pity that the Hemicycle of Delaroche lacks vitality! But as Delaroche has about as much artistic temperament as Kraevsky, there is not much to spoil.

You are quite wrong in fancying that I "dislike" Glinka: *he* was a very great and original man. But come, now, it is quite different with the others, — with your M. Dargomijsky and his Stone Guest. It will always remain one of the greatest mysteries of my life how such intelligent people as you and Cui, for example, can possibly find in these limp, colorless, feeble, — I beg your pardon, — senile recitatives, interwoven now and then with a few howls, to lend color and imagination, — how you can find in this feeble piping not only music, but a new, genial, and epoch-making music. Can it be unconscious patriotism, I wonder? I confess that, except a sacrilegious attempt on one of Poushkin's best poems, I find nothing in it. And now cut off my head, if you like!

Of all these "young" Russian musicians, only two have decided talent, — Tchaikovsky and Rimsky-Korsakov. All

¹ The equestrian statues of Ivan III., Yaroslav the Wise, Dmitri Donskoi, and Peter I., for the Alexander Bridge across the Neva.

the rest, for what they are worth, may be put in a sack and thrown into the water! Not, of course, as men, — as men they are charming, — but as artists. The Egyptian Pharaoh Rameses XXIX. is not more utterly forgotten than these men will be fifteen or twenty years hence. This is my one consolation.

In about four weeks' time I leave here, and at the end of April I shall be in Petersburg, where I hope to see you and dispute with you to my heart's content, if only you care to talk to such a heretic as I am.

I shake your hand warmly, and remain,
Yours devotedly,

IV. TOURGENIEV.

P. S. Like all Russians you do not give your address, and I have wasted two hours looking for it among old letters and papers.

PRECHISTENSKY BOULEVARD, MOSCOW,
Wednesday, May 26/14, 1872.

I only received your letter of May 17 the day after my arrival here, dear Vladimir Vassilievich. When you wrote it I was actually in Petersburg (at the *Hôtel Demouth*); but they told me you were away, so I did not look you up, which I now regret very much. However, I stayed but a few days in Petersburg. I leave here on Sunday, if the attack of gout from which I am unexpectedly suffering will permit; but I shall be in Petersburg only twenty-four hours, and it is very unlikely that I shall see you, for probably just now you are in Moscow all the time, only I know nothing about it. We shall have to argue on paper, instead of by word of mouth.

Why should you suppose that I, who am neither a musician nor a painter, and moreover an old man, to whom all insincerity is distasteful, and who merely pays heed to his own impressions, — why

² Russian and Slavonic Musicians: a picture painted to order by Repin for the concert room of the hotel, *Slaviansky Bazaar*, in Moscow.

do you suppose that I am impregnated with fetishism and bow down to European authorities? To hell with the lot of them! I delight in Gluck's recitatives and arias, not because the authorities have praised them, but because at the first notes they draw my tears, while no authorities could compel me to do otherwise than look upon the Stone Guest with utter contempt. I have had the patience to listen to it twice, not with an indifferent, but with a very masterly interpretation of the pianoforte score. You err in your estimate of these authorities, too. For instance, you believe that Ary Scheffer among the French (I am not speaking of Philistines, but of artistic natures), and Kaulbach among the Germans, carry some weight, whereas they have long since been shelved, and nobody speaks of them seriously nowadays. But as to Delacroix, would that we had in our school so highly gifted though unequal a nature!

I have seen Repin's picture,¹ and with sincere regret I confess that this cold *vinaigrette* of life and death is — forgive me — a piece of forced absurdity which could have emanated only from the brain of some Klestakov² . . . with his Slaviansky Bazaar! And my opinion is shared by the painter himself, who spent nearly two hours with me, and spoke with great regret about the theme which had been forced upon him. He was even sorry that I had been to see the picture, in which there are evidences of undoubted talent, but which is suffering at this moment a well-merited fiasco. God grant that his other pictures may not be still-born, like this!

No, dear Vladimir Vassilievich, I should be the first to rejoice at the birth of a native art, but I cannot imitate Wagner in Faust, of whom Goethe said: —

¹ Russian and Slavonic Musicians.

² A character in Gogol's play *The Reviser*.

³ Peter I., on view at the Universal Russian Exhibition, Moscow, 1872.

“Mit gier'ger Hand nach Schätzen gräbt —
Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet.”

Having found your rough diamond, Glinka, rejoice and be proud of him, . . . but all these Dargomijskys and Balakirevs and Brulovs, — may the waves scatter them and carry them all away like the common dust.

All this may appear to you sacrilegious and absurd. . . . Well, I recall people who thought me almost a criminal because I did not appreciate that “budding genius” Konkolknik. However, enough of this.

Antokolsky is not here, and I have not heard a word either of him or of his statue.³ Now *this* I should like to see. I believe in him, because he has *temperament*, and not mere literary froth. But come, this is really enough. We only go on kicking up the dust. Are you not coming to Paris, and will you not come to see me? You can write to me already, if you please, at 48 Rue de Douai.

Good-by and keep well.

Your devoted

IV. TOURGENIEV.

48 RUE DE DOUAI, PARIS,
Wednesday, November 4 (October 25), 1874.

DEAR VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, — I was very glad to hear that Brukhanov had duly executed my commission.⁴ The copy of the *Iliad* sent to you was actually found among the books which formed the library of V. G. Belinsky.

Who can that *Alexander Ivanovich* be, whose mark is to be met with several times on the margins? The handwriting resembles that of A. I. Tourgeniev. But he was a poor Greek scholar; as a stylist, too, he had no special authority. It would be interesting to clear this up.

Although I do not pass for a stanch patriot, still I take great pride in any

⁴ In 1874, Tourgeniev presented the Imperial Public Library, through Brukhanov, with a proof copy of Gnedich's translation of the *Iliad*, annotated by himself, Kraevsky, and Lubanov. The copy belonged originally to Belinsky.

new manifestation of art and poetry in Russia. Consequently I learnt with particular pleasure your double news. Only you do not tell me whether Kutzov's *Gashish*¹ is published or still exists only in manuscript. The subject pleases me; it is wonderfully well suited as a frame for a variety of pictures. Secondly, *Stcherbatchev*, as a man, produces an unfavorable impression; but this need not imply that he is destitute of talent, and I should be very much obliged to you if you would send me his compositions as soon as they appear.² By the way, you have no ground for fancying that *Rubinstein* will treat them with contempt; to me, at least, he spoke of *Stcherbatchev* as a very talented young man. *Kharlamov* has painted *Madame Viardot's* portrait. I have not the least doubt that as a portrait painter he has, just now, no equal in the world, and the French begin to say the same.

I keep much as usual; apparently I shall never cease to be ill.

Now I wish you all good, and remain
Your devoted

IV. TOURGENIEV.

48 RUE DE DOUAI, PARIS,
Wednesday, 25/13 November, 1874.

DEAR VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, — I am sorry you are unable (I hope only temporarily) to send me the works of *Stcherbatchev* and *Kutzov*, but I beg you not to forget them when they are published.

¹ A poem by Count Kutzov, on a subject suggested by me. — V. V. S.

² Reference is made to two pianoforte pieces composed by *Stcherbatchev* in 1873-74, but not published until later.

³ In 1865 *Madame Troubnikov* presented to the Imperial Public Library a printed copy of *Fathers and Sons*, with additions on the margins, in *Tourgeniev's* own hand, of those portions of the book which were altered or mutilated by *Katkov* while the novel was appearing in the *Russky Vestnik*. When *Tourgeniev* visited *Petersburg* in May, 1874, I begged him to certify that all the passages inserted on the margins were actually written by his own hand,

Katkov's action is worthy of him;³ that man ought to have been a Bonapartist, he goes to such lengths. . . . At the time of the publication of *Fathers and Sons* I was not in *Moscow*, but in *Paris*. The manuscript of the novel was transmitted by me through *M. L—*, who kept me informed from *Moscow* of the requirements and apprehensions of the editor's office. I will send you a note written by this *M. L—*, who is at present in *Paris*, and who, having read the statements of the *Moscow Viedomosti*, desired to bring to light the true facts of the case. But in the first place he is a very . . . man, with whom I do not care to have anything to do; and secondly, I have a positive aversion to all literary scandals and intrigues. The devil take them all! In any case, I was to blame for consenting to the mutilations in the *Russky Vestnik*, or, at any rate, for not protesting against them; and they were worse in *Smoke* than in *Fathers and Sons*. I ought to have known with whom I was dealing. . . .

What can I say about *Tutroumov*?⁴ This man has publicly disgraced himself. His name should be forgotten. Thenceforward, whenever it comes up, it will provoke the exclamation . . .! Or at least, "What a fool!" And when one comes to think that *Tutroumov* will be called a fool by the kind and indulgent, there is nothing more to be said. . . . A nice turn he has done himself!

My health is still not quite satisfac-

which he did. I published a little notice of this in the *St. Petersburg Viedomosti*, 1874, No. 299. To this *Katkov* replied in the *Moscow Viedomosti*, No. 273, that in *Fathers and Sons* every alteration had been made with the consent of the author, at a time when he was still at the zenith of his talent and intellectual powers. — V. V. S.

⁴ The well-known story of the painter *Tutroumov* and *V. V. Verestchagin*. When the latter refused a professorship offered to him by the Academy of Arts, *Tutroumov* tried to make the public believe that *Verestchagin* did not paint his own pictures, but hired the services of painters in *Munich*.

tory, and I have not left my room for three weeks.

I shake your hand and wish you all good wishes.

Your devoted

IV. TOURGENIEV.

DEAR VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, —
The day before yesterday I received a parcel containing two copies of the Zig-zags. I have listened with the utmost attention to two consecutive performances of them, and the interpretation was excellent. To my great regret, I have not been able to discover in them the merits about which you wrote to me. I cannot say whether in time original talent will show itself in Stecherbatchev, but at present I can see nothing in him but "the clamor of captive thoughts." All this has been written under the influence of Schumann's *Carnaval*, with a mixture of Liszt's *bizarceries*, dragged in without motive. It is altogether lacking in ideas; is tedious, strained, and wanting in life. The first page pleased me most; the theme is commonplace, but the working out is interesting.

For this you may chop off my head, if you please. I thank you, all the same, for your kindness in sending the music.

I could see from Bourenin's last article that you had shown him my letter to you in which I spoke of *Fathers and Sons* and of Katkov.¹ No doubt this encouraged that gentleman to a fresh outburst of captious and insulting mendacities; but as to this particular symptom . . . Anyway, I am glad that Bourenin has mentioned the matter. Whoever chooses to believe me is welcome, and those who do not choose I shall not try to persuade.

Here the winter is not worse than in Petersburg, and my health is improving, so that I have no excuse for not work-

ing. However, I am slow in taking up my work again.

I rarely see Repin; he is an excellent fellow, of undoubted talent. His picture is progressing.² I still consider Kharlamov the greatest contemporary portrait painter; and the time is coming when I hope you will be convinced of this.

I shake your hand, and remain

Your devoted

IV. TOURGENIEV.

50 RUE DE DOUAI, PARIS,
Wednesday, 27/15 January, 1875.

DEAR VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, —
In answer to your letter I have one thing to say: I may be mistaken in my judgment of the new Russian art, and you are fully justified in reproaching me for my ignorance or want of comprehension; but why should you imagine that I speak thus not from a strong personal conviction or sentiment, but because I bow down before the authority of foreigners? What devil should induce me, an old man, — who have never in my whole life valued anything as highly as my own independence, — to bow down or kowtow to these authorities? If for nothing else, then for the sake of my self-respect, you might believe that I should be perfectly indifferent to every "Qu'en dira-t-on?" Certainly, in my time I have dispatched to the Yellow Gate³ as many of your great authorities as you have, — only they had other names, as famous as those you quote. But the same sentiment of personal liberty, of which I am conscious every second in the minute, does not permit me to acknowledge as beautiful the things which do not please me.

By way of tit for tat, I might retort that you never bow before any authorities but those which you have invented for yourself; but in argument I make a point of never attributing to my ad-

¹ See the St. Petersburg *Viedomosti*, 1874, No. 336.

² The picture of Sadko and the Sea King.

³ This may be a reference to the madhouse, sometimes spoken of in Russia as "the yellow house."

versary other motives than those which he attributes to himself.

In short, pray believe that if I find Mozart's *Don Juan* a work of genius, and Dargomijsky's *Don Juan* formless and absurd, it is not because Mozart is an authority and others think so, or because Dargomijsky is unknown outside his little circle, but simply because Mozart pleases me, and Dargomijsky does not. Neither do the Zigzags please me. That is the end of the matter! Of course to you Kharlamov is a wretched painter, because he paints in the French style; but he really has nothing French about him. In the truthfulness, sincerity, and realism of his painting the Russian man and the Russian artist unconsciously show themselves. When you go to Moscow, look at his portrait of Tretiakov's wife, Sergeia, — not long since finished and exhibited, — and tell me if, up to now, we have had anything equal to it.

The history of the St. Petersburg *Viedomosti* is astonishing and lamentable; the same thing will probably be repeated in the *Messenger de l'Europe*. The air is still as foul as in the days of our youth.

Beyond getting back my health I am doing nothing. I am not in the humor; why should I force myself? I am waiting impatiently for the appearance of Tolstoi's novel in the *Russky Vestnik*. I have not yet thanked you for sending me Stecherbatchev's Valses. They do not alter my opinion of him, but I am none the less grateful to you.

I wish you all prosperity, and remain,
Yours devotedly,

IV. TOURGENIEV.

P. S. Essipoff and Davidoff have had great success here.

50 RUE DE DOUAI, PARIS,
April 3/15, 1875.

I received your letter, dear Vladimir Vassilievich, and lost no time in exe-

¹ Tourgeniev refers to the many attacks made upon Repin, both in Paris and in Peters-

cuting your commission with regard to Zola, with whom I am really on intimate terms. (His address is, Paris, 21 Rue St. Georges, Batignolles.) I cannot, however, guarantee its success. Working against time, from morning till night, he hardly makes both ends meet, and has no time to spare for gratuitous correspondence. If you really intend to come to Paris, you will have a good opportunity of speaking to him yourself.

What you say about Kharlamov does not surprise me. It is in the nature of things, seeing the radical — I may say antipodean — antagonism of our views in respect of art and literature; and I was far more astonished at our actually agreeing on the subject of Tolstoi's novel *Anna Karenina*.

Good Lord, thought I to myself, can it be possible that I have now lost the true criterion of things that I love and hate, namely, the absolute opposition of my tastes to those of V. V. Stassov? But afterwards I thought perhaps it was only a slip of your pen. So not for one moment do I doubt the worthlessness (to my mind) of Maximov's pictures. I at once placed him in the same category as your favorites, MM. Dargomijsky, Stecherbatchev, Repin, and *tutti quanti*; all those half-baked geniuses filled with spiced stuffing in which you keep detecting "the real essence."

By the bye, speaking of Repin, according to your own account you are only laughing in your sleeve, while he has been going about here like a man half dazed, because of the publication of his letters in *The Bee*.¹ In a word, the man was almost whimpering; but apart from this he could not live here long. It is time he got back under your wing, or, better still, returned to Moscow, to his right place and surroundings.

You see I do not mind showing you my real frame of mind, just as you do not hesitate to show yours.

burg, in consequence of his letters to me about the old Italian and new French art. — V. V. S.

And now I wish you all good things, beginning with good health, and beg you to believe in my sincere devotion.

IV. TOURGENIEV.

BOUGIVAL, LES FRÊNES,
Monday, July 26, 1875.

Your letter found me here, Vladimir Vassilievich; it is now a fortnight since I left Carlsbad. I hope the poem Gashish will be forwarded to me here. Thank you for remembering me, although you are right in saying that nothing ever comes of our correspondence or our personal intercourse. Our stand-points lie too far apart.

I shall stay here till the end of October. I shall often go to Paris; I have permanent quarters there at 50 Rue de Douai. If you like, you can keep to my Paris address. We might breakfast or dine somewhere together.

Never, never did it enter into my head to accuse Repin of *audacity*. Why, good heavens, it is precisely from the absence of such audacity that our half-baked talents are suffering. He is a poor creature; there is the misfortune. Had he been a good fellow, he might have abused whom he pleased. One good point about Kharlamov is that he neither praises nor abuses any one, but acts boldly himself. Whether well or ill is another question. But our critiques, when they begin their business, either fall into miserable imitation or hatch some fledgeling idea, — something like the procession of types to Poushkin (!!!); then they think themselves God Almighty. It is all dust and decay; always the same decrepitude, with only a semblance of youth.

Now good-by for the present, — until our next encounter. Accept the assurance of my esteem.

IV. TOURGENIEV.

BOUGIVAL, LES FRÊNES,
Friday, August 6, 1875.

Vladimir Vassilievich, your desire to

see me is couched in such charming words that I, for my part, hasten to assure you that such a meeting would be quite agreeable to me, although of course it could not be got through without a discussion. If it is not inconvenient to you, meet me at a quarter past eleven on Tuesday, at the Restaurant du Nouvel Opéra, 31 Boulevard Haussmann, Adolphe et Pellé (at the back of the new Opera House). There we can have an excellent breakfast in a private room, and declaim at our ease.

I must thank you for sending Gashish. This trifle is not bad, but only so-so. The lack of color and imagination produces a bad effect (especially in such a subject). If you are going to transport me to the East, — in a state of intoxication, too, — then you must surround me with its wonders and let its enchantments wrap me around until I lose my own identity; instead of which you only give me some very colorless effects. The description of the sea is not amiss, but it does not nearly come up to two lines of Touthchevsky: —

“Dimly radiant (the dream) and weirdly still,
Lightly it swayed above the thundering gloom.”

In this little poem (Gashish) there is no trace whatever of that dream fantasy.

I am really sorry you did not get to the concert, although Madame Viardot sang only one thing of Schubert's, — Gretchen.

Good-by till Tuesday.

Yours devotedly,

IV. TOURGENIEV.

BOUGIVAL, LES FRÊNES,
Saturday, August 28, 1875.

I am sorry, Vladimir Vassilievich, that I cannot carry out your wishes as to your books. These very books have been taken away from me. I am not living in Paris, so I cannot get them just now; besides, I am going off shooting for five days.

Your quotation from Krilov about "the thousand ways"¹ actually speaks in my favor. Good Lord, what connection is there between Krilov and poetry? His talents and merits most certainly do not lie in that direction. You know, too, that Koutouzov's only aim is to use imagery and talk fine. Just try to find in Théophile Gautier — the specialist in this style — anything at all in the manner of "*en cent façons*." But why discuss it? Even now my cheeks burn with the blush of shame when I remember how we — old gray-headed men — have argued and vociferated until we were hoarse. And for what? About a pedestal! Surely, in all the world, it is only Russians who can descend to such senseless puerilities! We meet and begin "to chew dry grass," with gleaming eyes, and panting while we chew. Really it is a case of "The dog has nothing to do," — you know the end of the adage.

I wish you all happiness in Paris and at home.

Your devoted

IV. TOURGENIEV.

BOUGIVAL, LES FRÊNES,
Sunday, September 5, 1875.

I will answer your questions, Vladimir Vassilievich: —

(1.) Among architects² I know only one personally, M. Poitrineau, who built my chalet here. He is an honorable and hard-working man, with no particular force of imagination. In the summer he lives here, — that is to say, at Croissy; his office in town is 58 Rue de Clichy.

(2.) Saint-Saëns has returned to Paris; but his wife is just expecting her confinement, and he is probably in an

¹ Tourgeniev took exception to Koutouzov's phrase, "The dwarfs turned somersaults in a thousand ways." In its defense, I quoted from Krilov's fable *The Ass and the Nightingale*, "He warbled and trilled in a thousand ways." — V. V. S.

² I had asked Tourgeniev to recommend me

anxious frame of mind. His address is, 168 Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré.

(3.) It is useless to be surprised, or even "horribly surprised," that I do not bow down before the modern authority of the latest novelty; I mean the question of the "pedestal." Wretched, miserable, pedantic "epigon;" in a word, it does not deserve a moment wasted upon it. First produce a fine statue; the rest is mere frivolity.

I do not ascribe any importance to Théophile Gautier as a poet, — neither has Koutouzov any pretensions to the title; but as a virtuoso of language the French consider Gautier first rate, and upon this question they are better judges than we are.

(4.) I read the *Rappel*, and I have also read the new articles by Victor Hugo. I regret that I do not possess sufficient powers of expression to tell to what a degree I despise these articles, and the whole of his prose in general. I rejoice at your judgments of Goethe, Poushkin, and Mozart: had you loved them, I should have been "horribly surprised."

I wish you all good, and remain

Your devoted

IV. TOURGENIEV.

BOUGIVAL, LES FRÊNES, CHALET,
July 29/17, 1880.

DEAR VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, —
On the day of our meeting in Paris a strange thing happened to me: instead of the pills which I asked you to take to Tikhouravov,³ I took from my pocket a round Japanese box in which I keep my visiting cards! It is all right if you chanced to look at them; but perhaps you have sent off the box — without looking — to Tikhouravov, who will not understand it at all! I trust this a reliable architect in Paris for Veresthagin, who at this time was thinking of building a house and studio in the suburbs, and who in one of his letters from India had asked me to make these inquiries. — V. V. S.

³ One of the professors at the University of Moscow.

letter may be in time, in which case please throw away my cards, and keep the box in remembrance of me. Do not write to Tikhouravov. I have made arrangements about the pills and given them to Nicholas Rubinstein, who is now in Paris, and leaves for Moscow in a week. I hope you got home to "Peter" safe and sound.

I shake your hand, and remain
Your devoted

IV. TOURGENIEV.

SEINE ET OISE, BOUGIVAL, LES FRÊNES,
CHALET, *Friday, August 13/1, 1880.*

DEAR VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, — I received your letter, and a day later the box. I thank you, but I feel ashamed of giving you so much trouble. Destroy the letter to Tikhouravov, as it is of no use now. Matté has been to see me: he is a very charming young man, — an artistic spirit, — but as yet there has been no talk about the portrait. I think he will look in again the day after to-morrow (Sunday).

Accept the assurance of my esteem.
Your sincerely devoted

IV. TOURGENIEV.

PARIS, 50 RUE DE DOUAI,
21/9 *January, 1882.*

Your letter has greatly astonished me, dear M. Stassov; but as I am willing to believe that it was inspired less by your enthusiasm for Sarah Bernhardt than by your interest in me, I will give you a brief reply. You reproach me for having shaken hands with M. A——, and think this a stain upon my reputation. I know M. A—— as a man as well as you do; I have never shaken hands with him, and never shall do so, any more than with Katkov; besides, a man's reputation can be marred only by some wrongdoing on his part, and not by any scandalmonger. My opinion about M. B——'s articles on Sarah Bernhardt I have already expressed in a private letter to M. B——. Of course

I could not know that it would become public property, and I am very sorry for it. But I am not in the habit of withdrawing my opinions, even when I have expressed them in a private and friendly conversation and they are made public against my will. Yes, I consider M. A——'s criticism of Sarah Bernhardt quite true and just. This woman is clever and skillful; she has her business at her finger ends, is gifted with a charming voice and educated in a good school; but she has nothing natural about her, no artistic temperament whatever, and she tries to make up for this by Parisian licentiousness. She is eaten through and through with *chic, réclame, and pose*. She is monotonous, cold, and dry; in short, without a single spark of talent in the highest sense of the word. Her gait is that of a hen; she has no play of features; the movements of her hands are purposely angular, in order to be piquant; the whole thing reeks of the boulevards, of Figaro and patchouli. You see that to my mind M. A—— has been even too lenient. You quote Zola as an authority, although you always rebel against all authorities, so you must allow me to quote Augier, who once said to me: "Cette femme n'a aucun talent; on dit d'elle que c'est un paquet de nerfs, — c'est un paquet de ficelles." But you will ask, Why then such a world-wide reputation? What do I care? I only speak my own feelings, and I am glad to find somebody who supports my view.

As to the second object of your letter, I am quite at a loss to understand in what way I could strongly influence M. N—— and his two publications. Have not you yourself a hand in both of them?

Accept the assurance of my devotion.

IV. TOURGENIEV.

PARIS, 50 RUE DE DOUAI,
16/4 *December, 1882.*

DEAR VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, —
Your letter is only a new proof of your

cordial readiness to do a service, but I should be ashamed of burdening you with such a troublesome business. The English editor would be quite satisfied with a brief note pointing out two or three of the most important articles upon Russian art. If you think that the illustrated catalogue of the art section of the Universal Russian Exhibition in Moscow, written, in French, by Sobko, and edited by Botkin, would be useful, ask Stassoulievich to get it (at my expense, of course) and send it to me here. In any case, I thank you beforehand. The anecdote which Bourenin related had gone clean out of my head. I might have been astonished at the coolness of "Messieurs les Feuilletonistes," only I have lost all power of astonishment at their doings. In any case, I apologize to you, though I may add that I am only in the position of the "whipping-boy," "guilty though innocent."

Accept the assurance of my respect.

IV. TOURGENIEV.

PARIS, 50 RUE DE DOUAI.

DEAR VLADIMIR VASSILIEVICH, — I feel guilty for not having written at once to tell you that I had received the list of works upon Russian art and the al-

bum of the Moscow Exhibition. I thank you sincerely for both, and I have already made good use of them. I could not write before, first because I was ill, and now I have been in bed ten days after an operation.

Your devoted

I. S. TOURGENIEV.

These letters of Tourgeniev's to Stassov are interesting because they enable us to see him from the Russian rather than the French point of view. M. Ivanov, in his biography of Tourgeniev, has dwelt much upon the "moral isolation," the sense of detachment which resulted from his self-imposed exile. The correspondence with Stassov brings this out very clearly, and is a further proof that the regrets of Polonsky and other devoted friends of the novelist were not without substantial foundation. "Tourgeniev," says Stassov, "a great writer, was, as might be expected from a Russian, realistic and sincere in his own novels and tales; but in his tastes and views of art his cosmopolitanism made him the enemy of realism and sincerity in others. In such ideas and in such unaccountable prejudices he elected to spend his whole life."

Rosa Newmarch.

QUATRAIN.

OVER my head and far away
I saw the frightened moon,
A forgotten guest of Yesterday
In the warm blue halls of Noon.

Arthur Ketchum.

THOREAU'S ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE.

"I WISH to speak a word for Nature, for absolute freedom and wildness." So Thoreau began an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* thirty-five years ago. He wished to make an extreme statement, he declared, in hope of making an emphatic one. Like idealists in general, — like Jesus in particular, — he believed in omitting qualifications and exceptions. Those were matters certain to be sufficiently insisted upon by the orthodox and the conservative, the minister and the school committee.

In an attempt at an extreme statement Thoreau was very unlikely to fail. Thanks to an inherited aptitude and years of practice, there have been few to excel him with the high lights. In his hands exaggeration becomes one of the fine arts. We will not call it the finest art; his own best work would teach us better than that; but such as it is, with him to hold the brush, it would be difficult to imagine anything more effective. When he praises a quaking swamp as the most desirable of dooryards, or has visions of a people so enlightened as to burn their fences and leave the forests to grow, who shall contend with him? And yet the sympathetic reader — the only real reader — knows what is meant, and what is not meant, and finds it good; as he finds it good when he is bidden to turn the other cheek to the smiter, or to distribute all his living among the poor.

Thoreau's love for the wild — not to be confounded with a liking for natural history or an appreciation of scenery — was as natural and unaffected as a child's love of sweets. It belonged to no one part of his life. It finds utterance in all his books, but is best expressed, most feelingly and simply, and therefore most convincingly, in his journal, especially in such an entry as that of January 7, 1857,

a bitterly cold, windy day, with snow blowing, — one of the days when "all animate things are reduced to their lowest terms." Thoreau has been out, nevertheless, for his afternoon walk, "through the woods toward the cliffs along the side of the Well Meadow field." The contact with Nature, even in this her severest mood, has given a quickening yet restraining grace to his pen. Now, there is no question of "emphasis," no plotting for an "extreme statement," no thought of dull readers, for whom the truth must be shown large, as it were, by some magic-lantern process. How differently he speaks! "Might I aspire to praise the moderate nymph Nature," he says, "I must be like her, moderate."

The passage is too long to be quoted in full. "There is nothing so sanative, so poetic," he writes, "as a walk in the woods and fields even now, when I meet none abroad for pleasure. Nothing so inspires me, and excites such serene and profitable thought. . . . Alone in distant woods or fields, in unpretending sproutlands or pastures tracked by rabbits, even in a bleak and, to most, cheerless day like this, when a villager would be thinking of his inn, I come to myself, I once more feel myself grandly related. This cold and solitude are friends of mine. . . . I get away a mile or two from the town, into the stillness and solitude of nature, with rocks, trees, weeds, snow about me. I enter some glade in the woods, perchance, where a few weeds and dry leaves alone lift themselves above the surface of the snow, and it is as if I had come to an open window. I see out and around myself. . . . This stillness, solitude, wildness of nature is a kind of thoroughwort or boneset to my intellect. This is what I go out to seek. It is as if I always met in those places some grand, serene, immortal, infinitely

encouraging, though invisible companion, and walked with him."

Four days later, dwelling still upon his "success in solitary and distant woodland walking outside the town," he says: "I do not go there to get my dinner, but to get that sustenance which dinners only preserve me to enjoy, without which dinners are a vain repetition. . . . I never chanced to meet with any man so cheering and elevating and encouraging, so infinitely suggestive, as the stillness and solitude of the Well Meadow field."

Language like this, though all may perceive the beauty and feel the sincerity of it, is to be understood only by those who are of the speaker's kin. It describes a country which no man knows save him who has been there. It expresses life, not theory, and calls for life on the part of the hearer.

And if the appeal be made to this tribunal, the language used here and so often elsewhere, by Thoreau, touching the relative inferiority of human society will neither give offense nor seem in any wise exaggerated or morbid. Thoreau knew Emerson; he had lived in the same house with him; but even Emerson's companionship was less stimulating to him than Nature's own. Well, and how is it with ourselves, who have the best of Emerson in his books? Much as these may have done for us, have we never had seasons of communion with the life of the universe itself when even Emerson's words would have seemed an intrusion? Is not the voice of the world, when we can hear it, better than the voice of any man interpreting the world? Is it not better to hear for ourselves than to be told what another has heard? When the forest speaks things ineffable, and the soul hears what even to itself it can never utter, — for such an hour there is no book, there never will be. And if we wish not a book, no more do we wish the author of a book. We are in better company. In such hours, —

too few, alas, — though we be the plainest of plain people, our own emotions are of more value than any talk. We know, in our measure, what Thoreau —

"An early unconverted Saint" —

was seeking words for when he said, "I feel my Maker blessing me."

To him, as to many another man, experiences of this kind came oftenest in wild and solitary places. No wonder, then, that he loved to go thither. No wonder he found the pleasures of society unsatisfying in the comparison. There he communed, not with himself nor with his fellow, but with the Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe. And when it is objected that this ought not to have been true, that he ought to have found the presence of men more elevating and stimulating than the presence of "inanimate" nature, we must take the liberty to believe that the critic speaks of that whereof he knows nothing. To revert to our own figure, he has never lived in Thoreau's country.

Thoreau was wedded to Nature not so much for her beauty as for delight in her high companionableness. There was more of Wordsworth than of Keats in him. He was more philosopher than poet, perhaps we may say. He loved spirit rather than form and color, though for these also his eye was better than most. Being a stoic, a born economist, a child of the North, he felt most at home with Nature in her dull seasons. His delight in a wintry day was typical. He loved his mistress best when she was most like himself; as he said of human friendships, "I love that one with whom I sympathize, be she 'beautiful' or otherwise, of excellent mind or not." The swamp, the desert, the wilderness, — these he especially celebrated. He began by thinking that nothing could be too wild for him; and even in his later years, notably in the Atlantic essay above quoted, he sometimes blew the same heroic strain. By this time, how-

ever, he knew and confessed, to himself at least, that there was another side to the story; that there was a dreariness beyond even his ready appreciation. More than once we find in his diary expressions like this, in late November: "Now a man will eat his heart, if ever, now while the earth is bare, barren, and cheerless, and we have the coldness of winter without the variety of ice and snow."

And what was true of seasons was equally true of places. Let them be wild, by all means, yet not too wild. When he returned from the Maine woods, he had had, for the time being, enough of the wilderness. It was a relief to get back to the smooth but still varied landscape of eastern Massachusetts. That, for a permanent residence, seemed to him incomparably better than an unbroken forest. The poet must live open to the sky and the wind; his road must be prepared for him; and yet, "not only for strength, but for beauty, the poet must, from time to time, travel the logger's path and the Indian's trail, to drink at some new and more bracing fountain of the Muses." In short, the poet should live in Concord, and only once in a while seek the inspirations of the outer wilderness.

What we have called Thoreau's stoicism (knowing very well that he was not a stoic, except in some partial sense of the word), his liking for plainness and low expense, is perhaps at the base of one of his rarest excellencies as a writer upon nature,—his reserve and moderation. In statement, it is true, he could extravagante like a master. He boasts, as well he may, of his prowess in that direction; but in tone and sentiment, when it came to dealing, not with ethics or philosophy, but with the mistress of his affections, he kept always decently within bounds. He had a very sprightly fancy, when he chose to give it play; but he had with it, and controlling it, a prevailing sobriety, the tempering grace of good sense. "The alder,"

he says, "is one of the prettiest trees and shrubs in the winter. It is evidently so full of life with its conspicuously pretty red catkins dangling from it on all sides. It seems to dread the winter less than other plants. It has a certain heyday and cheery look, less stiff than most, with more of the flexible grace of summer. With those dangling clusters of red catkins which it switches in the face of winter, it brags for all vegetation. It is not daunted by the cold, but still hangs gracefully over the frozen stream."

Most admirable, thrown in thus by the way, amid unaffected, matter-of-fact description and every-day sense, and with its homely "brags" and "switches" to hold it true,—to save it from a touch of foppery, a shade too much of prettiness. How differently some writers have dealt with similar themes: men so afraid of the commonplace as to be incapable of saying a thing in so many words, though it were only to mention the day of the week; men whose every other sentence must contain a "felicity;" whose pages are as full of floweriness and dainty conceits as a milliner's window; who surfeit you with confectations, till you think of bread and water as a feast. Whether Thoreau's temperance is to be credited to the restraints of stoical philosophy or to plain good taste, it is a virtue to be thankful for.

With him the study of nature was not an amusement, nor even a serious occupation for his leisure hours, but the work of his life,—a work to which he gave himself from year's end to year's end, as faithfully and laboriously, and with as definite a purpose, as any Concord farmer gave himself to his farm. He was no amateur, no dilettant, no conscious hobbyist, laughing between times at his own absorption. His sense of a mission was as unquestioning as Wordsworth's, though happily there went with it a sense of humor that preserved it in good measure from over-emphasis and damaging iteration.

In degree, if not in kind, this wholehearted, lifelong devotion was something new. It was one of Thoreau's originalities. To what a pitch he carried it, how serious and all-controlling it was, the pages of his journal bear continual witness. His was a Puritan conscience. He could never do his work well enough. After a eulogy of winter buds, "impregnable, vivacious willow catkins, but half asleep along the twigs" (there, again, is fancy of an unclinging type), he breaks out: "How healthy and vivacious must he be who would treat of these things. You must love the crust of the earth on which you dwell more than the sweet crust of any bread or cake; you must be able to extract nutriment out of a sand heap." "Must" was a great word with Thoreau. In hard times, especially, he braced himself with it. "The winter, cold and bound out, as it is, is thrown to us like a bone to a famishing dog, and we are expected to get the marrow out of it. While the milkmen in the outskirts are milking so many scores of cows before sunrise, these winter mornings, it is our task to milk the winter itself. It is true it is like a cow that is dry, and our fingers are numb, and there is none to wake us up. . . . But the winter was not given us for no purpose. We must thaw its cold with our genialness. We are tasked to find out and appropriate all the nutriment it yields. If it is a cold and hard season, its fruit no doubt is the more concentrated and nutty."

In these winter journalizings, we not only have example and proof of the earnestness with which Thoreau pursued his outdoor studies, but are shown their method and their immediate object. He wished to see nature and to set it forth. He was to be a writer, and nature was to be his theme. That he had known from the beginning. For this work he required a considerable store of outward knowledge, — knowledge classified, for convenience, as botany, ornithology, entomology, and the like; but infinitely

beyond this he needed a living, deepening intimacy with the life of the world itself. For observation of the ways of plants and animals, of the phases of earth and sky, he had endless patience and all necessary sharpness of sense; work of this kind was easy, — he could do it in some good degree to his satisfaction; the vexatious thing about it was that it readily became too absorbing; but his real work, his *hard* work, the work that was peculiarly his, that taxed his capacities to the full, and even so was never accomplished, this work was not an amassing of relative knowledge, an accumulation of facts, but a perfecting of sympathy, the organ or means of that absolute knowledge which alone he found indispensable, which alone he cared greatly to communicate. There, except at rare moments, he was to the last below his ideal. His "task" was never done. His union with nature was never complete.

The measure of this union was gauged, as we have seen already, by its spiritual and emotional effects, by the mental states it brought him into; as the religious mystic measures the success of his prayers. He walked in the old Carlisle road, as the saint goes to his knees, to "put off worldly thoughts." The words are his own. There, when the hour favored him, he "sauntered near to heaven's gate."

It must be only too evident that success of this transcendental sort is not to be counted upon as one counts upon finding specimens for a botanical box. There is no comparison between scientific pursuits and this kind of supernatural history. For this, as Thoreau says, "you must be in a different state from common." "If it were required to know the position of the fruit dots or the character of the indusium, nothing could be easier than to ascertain it; but if it is required that you be affected by ferns, that they amount to anything, signify anything, to you, that they be

another sacred scripture and revelation to you, helping to redeem your life, this end is not so easily accomplished."

This, then, it was for which Thoreau was ever on the alert; this was the prize set before him; this he required of ferns and clouds, of birds and swamps and deserted roads, — that they should affect him, that they should do something to redeem his life. For this he cultivated the "fellowship of the seasons," a fellowship on which no man ever made larger drafts. Even when nature seemed to be getting "thumbed like an old spelling book," even in the month that tempted him sometimes to "eat his heart," he still "sat the bench with perfect contentment, unwilling to exchange the familiar vision that was to be unrolled for any treasure or heaven that could be imagined." A new November was a novelty more tempting than any voyage to Europe or even to another world. "Young men have not learned the phases of nature:" so he comforted himself, when the fervors and inspirations of youth seemed at times to be waning. "I would know when in the year to expect certain thoughts and moods, as the sportsman knows when to look for plover."

Here, as everywhere with Thoreau, nature was nothing of itself. Everything is for man. This belief underlies all his writing upon natural themes, and, as well, all his personal dealings with the natural world. His idlest wanderings, whether in the Maine forests or in Well Meadow field, were made serious by it. To judge him by his own testimony, he seems to have known comparatively little of a careless, purposeless, childish delight in nature for its own sake. Nature was a better kind of book; and books were for improvement. In this respect he was sophisticated from his youth, like some model of "early piety."

Nature was not his playground, but his study, his Bible, his closet, his means of grace. As we have said, and as Channing long ago implied, his was a Puritan conscience. He must get at the heart of things, sparing no pains nor time. His was the devotee's faith: "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." In this faith he waited upon nature and the motions of his own genius. Patience, solitude, stillness, and a quiet mind, — these were the instruments of his art. With them, not with prying sharp-sightedness, was the secret to be won. In his own phrase, characteristic in its homely expressiveness, if you would appreciate a phenomenon, though it be only a fern, you must "camp down beside it." And you must invent no distinctions of great and small. The humming of a gnat must be as significant as the music of the spheres.

Was he too serious for his own good, whether as man or as writer? And did he sometimes feel himself so? Was he whipping his own fault when he spoke against conscientious, duty-ridden people, and praised

"simple laboring folk
Who love their work,
Whose virtue is a song"?

It is not impossible, of course. But he too loved his work, — loved it so well as perhaps to need no playtime. Some have said that he made too much of his "thoughts and moods," that he was unwholesomely beset with the idea of self-improvement. Others have thought that he would have written better books had he stuck closer to science, and paid less court to poetry and Buddhistic philosophy. Such objections and speculations are futile. He did his work, and with it enriched the world. In the strictest sense it was his *own* work. If his ideal escaped him, he did better than most in that he still pursued it.

Bradford Torrey.

THREE SONNETS OF WORSHIP.

REVELATION.

A WHISPER of the night, a murmur of the sea,
A glint of flame beyond the westward hills,
Wing on the sentient air, softly revealing Thee,
Whose ever moving inspiration fills
The spring with ecstasy, calls fluttering nestlings home
To hushed arcades of sanctuaried woods,
And quivers in the blue of heaven's translucent dome,
In mystery of unending solitudes.

A wandering evening wind, a silence o the sky,
The flash of sunlit wings in joyous flight,
Woo our awakening hearts to Thee, and testify
Of worlds invisible and infinite.
Like freshening summer rain Thy benedictions fall
On thirsting lands from deep enfolding skies;
Thy revelation seeks by myriad ways to call
An answering vision to our veiled eyes.

IN THE CATHEDRAL.

The city's burning heart beats far outside
This dim cathedral, where the mystic air
Vibrates with voices of impassioned prayer,
From generations that have lived and died.
Calm saints, despairing sinners, here have cried
To Heaven for mercy; myriad lives laid bare
Their secret places, yielding to Christ's care
The burden, where his sacraments abide.
Soft from the jeweled windows falls the light,
Touching the incense-laden atmosphere
To glory, while a deep antiphony
Rolls from the organ to the arches' height.
To soul and sense a Presence liveth here,
Instinct with power of immortality.

VISION.

Winged with desire for worlds unknown, my soul
Absorbed itself beyond itself, and free,
Floating in pure white flame, I thought to see
The immaterial vision of life's whole;

The Heart of the Road.

To find the sealed invisible unroll,
 And grasp the flying form of Mystery.
 But lo, near earth-born voices came to me,
 Fraught with our common happiness and dole.
 I felt a little child's glad love of life;
 I wept with women in the house of death,
 Worshiped with sinners at the Virgin's shrine.
 Within all joy, within all pangs of strife,
 I touched the silent spirit's quivering breath,
 And in the human found the light divine.

Katharine Coolidge.

THE HEART OF THE ROAD.

I JOURNEY on an endless quest,
 The eager miles are swift to run,
 While up the hill and toward the west
 My red leagues travel against the sun.

*Behold, one journeyed in the night,
 He sang amid the wind and rain;
 My wet sands gave his feet delight.
 When will that traveler come again?*

Some house them with their kin inside,
 Some habit to the ends of earth;
 Strange is the heart of them that bide,
 But I was fugitive from birth.

The folk that tarry are not my sons;
 My heart is all for them that roam;
 My thought goes with the wandering ones
 That spend the night from home.

The weary folk lead to and fro,
 And he is dear that takes no rest;
 Mine are those feet that come and go,
 But lo, my firstborn was my best!

"Heart of the Road," I heard him sing,
 "Whose thought is swift, whose ways are wild,
 The mother of my wandering
 Shall have the pilgrim for her child."

How did he find me where I lay,
 Remote, untraversed, and forespent?

How blithe I journey since the day
That he conceived the ways I went!

That day that he fared forth alone
His feet besought me in their need.
I cried out of my dust and stone,
“Lo, mine own breast shall make thee bleed!”

I cried out from my rock and steep,
“My child I cannot give thee rest!”
He moved the stone that grieved my sleep,
And soothed the sharp thorn from my breast.
Therefore my other sons are dear,
But still the firstborn is the best.

My will is in them night and day,
Men and the restless sons of men.
The paths are smooth wherein they stray.
When will that traveler come again?

Thick as the dust, from unborn years,
I see my coming children throng.
That one who breaks the way with tears
Many shall follow with a song.

Nor bread, nor scrip, nor staff had he
When he went out from the gray town.
Now heavy folk that traverse me
Burdened with wealth go up and down.

Each unto each I hear them call
With idle speech and empty boast,
And I have ease to give them all
Save him that I did love the most.

*But when one passes in the night,
And tarries not by any door,
My leagues beat upward for delight, —
Perchance that traveler comes once more.*

*But when one journeys over me —
Nor staff nor scrip, through wind and rain —
I reach my dim hands out to see
If those old feet have come again.*

Therefore upon an endless quest
My eager miles are swift to run,
While up the hill and toward the west
My red leagues travel against the sun.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

IN the material with which they worked, it would seem as if **Kipling and Chaucer.** Chaucer and Kipling — our oldest story-teller and our youngest — could have little in common. Their personalities are, indeed, in some respects similar: they have the same kindly, wholesome humor, with possibilities of irony; the same habit of looking keenly at the thing itself; the same virile power that seems triumphantly healthy; the same tendency to semi-dramatic methods; and, above all, the same infallible instinct to know a good story when it comes along. It is by virtue of this last quality that Chaucer and Kipling have once, at least, met and fairly touched hands.

Let those of us who have followed, fascinated, as Mowgli and Bagheera "cried their trail" in pursuit of the gem-studded Ankus, turn for a moment to the *Canterbury Tales*, and listen to the words of that arch-hypocrite the Pardoner. Briefly, this is the story which he tells:

Three robbers, drinking at a tavern, saw a dead man carried by, and were told that he had been slain by a "privee thief" named Death, who had done much evil during the late pestilence. The robbers immediately arose, vowing to seek out that villain Death and have a word with him. As they journeyed they met an old man, whom they stopped and questioned. He told them that he had outlived his vigor, yet Death would not come to him, nor would Mother Earth let him rest in her bosom. At the word "Death" the robbers were all attention, and they insisted on knowing where that person was to be found. The old man directed them to an oak near by; and on hastening thither they found at its base a mass of gold florins, "wel ny an eighte busshels." The pursuit of Death forgotten, they sat them

down about the precious pile, and began to discuss ways and means. Clearly, they must wait till night before carrying it away, or risk being arrested and hung for thieves. So they drew lots to determine who should go to town to fetch bread and wine. The lot fell on the youngest, and he started out. In his absence the other two had time for scheming. Why not kill him, when he returned, and divide his third of the treasure between them? The plan was made, and they awaited his coming. But the young fellow, on his side, had also time to consider many things. Why not have all the gold himself? What could be simpler than to poison their wine, and thus get rid of them? Accordingly, he went to a "potecary" and asked for poison, alleging that he was greatly annoyed by rats, and by a "pol-cat" that killed his capons. The poison he mingled with the wine, and, thus provided, he went back to his comrades. Both plans succeeded in part: the two elder men stabbed the younger, then sat down to eat and drink, and the poison did its work.

"Thus ended bene thise homycides two,
And eek the false empoysoner also."

The likeness between this story and the one in the *Second Jungle Book* will be immediately apparent. Here is the same quaint and powerfully effective use of the death element; the same fatal influence of treasure on those whom it touches; even the same coincidence of the double murders, by poison and by blow of weapon. To be sure, Chaucer's old man, with his little-understood wisdom, has in Kipling's story become the old White Cobra; but common traits still linger, — both have learned from life a bitter wisdom, both have outlived their vigor, — for the Cobra's poison gland was "thuu." The moral platitudes of

the Pardoner are replaced by the naïve reflections of Little Brother and Bagheera. Yet, with much superficial difference, the fundamental similarity of the two stories and their occasional parallelism in details are enough to arouse curiosity.

Here are two tales, the one emanating from fourteenth-century England, the other from nineteenth-century India, yet so similar that independent origin is scarcely supposable. The question at once arises, Where did our story-tellers get their idea? Kipling can, if he will, speak for himself; Chaucer cannot, though if he could his testimony might be of little help to us, for in regard to the ultimate sources of his own tales he undoubtedly knew less than the average college student of to-day. In this case Chaucer's immediate original is not known, but what is virtually the same story is found in the *Cento Novelle Antiche*, one of those mediæval collections of short stories in which were preserved the traditions of centuries.

But what Chaucer and the other mediæval writers did not know is that this story, thus passed from hand to hand among them, — now appearing in Latin, now in Italian, now in French, or in Portuguese, or in English, — that this story was not originally theirs, but had come to them out of the East. There is a Buddhist version of it, of great antiquity, with variants in other languages, — Persian, Arabic, Kashmiri, and Tibetan. In the Buddhist tale there were two robbers, of whom one stayed by the treasure, while the other took some rice to the village to have it cooked. Moved by avarice, he poisoned the rice, and returned with it to his comrade. "No sooner had he put the rice down than the other cut him in two with his sword, and threw his body into a tangled thicket. Then he ate the rice, and fell dead on the spot."

The last sentence is worth quoting, because the accidental parallelism with

Kipling's story is rather striking, — the poisoned flour cake instead of Chaucer's wine, and the little circumstance of the dead body thrown into the thicket. Other Eastern versions show variations in detail, — in the number of robbers, for instance, or the kind of food that was poisoned, — but all the forms clearly point to one original tale, a tale which was perhaps passed from lip to lip through long generations before it was written down at all. It is in this group of Indian stories, then, that we see a possible link between Chaucer and Kipling, — a link that may have been forged a thousand years before the birth of the elder poet.

To venture remarks as to an author's methods while he is still alive and sane is in truth to tread on slippery ground, — Tennyson's attitude toward his commentators was proof of this; yet it is hard to resist hazarding a guess as to how much in the bare outline of *The King's Ankus* is Kipling's, and how much belongs to the Indian version he stumbled upon, — if indeed it was an Indian version from which he took his suggestion. In the truest sense, of course, the story is every whit his, — his none the less that it had existed some fifteen or twenty centuries before he was born. But one would like to know in what form he ran across it; whether it reached him through the written record or the spoken word, whether it was one of the typical versions, — the two, three, or four men, the treasure, the poison and the knife. Did Kipling add the Gond Hunter, or was he an earlier accretion? About the White Cobra and Bagheera and Mowgli there can be no doubt, though even these, as we have seen, have their faintly traced analogues in the earlier tales; about Little Foot and Big Foot we can be almost as sure, for they too bear the stamp of the author's creative individuality; it must be his touch, also, through which the "eight bushels" of gold or the vaguely mentioned wealth

of the simpler versions has become the "Treasure of the King's City," of whose suggested glories the Ankus itself, with its glow of color, — ruby and jade and turquoise and emerald, — serves as the symbol.

These changes are, relatively, superficial ones; rather, they might have been; for they are in fact corollaries of a vital change in the art of the story's telling. It is, moreover, a change that does more than mark the difference between the fourteenth century and the nineteenth, since it arises out of certain characteristics of Kipling as an artist which would distinguish him in any age, and which Chaucer in any age would not have possessed. But a discussion of the two stories from this standpoint is, in Kipling's own phrase, "another story," not to be told here.

"THE Glee and Banjo Club of the University of Michigan make their annual appearance at Helmuth Hall this evening. Their former success in this city, added to the fact that several of the home boys are members of the club, will doubtless fill the house with an appreciative audience."

So said the Evening Press, giving in addition the programme and a list of members.

For several days the High School had been full of interest in the approaching concert, and in sympathy with the rollicking college spirit. The boys and girls sang snatches of college songs, and talked about the gayeties that always attend the coming of the Glee Club. As preceptress I found myself thinking of our own boys who belonged to the club, — thinking of them with a tenderness second only to their mothers', and sometimes I have wondered if my love were not the greater.

Of course I went to the concert. Dressing with especial care, I gave a final look into the glass and felt that I had the appearance of a lady. Some one thinking to compliment me might have said,

"No one would suspect you of being a teacher."

Helmuth Hall is large, with a gallery around three sides of it. As we walked to our seats near the front on the lower floor, I was conscious of the mass of color and general lightness that belong to an assembly made up largely of young people.

Almost as soon as we were seated the Banjo Club made its bow. I do not know what it played, — I do not remember that there was any music at all; for my mind swept back to the old High School room, and was busy with tender recollections of the days when these boys were there.

Before me rises a vision of a boyish face whose clear skin, delicate pink cheeks, deep blue eyes, and yellow hair gave a coloring that Correggio would have made immortal. But without brush or canvas the picture is mine, and I love it, — love it though for three years I carried that boy as a burden day and night. Restless and troublesome when he should have been manly, weak when I trusted him to be strong, he was, in fact, everything that he should not have been to be a member of a well-ordered school. But I loved him, had faith in him, and by and by he found himself. He has some little sense of my patience and care, but he can never know how many anxious hours I gave to him. Next to him, a young man plays his guitar just as he always did everything else, — as though it were the one thing in the world to do. All through his school days, it mattered not what the task, he accomplished it without an apparent effort, and better than any one else who tried the same thing. With equal ease he could beat the running record of the school on field day, make the best translation in the Virgil class, work out the simplest solution to the original exercises in geometry, or write the best poem for the school paper. What a comfort he was!

The Glee Club sings. I look sharply

at another of my boys, to see if the arrogance has faded from his face. I have not forgotten the day when his eyes flashed, and a scornful retort trembled on his lips, in response to some deserved criticism from me. I saw it coming in time to save him, and kept on talking, looking him in the face in a way that made him understand that I was trying to give him time to control himself. Soon the anger faded from his eyes, and when I saw that he was master of himself I asked, "Did you have something to say?" "No, Miss Wilson," he replied in a softened voice, while a look sealed a compact between us, and no one else in the class knew that anything had happened. From that day the boy understood that I was an ally against his temper, and it never afterwards got the better of him in my presence.

When the club sings a second time, the boys begin to get accustomed to their audience, and the home boys search the sea of faces for familiar ones. Now they recognize an acquaintance with a gentle bend of the head, or a friend with a smile. Soon my scornful boy looks toward me. His face lights up, and then follow nod and smile and happy recognition. How my fond heart leaps with joy and swells with pride that all this should be for his old teacher! I send back a responsive look, and am as foolishly happy as a young girl. But no answering glance comes from my boy. I scan his face more closely, and then see that he is looking over my head. I know now that he has not noticed me at all, so I turn to follow his glance. No wonder he has no eyes for a teacher past her youth! Above me in the gallery sits a young girl, beautiful beyond the power of an old maid's pen to describe. Black hair, flashing black eyes, a snowy neck rising from a low-cut white dress, fan, flowers, a suggestion of luxury and elegance, meet that first glance; but as I look upon it all I know that "it is good."

I turn away with aching heart, and

hear no more of banjo or of song. From time to time I glance at the beautiful girl, and it is borne in upon me that I do not belong to the kingdom of this world, however good my chances may be for the kingdom of heaven.

As I am now satisfied that no one notices me, I look to my heart's content at the brilliant company. There sit the fathers and mothers of my sometime children; there sit the children themselves, grown to men and women now, some of them with homes and families of their own; others not yet out of school are there. As I look along the rows of seats, there is scarcely a group that has not for me some personal interest. I know the inmost natures of the people sitting there, for I have worked upon their minds and souls, and am fairly familiar with the results of my handiwork. Conscious of their indifference to me, I blush to think how they fill my mind, and how much I remember of the details of my daily life with them. Now as never before I realize that a teacher is never to her pupils what she feels she is nor what she longs to be.

The audience rises and moves slowly toward the door. As I pass out I hear some one say, "Miss Wilson is growing old, is n't she?" The tears gather in my eyes, and my heart makes answer: "Yes, Miss Wilson *is* growing old, — growing old in the service of your boys and girls. She has taken the youth and freshness out of her life to inspire your children to the best their natures are capable of; wearing herself out in thought for them, living heart-hungry and alone."

The cool air is grateful to me, as we step outside. On the way home my mind grows calmer, and soon it settles into its accustomed quiet. I reach my sitting room, and as I enter the familiar place a restful content steals over me. My books look down upon me with the eyes of friends; the easy-chair invites, and I sink into it, thinking to continue my reverie.

LITERATURE has its superstitions no less than religion. It has its pilgrimages of irrational devotion, from which return, not palmers with visions to relate of Jerusalem, or the stations of Rome, or the shrine of St. James of Compostella, but authors with prefaces to show that their books, having been written in some chosen haunt of books and learning, must necessarily be admirable. It is often taken as sufficient proof of learning in a book if it have this prefatory mark of respectability. To have read in the British Museum or in the National Library of France adds a halo to a head that might otherwise be indistinguishable from the crowd. Of course nobody would think of denying the pleasure and utility of a visit to the British Museum. To Americans the pilgrimage thither has long seemed indubitable proof of merit in an author. Freeman observed this curious fact, and commented upon it with his habitual courtesy. It certainly did not enhance his amiability to be asked, as he almost invariably was by everybody whom he met when he traveled in the United States, if he had not found the British Museum of great use to him in his historical investigations. He replied, orally and in print, that the British Museum was no doubt an excellent library for many purposes, but that it was far from being a treasure-house of material for the study of those centuries of English politics in which he was most deeply interested.

For all the effect which his words had on the American mind, he might just as well have preserved his dignity and his silence. In fact, the suspicion is natural that whatever doubts there are in this country as to Freeman's infallibility in the spelling of Anglo-Saxon proper names, and in the other minutiae of his memorable writings, sprang up in that dreadful moment when it was discovered that he was an incorrigible heretic, who no more prized a pilgrimage to the shrine

of imperial learning than ordinary English people above the social level of 'Arry and 'Arriet esteem the privilege of visiting the Tower of London. It gave the superstitious American a chill of misgiving to find a man who was an authority in his field of investigation, and yet was fanciful enough to believe that his own library was better adapted to a specific task than the ocean of script and print in the national collection of Great Britain. American pilgrims continued still their journey to the great library, as to the fount of universal learning, with the same orthodox assurance as of old. Not Jacques de Vitry, in his most enthusiastic parables about the merit of going on pilgrimage, could be more convinced that angels consoled the peregrine religious, and that the beatified King David harped for them in their slumbers, than the modern American is of consulting with success the British oracle on any subject that may occur to him.

The inhabitant of London may properly treat the British Museum in a commonplace way; it is in a sense his municipal library. But for an American to do this is juvenile; to do it with display, as if getting a citation from a book in the British Museum rather than from the same book elsewhere were an act worthy of a footnote or a preface, is literary superstition as benighted as heathenism. It would be well at least to glance at catalogues before going on this now almost universal American pilgrimage. To take a vacation in London, and then to give it an air of profound and laborious mystery by hints of recondite studies, is a practice which must be corrected. Reading in the British Museum for the sake of a breathless and open-mouthed American public, and finding nothing that could not have been drawn from the Lenox, or the Astor, or the Athenæum, or Harvard, or Yale, or Cornell, or that could not have been got for what the voyage cost, — this may be

forgiven; but positively all flourishes, oral or printed, must hereafter be omitted. To illustrate the difference between the wise and the foolish in this matter: The Pennsylvania professor who recently collated the manuscripts of an ancient English poet, and gave American men of letters the results, put the British Museum to its legitimate use; on the contrary, the callow Representative elect who announced a year or so ago, in a newspaper interview, that he should read in the British Museum preparatory to taking his seat in Congress, merely made — to use post-classic Hellenistic slang — a theatre of himself, and that gratuitously.

To say that the Bowery is distinguished may seem a violent paradox, and yet the Bowery comes nearer to distinction than it does to vulgarity. To say that the Bowery is vulgar is, if not an untruth, at least the flat half of the truth.

It is not rare to meet a "tough" in the unsavory resorts of the Bowery who is much more nearly related to the chosen aristocrat than to the clean and ordinary citizen of the comfortable middle class. The tough often disports his dirt better than the rising tradesman wears his cleanliness, and in phrase, in ease and sureness of manner, he knows his world more thoroughly, and acts in it more gracefully, than does the rising man in the world of social ambitions, where the nervous desire to rise is accompanied by the graceless fear of falling.

In these resorts, teeming with vice and often with crime, are frequently seen faces expressive of settled independence, of nervous calm, and manners too which are perfect and sure. A general air of distinction sometimes prevails even amidst the extravagances of the rag-time dance. In the case of the women the distinction is sometimes that of purity. Almost always the toughest little dancer has a face of the utmost placidity, and often eyes of transparent blue and ingenuous inno-

cence. About the Bowery girl there is the calmness of the East, and something of its sensuous quality. Her talk is frank and simple. A spade she calls a spade. She speaks of things which women of refinement refer to, if at all, very euphemistically. But she has an instinctive dignity, and no matter what her life may be or how extreme her rag-time dance, she yet has a sense and bearing of privacy which may be none the less keen because it touches life at fewer points.

I mean to suggest, not that there is calmness in vice, but that calmness and independence result from simplicity, and that in a life as simple as the Bowery's there is an admirable though easy adjustment to the few details of that life, resulting in the fine certainty which gives distinction. The tough who remains imbedded in the enjoyment of a few instincts has the eternal calm of the aristocrat; for there is an independence in getting down to bed rock. There is repose involved in reaching the limit. The nervous effort to avoid the fall, the fear of temptation, gives a hesitancy to manners. But the tough is sure. He does not hold off from satisfaction. He reposes away down on the firm bosom of the early need of the race, where is no tremulousness or uncertainty. His footing is as firm as that of the aristocrat.

From neither can you take away his quality. But the middle-class person may lose what he has. It is of yesterday, and may not be of to-morrow. He has not the air of tranquil permanence which distinguishes at once the aristocrat and the tough; for money may go and position may go, but the repose of completely accepted instinct remains to the tough, and the repose of finely worked out temperament to the aristocrat.

The calmness and self-confidence of the tough result in a set of perfect manners. He knows the traditions of his society so thoroughly that he is comparatively exact in etiquette. He is quick to perceive that a stranger does not act

The Aristocracy of the Tough.

right in small ways, and quick to cool in his friendliness in consequence. The style is the man, and no one feels this more quickly than the tough. It is easy to mistake him, to vex him by little infelicities of manner. The most civilized aristocrat feels also the significance of small manners. The style of a man's minor acts is as significant of his character as are the peculiarities of his written words.

"I think I could turn and live with animals," said Walt Whitman. "Not one is respectable or unhappy." The tough, by definition, is not respectable and, by nature, he is not unhappy. The aristocrat lays little stress on respectability, and he has not the unhappiness involved in the storm and stress of active mediocrity. The tough, like the aristocrat, is happy, for each finds his account in the daily things about him. Neither is ambitious. Neither lives between times. Of an active, useful Philistine of a college professor a contemplative aristocrat once said, "I don't like him, for he does n't make time stand still." The professor did not have the illusion of immortality, and consequently not the untemporal quality called distinction.

The tough hates pretension, cant, and inflated rhetoric, and, like the aristocrat of words, he has a succinct way of expressing his likes and dislikes. At a Bowery ball, not long ago, a man held forth at length and with some real eloquence. His talk was discursive, however, and did not meet the instinct for the unsuperfluous which the best Bowery culture demands. As one of his hearers said dryly, "He's got wind in his hat."

The critic was the most prominent leader of Bowery society. He is slow of speech and hesitates, sometimes painfully, but when he does speak every word hits. He does not go about, as is the manner of less cultivated speakers, but

strikes home with few words, mainly figurative. Although he is full of the instinctive aversions and tastes of a man of culture, he is a retired prize fighter, and spends most of his time in an uncommonly dirty saloon.

At a ball which this leader of Bowery society gave a "hard walk" took place, in which there were contestants for a prize to be given to him who was the most natural. Any one who should burlesque the walk of the Bowery tough was to be excluded. If the tough walk was to be given, it was to be given right.

"You must do it on de level," said the leader of society, giving preliminary instructions. "You must give us de real ting. 'T ain't no cake walk, dis hard walk. Walk jest as if you was walking on de lane [Bowery] wid your bundle [girl] on yer arm. Anybody kin look tough, but I want yer to look as hard as de real ting, de bloke on de Bowery, and no harder."

The tough is not dazzled by the splendor of another world. He knows his own worth and that of his world too well to exaggerate the importance of anything foreign. He meets a stranger as simply a man, who has yet to prove his worth. This is the aristocracy of sifted and self-conscious democracy.

There are not many like this aristocrat of the Bowery. He is, as are all excellent individuals, an exception; but yet he is representative, too, of the people among whom he lives. The distinction which he possesses is true, in a less degree, of his social environment. He gathers up and expresses in a concentrated form the implicit ideas of ceremony and propriety which are commonly held by his social set. The fact that he is a leader and is followed by a devoted band of "regulars" is a sign that he represents things dear to many a Bowery heart.